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WHAT IMPRESSION DO WE, AND SHOULD WE, MAKE ABROAD?

THERE are fifty thousand villages, more or less in the United States, in each of which an oration is delivered on the 4th of July; and the orator who delivers it, when he comes to exhort his fellow-citizens on the greatness of their responsibilities, says invariably and solemnly, "the eyes of the world are upon us!" It would seem to be a pretty general conviction, therefore—among orators, at least—that the people of the universe have very little else to do than to watch the movements of Brother Jonathan.

The same thought is implied in the frequent remark, which we hear, that it is our duty, as a nation, to teach mankind the way of republican righteousness, by the beneficent influence of our example. When a late distinguished senator, who, with all his genius and virtue, was somewhat given to commonplace, eloquently admonished Kossuth on the wickedness of his design for corrupting our national virtue, observed with manifest seriousness and sincerity, that there was no need of our interfering in European affairs, because Europe could be better reached by "the silent influence of our great republican example."

Now, it is unpleasant at any time to take the conceit out of a man, to prick the windbag of his *amour propre*, and to show that he is by no means as stupendous a creature as he fondly imagines. Nor is it any more agreeable to run counter to the self-complacency of a nation, or to feel obliged to say to it, in all honesty and truth, that it is not so magnificent a swell as its fancy paints it, or its flatterers represent; but, as we do not share the conviction of many of our countrymen, as to the tremendous and egregious figure they cut in the eyes of mankind, we are forced to tell them as much, and, without wish-

ing to abate one jot of the just estimate they may have formed of their growing power and greatness, to explain frankly the grounds of our unpatriotic heresy.

We do not wish to deny the almost miraculous growth of the people of the United States, in all the elements of national strength and grandeur. On the contrary, we are as proud as any Fourth of July orator can be, of those beneficent, free institutions, which have raised us, in the course of half a century, from comparative nothingness, into the first rank of nations.

We glory in our success, not simply because it is success, nor because it flatters our patriotic instincts; but because it demonstrates, for the benefit of mankind, as well as of ourselves, the truth and benevolent efficacy of the democratic theory of government. But the question before us, is, not what we are ourselves, nor what we have proved to ourselves, but what we have accomplished abroad; the interest the world takes in us, or more particularly, the opinion they entertain of us in Europe.

It will be admitted on all sides, that an example, though never so good, and commendable, is scarcely potential unless it is seen. A man with all the virtues of St. Francis, if he is shut up in a closet, does little to influence his fellows. Or, if his example be an inconsistent one, not thorough in its springs and outward actions, showing that it is a deep and ineradicable principle of his life,—a sincere, rooted, and vital part of his whole being,—it may become a hollow and even a contemptible show, worthless and corrupting. For the same reason, a national example, to be efficient, must depend upon the two conditions, of persistent and honest uniformity, and of being known.

Admitting, therefore, all that our boast-

ful patriots claim,—and we think we could show, by statistics and arguments, that the wildest of their apparent exaggerations are short of the truth,—admitting our political precedence, our physical prosperity, our moral advancement, the general content, intelligence, and just-mindedness of the whole people,—the fact to be considered is, what influence these attainments exercise over the politics and opinions of Europe. To what extent are the facts of our national existence known; who appreciates the substance and breadth of our greatness; what controlling power do we exert over European questions; what direct influence have we on the destinies of mankind?

The United States are variously estimated in Europe by different classes of men. Statesmen, by the necessities of their profession, have a more or less familiar acquaintance with the workings of our governments, or with the statistics of our physical development. They know the number of our people and the spirit that animates them; they know the general character and ability of our rulers; they know our popular ambitions; but, with all this, they know little of our real, solid strength. They under-estimate our integrity as a nation. Many of them momentarily expect that the Union will fall to pieces, or that, in a few years, our society will be plunged into the horrors of a servile and civil war. Others allege that we are immersed in the pursuit of gain, without inherent unity and elevation of spirit, and too essentially weak to stand the shocks of adversity and war. While others, again, suppose that the insane avidity of conquest, which they say is an inseparable characteristic of democratic states, will impel us to one foreign aggression after another, until our territory shall have become too unwieldy for management. Thus, the statesmen of Europe, with inconsiderable exceptions, trained in monarchical theories, distrustful of the people, beholding in democratic extension, only a lust for empire, and not a peaceful progress, surround the future of the young republic with dangers, and shut their eyes to the real significance of her history. Can they, then, be said to know the actual condition of our affairs?

Unfortunately, the persons we send abroad as representatives, our ministers and chargés, who come, by nature of their office, in contact with the political classes, do nothing to enlarge the opinions held of us abroad, when inadequate, and nothing to correct them, when erroneous. Selected less on account of their fitness for their places, than because of the partisan services they may have rendered, they

are, for the most part, men conspicuously unfit for their positions,—ignorant of the language of diplomacy, ignorant of the laws of good manners, ignorant of the history of diplomacy, ignorant of the commercial relations of nations, and, of course, ignorant of their own country. Or, if they be not so fatally deficient of capacity, or character, as we have described, they carry abroad with them the vilest spirit of the tuft-hunter and the sycophant. All their ambition, then, is to circulate in good society, to dine with distinguished ministers, and hob-nob with princes and dukes. A favor from a king quite upsets their understanding. We remember to have met once in Italy, not a thousand years ago, an American ambassador, whose whole talk related to the eminent virtue and wisdom of the present weak and perjured King of Prussia, whom he extolled as a pattern of every domestic excellence, and a model among rulers. No court lacquey, with a red embroidered coat on his back, could have cherished a profounder regard for that monarch, or expressed his admiration in more unmeasured praises. Yet this eulogist of royalty was, perhaps, better than a predecessor of his who had befouled his legation with the vices of the debauchee and the drunkard. He was an exception, it is true, and regarded by a majority of his colleagues as a disgrace to the nation; but, one such example of an American diplomatist, in the course of twenty years, spreads more prejudice against us, and against the cause of republicanism, than fifty years of "the silent influence of example" can neutralize.

Next to statesmen, the readers of the more intelligent books about the United States, like those of De Tocqueville, Chevalier, Von Raumer, and Miss Martineau, acquire some knowledge of us and our concerns, but not, on the whole, an accurate or complete knowledge. The writers of those works we believe to have been honest; they conducted their inquiries with a desire to discover the truth, have stated the results fairly, and, in many respects, have presented faithful, as well as important views, either of our manners or policy. De Tocqueville's work, in particular, is characterized by a patient study of facts, and fine philosophical generalizations, but it is, after all, superficial, abounding in political as well as politico-economical mistakes, and inspiring a distrust of democracy, in the midst of all its apparent eulogies. But, if these were more satisfactory, they could do little towards informing public opinion, against the hosts of others, of inferior calibre,—the Trollopes, Marryatts, and Dickenses, whose

narratives of travel are little better than caricatures. Where one copy of the more dignified and stately work of De Tocqueville is read, thousands of Dickens's "Notes" are circulated to counteract it; or, where the latter do not penetrate, the newspapers published in the interests of despotism carry their slanderous witticisms and lies. For the press, it should be remembered, as well as the pulpit, and all the other instrumentalities by which public opinion is formed, is under the control of the governments, and fosters an unceasing and an unmitigated hostility to whatever makes in favor of liberalism. Every body has observed how vehemently abusive the leading English journals were towards America and Americans, until an increasing commercial intercourse had softened the asperities of the two nations, and made it the interest of both to cultivate more friendly feelings, which Heaven strengthen and expand! But there has been no such relenting on the continent, where the gazettes that are allowed to speak of us at all, still maintain the old tone of banter, ridicule, and abuse. There is one of them in particular, that vile panderer to aristocratic assumption and pride, *Galignani's Messenger*, of Paris, which purposely misrepresents every incident of our affairs, and every trait of our character. A European, who should form his opinion of us, from the meagre and distorted accounts of this source, must look upon our society as in a chaotic and savage condition, destitute of all the higher elements of civilization, and quite given over to the blackleg and the cut-throat. Long columns of murders and outrages, such as may be gathered, by considerable industry, from the records of our extreme western borders, are paraded as incidents of our daily life, alternated with the fantasies of Mormonism, or the terrors of servile insurrection. The *Atlantische Blätter*, recently issued in Germany, to arrest the tendency to emigration among the people, indulges in a similar tone of remark, converting a ready and vast power of falsification to the malignant purpose of national libel.

What can the "silent influence of example" do against this systematic and obstinate perversion of the truth? What can societies, which know little of us, and that little conveyed to them through discolored mediums, know of the practical workings of democracy in this country? Nor is there much in the conduct and character of Americans who travel abroad, to improve the prevailing misconceptions in Europe. A large number of our citizens make the world acquainted with their persons, not always to our advantage.

Many of them, we are happy to say, do no discredit to their origin. Our young artists, and literary men especially,—some of our clergymen, and here and there a merchant, by their intelligence, and unobtrusive manners, produce the most favorable impressions. They circulate quietly in the best society, and by the information they diffuse, as well as by their manners, commend their country no less than themselves to a kind regard. But, by far the larger proportion of our nomadic tribes,—commercial men, generally, who, having scraped up a rapid fortune, conceive it necessary to achieve a tour of Europe,—without education, or refinement, or clear or earnest republican convictions,—by their ridiculous aping of the extravagances of foreign fashion, and their loud, blatant, vulgar parade of their wealth, utterly repel and disgust, not only the people of good sense, but the common people, who often have as nice a discernment of the true and delicate in manner as the more cultivated classes. They are also almost universally conservatives, who deride, or affect to despise the government of their country, professing great admiration of the methods and doings of the monarchies, while in every discussion of the vital principles that distinguish between despotism and democracy, their sympathies lean, if not avowedly, at least implicitly, to the side of power. Oh! how bitterly have we heard the leaders of the great emancipating movement of Europe complain of this base treason of the Americans, to whom they naturally looked for support, but in whom they only found a mean and detestable affectation of aristocracy. The poor fellows had read our constitutions and laws, had heard of our prosperity, had caught the echoes of those public rejoicings in which we boast so much of the glories of republican freedom, and they expected to find in every native, born to the inheritance of such noble institutions, the friend of universal liberty.

A considerable number of the common people of Europe acquire no small, though perhaps a vague, knowledge of the United States, from the correspondence of their friends who have emigrated hither, and who write back to their impoverished relatives of their easy success in the life of the New World. In crossing the Atlantic on one occasion, for instance, we saw a shabby-looking German on board the vessel, who had been ill nearly all the voyage, and only as we neared port, had been able to crawl on deck to snuff the fresh air. Entering into conversation with him, we learned that some six years before he had left his

fatherland to settle in the West; he had contrived by his labor to purchase a farm, and to stock it; a railroad was opened near his house, and now he was returning to his native village, with ten thousand dollars in bank, to persuade his father, and as many of his neighbors as he could, to remove to the land which had been a Golconda to him. "But why will you not remain in Germany," we asked, "now that you have the means to live?" His reply was, that the "Freedom of America was more to him than its opportunities of fortune. He had left his home in a condition not better than that of a slave; he returned to it the citizen of a great and noble nation, where he was eligible to the highest distinctions, and the equal of all his fellows, universally respected as such. Could he remain in a rotten despotism, where the alternative of his personal and political subjection, was civil war?" Now, that man was a missionary of republicanism, spreading the aspiration, if not the knowledge of freedom, and with his compeers of the same stamp, working silent revolutions of states, which, in the form of emigration, move whole townships to their exodus.

But it is evident, at the same time, that such men rather kindle hope, than impart knowledge. They create a private impatience of the restraints of despotism without communicating precise intelligence as to the nature of republicanism. They cannot be said, therefore, to instruct, or form public opinion; and the same thing might be remarked of the professed revolutionists, who, though they have read our history, and caught inspirations from the great deeds of our forefathers, and informed themselves of our subsequent triumphs, yet inoculate their followers rather with their spirit than their knowledge. One is often surprised, in conversing with the liberals of Europe, even with distinguished men among them, to discover how little they really know of the genuine principles of republicanism, how much of their liberal enthusiasm is a recoil from oppression, mingled with wild hopes of liberty, and what a chasm there is between their notions of what government should be, practically, and our own calm, firm, easy-working, and just, scientific, political system. One does not, however, infer from these, the unfitness of the European liberal for freedom,—seeing that it demonstrates their unfitness for every other political state but that of freedom,—for how can such men abide absolutism?—but simply the vagueness of their conceptions, and particularly their want of an intimate acquaintance with our institutions. Had they studied the

American example more, they would now entertain more consistent and enlightened political theories. They would have been saved from many of the vagaries of Socialism, retaining only its scientific elements, and their practical attempts at the realization of freedom, would not have miscarried with such signal disaster.

Four splendid exceptional events, however, have occurred in our foreign intercourse which have stamped themselves upon the memories and hearts of many in Europe. When the noble frigate the *Macedonian*, a war ship no more,

"Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark,"

but a messenger of love, freighted with the generous, voluntary contributions of the American people, to the starving people of Ireland, a thrill of electric joy, passing through the frames of the sufferers, was caught and carried round the globe, as far as the deed was heard. When, too, the inevitable Jackson extorted from lingering France, the just dues of our citizens, on the single condition of "Pay or we'll make you," the old diplomats of Europe, accustomed only to protocolling, intriguing, postponing, ultimatums and *ultimatissimums*, raised their drowsy heads, to ask with some astonishment, "Who is this impertinent young genius that dares to talk to a venerable monarchy in this strain?" So also the able reply of Mr. Webster to the impertinences of Hulseman, fell with a crash among the mouldy archives of Vienna. But no event, we suspect, has been of more efficiency in awakening the old world to a consciousness of our existence, than the prompt, decided, and glorious act of Captain Ingraham, when, in the face of the Austrian fleet, he threw the national *egis* over the prostrate form of a poor Hungarian exile, and pointed to his guns. The shout of *Vive la Republique*, which for the first time, perhaps, circled around the hills of Smyrna, was echoed from the hearts, if not the voices, of many thousands of men.

But, in spite of these occasional impressions, we cannot but think, in respect to the mark we make in Europe, that the majority of men really know little about us; that, among the conservative classes, we are grossly and wilfully misjudged; that, among the liberal and popular classes, we are estimated through the exaggerating medium of hope, rather than by any correct scientific standard, while our political influence is only indirect and casual, and by no means commensurate to our power and station. Those patriots of the Fourth of July stamp, then, who go about like peacocks, admiring their

own prodigious tails, are hardly justified in their vanity by the actual facts, for while they are contemplating themselves through a glass of compound magnifying power the world is looking at them, when it looks at all, through an inverted telescope! Such is the fact, we believe, mortifying as it may be to their sensitive self-complacency, and deplorable as we confess it seems to us, for other and better reasons.

It is a matter of small concern to a man what the world may think of him if it be the supreme object of life to take care of the main chance, letting the universe wag as it may. But to a man whose life is guided by great principles, who cherishes exalted convictions of duty, who is solicitous for the welfare of his fellows, who conceives that he is the possessor of truths of vital significance and moment, it is a matter of great concern that his name should be respected, that his example should be known, and his influence felt. It is of a still greater consequence that a nation, of high aims and honorable ambition, and especially a nation that holds itself to be the depository of the most sacred truths, and in some sort the representative and responsible director of a vast and beneficent movement, should receive its due consideration and deference from other people.

The nations of history that have moulded the destinies of humanity—Greece, Rome, France, England, Russia—are the nations that have asserted their own titles to respect, not in empty boasting, but by actual deeds,—while the nations which have lingered in the race, impressing no character on advancing civilization, and leaving no footsteps, even in the desert,—China, Japan, Turkey, Portugal, Spain,—are the nations that have shut themselves up in their own exclusive circles, and pursued no broad, generous, world-embracing policy.

We say, therefore, wisely and after some reflection that we deplore the slight impression that the United States have yet made on the nations of the globe. We deplore it, under no promptings of a vain ambition, but from a serious persuasion that both we ourselves and the world have been losers by the default. Our internal advancement has been unparalleled; but we have achieved no corresponding external influence. We have an all-sufficient consciousness of our own strength, but Christendom has failed to recognize it; is, in fact, only beginning to feel it remotely, putting us aside in all the great controversies of the nations, as bearded men thrust aside an ungrown boy, or rather overlooking our existence as though we were not. Who has thought,

for instance, in the arrangements of "the Eastern question" which have now agitated Europe for a year, that the United States had any thing to do with the matter? Have they been so much as consulted in a single movement? Are they ever reckoned in these or any other of the vast distributions of human interests and human happiness, with all their wide and intricate commercial relations, as one of the parties to be advised with? Not at all; they are not enumerated among the Great Powers,—are indeed left out of the calculation, as the crippled, the blind, the diseased, or the old women are omitted in a council of war. But is this a position for a leading power of the earth? It is true, that it may not have been, and may not yet be, for our interest, to take part in European troubles,—but, then, it is for us, and not for others, to determine how far and when we shall act or not act. We must be the masters of our own destinies, and not mere ciphers in the world, like the savage tribes of our western wilderness, or the remote, feeble, degraded despised islanders of the Pacific. If we are one of the nations of the earth,—sovereign independent, and powerful, let it be so distinctly understood; but if we be not, let us stop our vacuous boastings, and sink quietly down, like an oyster, in its complacent mud, satisfied with whatever of succulence the chance waves waft to our shells.

The course of our argument has brought us, it will be seen, without our intending it, to a consideration of the proper foreign policy of the government, which is now beginning to occupy the field of American politics. Well; we have thoughts on that head that we will not suppress. It is clear that thus far we cannot be said to have had a foreign policy. Our attention has been so absorbed by urgent domestic necessities, that it has left us neither time nor capacity to engage in the complicated debates of the external world; but this can be so no longer! With commerce weaving a network for us over every sea,—with travelling and trading citizens in every country,—with an expanding territory, that, while it looks back to Europe, is also looking over to Asia,—with a whole continent and its adjacent islands to the South, imploring either exploration, or protection, or annexation,—with new channels of adventure opening on every side,—with friendly nations struggling in the grasp of contending despotisms, and beseeching us for sympathy and aid,—with one neighbor of insatiate maw striving to monopolize the opulent markets of the East,—with another imitating the ambition of Charlemagne or Napoleon, for universal empire,

—in short, with a thousand varying impulses and seductions, driving and soliciting our mercurial and fearless people, it is inevitable that we should get involved, whether we will it or not, as a government, in the great political, industrial, and social movements of mankind. We are, in fact, already embarked on the wide, wide sea,—we have quitted the petty streams of our inland, and the timid harbors of our coast,—and there is no course left for us but to guide the gallant vessel of state, cleaving the outer tides, with all a seaman's prudence and a seaman's tact, and yet with all a seaman's daring, and a seaman's dauntless energy.

"There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sails,
There gloom the dark, broad sea."

The problem for us, then, is not whether we shall have a foreign policy, for that, as we contend, is already decided by events, but what that policy shall be. How shall we deport ourselves towards the other nations of the earth? What position shall we assume in their controversies? What character and course do we mean to assert for ourselves?—these are the imminent and clamorous questions of the time. They are questions which, in one aspect, bristle with difficulties, but which, in another aspect, are of the readiest solution. If we mean to launch forth upon the troubled waters of existing diplomacy,—by which we mean,—if we design to conduct our affairs according to the traditional laws of intrigue, cunning, management, chicanery and deceit, which are the accepted methods of courts and bureaus,—we shall be plunged at once into endless embarrassments; but, if we desire simply to adhere to our own convictions of right and duty, avoiding all entangling alliances, and disdaining all complicated and juggling manoeuvres, but asserting our own principles at all hazards, the way for us is clear—not wholly free from embarrassments, but free of dishonor, doubt, disgrace. A man of high honor, instinct with generous, unselfish ambition, though sunk in a morass of perplexities, will pick his way finally to the firm dry land; while a man of expedients, of pretexts, or, what amounts to the same thing, of a low order of policy, will wriggle himself the deeper into the mire at every step, and at last perish in the midst of his own devices. "Honesty," says the old adage, "is the best policy," and the experience of all ages has shown that there is the very wisdom of God in the homely proverb.

Tell us, we repeat, what an upright, sympathetic, fearless man,—a man of unequivocal, unswerving principles,—would do in the society of his equals and fellows; tell us what aims he would cherish

what deportment he would maintain,—what prudent and wise, but unflinching maxims he would lay at the fountain-head of all his being; and we will tell you what ought to be the foreign, as well as the domestic deportment of a great nation! For nations are but larger men, governed by the same rules of caution, justice, generosity, and Christian sympathy and principle. Prove that it is best for a man to be controlled only by the probabilities of his commercial success,—prove that the circle of his interest and that of his immediate family ought to be the horizon of his endeavors and hopes,—prove that he has no vital connection with, or joint responsibility for his race,—and then we pledge ourselves to prove the same low theory of existence, as the true policy of that man's nation! But admit, on the other hand, that Christianity, and its heir and legatee, Democracy, have revealed a higher and nobler ideal of life, and then you admit that nations are moral beings, bound to a rigid obedience to, and an active prosecution of, all the laws of human duty, according to their condition.

Now, the United States, in reference to the other nations of the earth, are placed "perciely," as General Ogle would say, in this relation. They are young, fresh, and surpassingly vigorous, abounding in wealth, exulting in strength, and eager for action. They come of a race, the Anglo-Saxon, seemingly endowed with a deathless spring and vitality,—a race which crushed old Rome, when Rome oppressed the world—which reared the stupendous structure of British enterprise—which impelled the armies of the Reformation—which planted in the new world the hardiest of its colonists, to grow into a mighty people—and which now, commanding the citadel as well as the outposts of civilization, wields the destinies of all the tribes. They have been reserved by Providence, moreover, for the possession and the exemplification of the most beneficent theory of government that was ever vouchsafed to man. On the contrary, the elder nations which are not wholly effete, excepting, perhaps, England and Russia, are undergoing a process of slow decomposition. Burdened with debts, a prey to rapacious rulers, cramped by innumerable fetters of tradition and usage, exhausted through long years of suffering and the unrecompensing expenditures of war, liable at any moment, and always, to flurries of revolution, their only splendors are of the past, the phosphorescence of decay, and their only springs of animation the buried and suppressed hopes of an ignorant and injured common people. Great Heavens! can we, can any American hesitate as to the great

part his country ought, and is clearly called, to play in the rapidly developing drama of the nineteenth century?

What! exclaims some tremulous Aspen, who has money in the funds, and who suspects by this time that he has fallen into the hands of one of the rabidest disciples of Young America,—would you have the United States, like an opium-crazed Chinese,

"Run a muck and tilt at all they meet."

Must they, the Anacharsis Clootz of nations, proclaim themselves the "orators of the human race," the champions of a second universal confederation, or, like a Don Quixote of democracy, go searching the world for forlorn damsels to protect? We answer that we are not aware that any such extravagance is implied in what we have said. We have stated simply a few general facts, obvious and incontestable facts, about the inadequate conception they hold of us abroad, the rank we ought to aim at, and the means we possess of attaining our true rank, if we should come to consider it desirable. Nor have we hinted at any procedure, as in the least eligible, which a right and large-minded gentleman might not adopt in the management of his more private sphere. Why, then, should tremulous Mr. Aspen, who has money in the funds, get an ague-fit? Why should he impute to us a purpose of ubiquitous filibusterism, when he scarcely apprehends what we are at? Why start at our poor, feeble sentences, as if he heard in them the trumpet-call of Lutzow's wild and desperate chase? Let him quiet his fears, let him fumble his funds, our intentions are as peaceable as the carols of the morning birds.

Let us, however, be a little more explicit. The United States, we have said, must have a foreign policy—good or bad, wise or foolish, self-advancing or self-debasing, they must have it, for they cannot escape, if they would, the position forced upon them by their relations to the world. They cannot cut the web of trade which they have thrown round the globe; they cannot seclude themselves from all contact with other nations; they cannot fly from the contagion of sympathy; they cannot leap the bounds of knowledge, nor avoid the dominion of morals and religion. Yet, trade, contact, sympathy, knowledge, religion, all compel them to a decision of the mode in which they must bear themselves in their international intercourse. What should that decision be? Manifestly, under its several heads, as follows: 1st, a rigid fidelity to the great democratic principle, which is the essence of our national life; 2d, a prompt and full pro-

tection of every citizen, guiltless of wrong, wherever he may be, and whoever he may be; 3d, an exact fulfilment to the very letter of the obligation of treaties, at every cost; 4th, the exclusion from this western continent of the political system of Europe, as proclaimed by Monroe, and applauded by Webster, Adams, Clay, and Jackson at home, and by Canning and Brougham abroad; 5th, the discountenancing of all schemes of foreign aggression, coupled with a willingness to receive into the Union new nations, that are thoroughly republican in their government and their societies; 6th, the ready acceptance and pursuit of all opportunities for enlarged commerce; and finally, an avowed and unreserved sympathy with people struggling for their emancipation, the earliest recognition of their independence, and a guaranty of that independence, when once established, against the forcible interference of other nations, and in support of the uniform and acknowledged public law of the civilized world.

For, be it observed of these several particulars, that if we are untrue to any of them, we place ourselves alarmingly in the background; if we are not faithful to our fundamental principle, we shall be no less than stupendous hypocrites; if we do not protect our citizens, we shall confess a disgraceful impotence, and prove ourselves recreant to the prime object of all government; if we disregard treaties, we shall be faithless and unworthy of future trust; if we abandon the doctrine of Monroe, we shall nullify our own example and stultify our most serious declarations; if the lust of conquest seize us, we shall become robbers, though we may not close our bowels of compassion to those who clamor to participate in the blessings of free commercial intercourse, who call upon us, by the remembrances of the foreign assistance, through which we accomplished our own independency, to interpose our authority against the wanton, cruel, and presumptuous disregard of the laws of nations, by the continental despotisms, or, who, having achieved their emancipation, are eager to share in the strength and glory of our federal union.

The majority of its points, we are sure, will meet an extensive welcome in this community. No American can wish that our republic should be other, in any of its bearings, than a democratic republic; no American can be reasonably opposed to the pacific extension of commerce; no American out of Sing Sing or the Lunatic Asylum, would wish to deny the sanctity of treaties. As to the protection of all citizens, the recent demonstrations on the Koszta affair have settled that; and so,

the only reservations or controversies our schedule suggests, must relate to the form in which it has presented the subjects of annexation and intervention. But these are the touchstones, as well as the key-stones too, of the whole scheme, and it is consequently incumbent on us to explain and defend them more at length.

No trembling conservative can be more profoundly convinced than we, that the best interests of the American people look to a concentration rather than a dispersion of their powers. We have land enough, more than can be occupied and cultivated for two hundred years,—we enjoy already every variety of climate and every character of soil; we have no formidable neighbors to threaten our progress in any direction; and we have no need of conquests, either to insure our future expansion or to fortify our present tenures. The projects of colonial aggrandizement, therefore, which some put forth, are as uncalled for, as they are unprincipled. They would distract our energies, if entered upon, waste our resources, retard the increase of manufactures and the arts, excite sectional animosities, provoke foreign wars, and if successful, add nothing essential to our internal strength. No nation that ever existed had less to expect from violent aggressions than ours; to none is the example of barbarous, old, all-conquering Rome, which has been conspicuously cited to inspire us, less applicable; for to none is the arbitrary genius of military enterprise more repugnant, or the gentle arts of peace more congenial. Away, then, with the mad schemes of plunder and bloodshed, with which the savage lust of frontier adventure strives to impregnate the restless excitability of our people! But, though we oppose the frenzy of territorial acquisition, let us not oppose the fair, gradual, legitimate growth of the nation! The concentration of our capital and industry on the opportunities we already possess, the careful yet rapid development of our internal resources,—the energetic pursuit of present advantages,—the advancement and perfecting of the civilizing tendencies now at work,—these must be our prime objects, but a Chinese exclusiveness, an iron-ringed and churlish repulsion of foreign accretions, must never be thought of. If there are nations about us, Canada or Mexico, eager to participate in the benefits of our federal union,—if they are poor, dependent, distracted alone, while they would become rich, vigorous and happier united; let us not forbid the banns of marriage, but welcome them to our arms, with a bridegroom's embrace, not for their good only, but for ours. For we believe devoutly

that the federal relation is the true relation for all people,

"The unity and married calm of states,"

bearing the richest fruit, sanctifying and sweetening intercourse with delicious friendships, while the old treaty relation is a cold, casual and licentious cohabitation, a bondage of fear and feebleness, and exposed to perpetual strifes. The latter is uncertain and wilful, the former constitutional and permanent. The one depends on the caprice of monarchs and majorities,—the other is fixed by eternal, ever strengthening law. The one is a mere alliance, as fragile as the whims of those who are parties to it; but the other is a union, steel-clasped and cemented, yet fluent with freedom. Thus, while the older nations of Europe exhibit the spectacle of hostile camps, which enjoy peace during temporary truces only, these thirty nations of the new world are joined in a perpetual amity, each free, yet as a whole harmonious. The principle of federal union, in short, is the highest principle of political connection known to man, and wherever it is permitted to extend, will carry with it the blessings of peace, industry, wealth, and popular enlightenment, even until the world shall be embraced in that

"Immortal league of love, which brings
Our free, broad empire, state with state."

As to what our creed of doctrine asserts in regard to intervention, it is nothing more than a declaration that we mean to uphold the recognized international law of the world, against all wanton violations of it, or, in the words of Mr. Webster, that we are prepared "to protect neutrality, to defend neutrality, and, if need be, to take up arms for neutrality." It brings us, we admit, into direct conflict with the policy proclaimed by certain European sovereigns, at the Congresses held successively at Aix la Chapelle, Troppau, Laybach, Verona, and Vienna, but that was a policy which substituted their own arbitrary will for the long settled and clearly recognized international law of Christendom. The maxims announced during those colossal plots against the rights of man and the dignity of nations were, 1st, that all popular and constitutional rights were held only as grants from the crown, or in their own language, "that useful and necessary changes in legislation and in the administration of states, ought only to emanate from the free-will and well weighed conviction of those whom God has intrusted with power,—while all that deviates from this line necessarily leads to disorder, commotions, and evils far more insuffer-

able than those they pretend to remedy," which was an unblushing allegation of the divine right of kings: and 2d, the right of the sovereigns to interfere in the affairs of other nations, or, to use their own words again, "their undoubted right to take a hostile attitude in regard to those states, in which the overthrow of the government may operate as an example;" which means their right to suppress attempts at popular enfranchisement, wherever they might be made.

Now, against the first of these atrocious doctrines, our very existence as a nation is an open, direct and standing protest; for, if it be true, then our very existence as a free people is an act of rebellion, a state of anarchy, a daring resistance of the will of God! But against the second of them, no less flagrant an outrage on public law and national rights, no nation that has had the power to enforce its words with cannon shots, has yet protested. Individuals, both writers and speakers, have denounced it, as an abominable doctrine,—feeble and oppressed nations have denounced it, and perished in the act,—but it has never been put to the arbitration of the sword, or any fair and equal encounter. It reigns supreme over the continent of Europe, has written itself in letters of blood on every plain, has built itself a hundred monuments of human bones. When Spain restored the liberal constitution of 1812—when Naples revolted against the tyrannical Ferdinand—when Sardinia rose for its constitutional rights—when Poland, with a cry of agony, sprang from under the footstep of the trampling Russ—when Germany rung with the patriotic cry of German unity—when Hungary, by a series of gallant and glorious battles, had repelled the Austrian invader from her, and, in the eloquent, touching tones of her great leader proclaimed her original independence—when Rome, catching from the noble spirit of Mazzini some of her ancient virtues and her ancient valor, expelled her oppressors,—the banded despots of that infamous league, called the Holy Alliance, stood by, like vultures watching their prey, to mangle, crush, and extinguish the rising sentiments of liberty. The whole history of Europe, indeed, for the last thirty years has been one continuous scene of monstrous and brutal outrages, inflicted by the parties to the pact of despotism, on people over whom they had no legitimate control, against the established law of nations, and against all justice, and all humanity.

Now, we say, that it is the bounden duty, the only wise, and, in fact, safe policy, for the United States, as a free and Christian nation, as a nation rejecting

utterly and with loathing the infernal system of the monarchs, to protest against it *totis viribus*, on every occasion, and at any risk. We say, that whenever any of these unhappy mediatized nations shall rise, with unanimous and concentric will, to cast off foreign oppression, our sympathies should be allowed to rush forth exuberantly to its encouragement and aid; and that, when it shall have expelled the intruder, we should at once, and gladly, recognize its independence, and guard it, if need be, against the pillage of the imperial incendiaries. All that such a guaranty implies would be an earnest and decided protest, in the name of violated law and outraged humanity, against a gigantic usurpation and fraud. Coming from the fresh young Republic of the West,

"Her cheeks aglow, and tresses wildly flowing," echoing from the hill sides of the Alps and the Apennines, along the valleys of the Rhine and the Danube, the voice of solemn, heart-felt protest, would be heard among the palaces of the tottering dynasties, like the roar of advancing thunder. It would be wafted, on its passage, by the ascending sighs of the prostrate nations; it would gather into one the voices of good men every where, and it would fall upon the startled ears of the conspirators, like a blast from the last trumpet, calling them to judgment. Had such a protest been uttered, at the outset (but alas, there was then no one to utter it), the political and social condition of Europe would now be fifty years in advance of what it is,—the destroying powers, whose insolence has grown with their impunity, would have withheld their smiting hand, and suffered the tormented nations to go free.

We have not the slightest apprehension that such a course would result in war. Apart from this extreme hazard of provoking a universal rising, in the present uneasy condition of the European populations, we do not believe that any nation would be found bold enough to engage in a contest with an active and powerful foreign antagonist, against the known public law of the civilized world. We say the public law of the world, because the nations of the earth, like the individual members of society, stand, in respect to each other, on a footing of equality, having but one law for all. That law, according to the dictates of justice, according to the established usage, according to received writers, is the complete, sovereign, exclusive independence of each nation, so long as it trespasses on no other nation. All nations, therefore, are interested in maintaining it, as much as indi-

viduals are interested in maintaining the laws of the society to which they belong. But, if it is to be thrown aside by the supporters of absolutism whenever it pleases them, then it must be disregarded by the supporters of freedom whenever it pleases freemen. There cannot be, in reason or equity, a right of intervention for one, and no right of intervention for the other, — a right of systematic and persistent combination for the despots, but no right of combination for the democrats. If the monarchs engage in a Holy Alliance, the people must counteract them by another Holy Alliance, in the spirit of Béranger's well-known and beautiful poem. Should a war, however, spring out of it, in what more noble, just, or magnanimous

battle could a great people engage? Unlike the contests which have so often desolated our poor earth, it would not be a strife for territory, for a line of succession, for the claims of rival princes, for the subjection of the weak, but a glorious struggle for liberty, justice, and humanity, — for the stricken rights of nations, for the violated majesty of law, for enlarged human intercourse, and the golden rule of Christian civilization, now arbitrarily supplanted by barbaric power. Let not the United States, then, shrink from a championship which would place them as the vindicator of law, the protector of the oppressed, the leader in the great work of national emancipation, in the vanguard of the nations, to all coming time.

INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING AND SCIENCE.

(Continued from page 324.)

THE important parts which the Universities of the Continent of Europe have borne in advancing religious as well as political liberty, give additional interest to their history and constitution, beyond what attaches to them as mere nurseries of learning and science.

They were the natural correctors of the material spirit of the masses and the ignorant pride of the nobles and princes. Their influence on the former class is not less important in a free population like our own.

The jurists which they produced became the counsellors of princes; heretics found refuge behind university privileges. To them is due Canon law in place of arbitrary rule in the church. It was the influence of university professors which established the doctrine of the Gallican church, that the authority of the Pope is subordinate to that of general councils. The same was held at Vienna and Prague, as well as at Oxford and Paris. Strangely enough, Vienna, the oldest after Prague, was one of the most democratic of the universities.

It was as professor and dean of the theological faculty of the University of Wittenberg, that Luther had strength to sustain himself against the immense ecclesiastical power of the time.

The authority of learning and the sympathy of throngs of admiring students gave him an influence, of which, as mere monk, he must have been destitute.

In the universities was developed the old German love of liberty and high sense of personal individuality, personal right and honor, personal immortality.

It was not till the middle of the 15th century, that the peculiar characteristic of the German universities, the academical freedom of the student, began to appear. Originally, they had been framed on the Parisian model; the monastic system of discipline had prevailed, most of the students living in great buildings or colleges as in the Sorbonne, under the superintendence of their teachers, and mostly on foundations for the support of students, called bursae; whence bursati, and the German bursche, fellow. These colleges, as is now the case at Oxford and Cambridge, formed the university. All this is now totally changed. In the brief words of a correspondent from Bonn, the students live where they please, do what they please, and there are no recitations. The same principle of liberty attaches to the lectures of the professors, who, at least until since the late revolution, have discussed all questions with the most perfect freedom, untrammelled by either the political or religious authorities in the state. The essential of the liberty of teaching, according to Prof. Dahlmann, is the right for each one of teaching, within the bounds of his professorship, what seems to him true and good; for scientific truth is no object of legislation. Prof. Mohl, also, speaking of the maxim of unlimited spirit-

ual liberty, calls its limitation, not only a great wrong, but a great absurdity, as its prohibition can always be eluded.

The same regulations should undoubtedly apply to this species of liberty as to the liberty of the press in England and America,—the university teacher having no more right than any other citizen to attack the rights of the state, existing institutions or individuals.

A German university consists generally of four or five faculties, the Theological, the Jurisprudential, the Medical, the Administrative, and the Philosophical or general Scientific. Each faculty has a head called the decanus, and contains three grades of professors or teachers. 1. The *professores ordinarii*, appointed by the government and receiving a liberal salary, depending for its amount somewhat upon merit, on an average 1500 thalers. 2. *Professores extraordinarii* for the same branches, or particular parts of them, to whom the government looks to fill vacancies in the first class; who also, commonly receive a salary about half as great as that of the *ordinarii* professors. 3. *Privatim doctores*, composed of all graduates who choose to offer themselves; who, on a slight examination, receive license to teach the subjects on which they lecture, being previously approved by the decanus or dean of their faculty. From among them the extraordinary professors are commonly chosen. The *privatim doctores* are paid no salary, but depend entirely on the fees of students, who attend their lectures in greater or less numbers, according to their merit or popularity, being perfectly free in this respect.

Each professor, of whatever rank, is obliged to give both public and private lectures; for the former he receives nothing, for the latter a remuneration from each student, depending upon the number of lectures per week. The fee varies from 3 thalers to 20 thalers per semestre, the thaler being equivalent to about 70 cents. Some poor students undertake to pay after receiving employment. This is indorsed on their certificate, and the government takes care that it is refunded. The professors of the Philosophical Faculty are obliged to receive half the number of their students in this way. But those of the law and medical faculty are not. The university year is divided into two semestres, or half years, the winter semestre being of five months' duration, the summer four, nominally, but really of less, for at Berlin, for instance, though by law, the summer vacation is from the 15th of August till the 15th of October, the lectures by custom close about the 1st of August, and do not recommence till the

1st of November, and the spring vacation, which legally extends only from 15th of March till the 15th of April, really lasts from 1st of March till 1st of May. This, no doubt, grows out of the custom of students being obliged to pay for rooms by the month.

Some of the medical and law professors make a large income of twelve or fifteen thousand thalers, from the great number of students attending their lectures.

The *doctores* and *extraordinarii* professors, and sometimes, though more rarely, the *ordinarii* professors, hold what are called *privatissime* lectures, having often but one or two students attending them, paying a very high price. This corresponds somewhat to the system of private tutorship in the English universities.

The fees are not paid to the professors themselves, but to an officer of the university called the *quaestor*.

Each student is furnished with an *Anmeldungs Bogen* (information sheet), upon the outside of which is written his name, residence, the faculty to which he belongs, as law, medicine, &c., the name of its decanus, and the date of his admission.

The inside is divided into columns entitled, Names of Lectures, Names of Professors, Date of Commencing them, Receipt of *Quaestor*, Testimony of Professor.

The student, at the commencement of each semestre, writes in the first column such lectures as he wishes to attend; he then goes to the *quaestor* and pays for them, 5 groschen or 11½ cents, for the public lecture, 3 to 20 thalers for the private; afterwards he visits the professors who give these lectures, and obtains their names, and at the close of the session he receives their certificate of attendance. Students pursue, ordinarily, not more than two courses of study in one semestre. The ground is gone over too rapidly to admit of more.

No student has a right to attend lectures without having passed what is called an "*abiturienten*" examination upon leaving the gymnasium. This is very severe, and is considered a sufficient preparation for the extraordinary freedom of the university. This does not apply to foreigners. After having spent six semestres, called the *triennium*, the student may signify his wish to pass an examination, which he does in whatever department he pleases. If he desires, and has 100 thalers to pay after having passed the requisite examination, he may receive the title of *doctor philosophiae*, *doctor utriusque juris*, *doctor theologiae*, or *doctor medicinae*. All but the latter is considered useless, and seldom taken unless

the person expects to become a teacher or author.

The examination consists of an essay and a verbal or viva voce examination, and is conducted as follows:—

The student sends, written in Latin, his biography, and an original memoir relating to some subject of his department, which is referred to the professors of his faculty. If the Senate refuses the memoir, he may go home and write another. If it accepts, a time is fixed some two months afterwards for his examination viva voce, which takes place in the presence of all the professors ordinarii of his faculty, who are members of the Senate, any of whom are at liberty to ask him questions. This examination lasts from three to four hours. Students of Philosophy, are required to present for sciences, e. g. Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, or Geology, *Æsthetics*. For either of these may be substituted the Greek language, Arabic, History, &c. It would be considered absurd for a mathematician to present Greek; not that a knowledge of the language is not presupposed, but this will have been acquired at the *Gymnasium*. After the examination, if the examiners agree to confer the degree, a day is fixed for the purpose, and on that day the candidate is obliged to hold a Latin disputation of from an hour to an hour and a half, for which it is said to be easy to prepare with no great fluency in Latin. Three opponents are appointed, who are students or doctors, not professors. The disputation is on his memoir, or on themes which he proclaims of a nature to admit of argument.

These requisites being duly fulfilled nothing more remains but for the student to give a dinner to his friends.

The student must *pay* for at least one course of private lectures in a semestre, but it is not necessary that he should attend them; if not, he is menaced with dismission. Those students who are to enter the learned professions or offices of the state, undergo subsequently a much more rigorous examination, lasting several weeks, by a government commission. A candidate for the practice of medicine in Prussia, first undergoes an anatomical examination. He draws from an urn by lot, the name of some bone, and is required to give its anatomy complete; then that of some one of the viscera, then some integral part of the body, as the head, and having finished this examination a surgical one commences. Again by lot a surgical operation is presented to him, upon which he writes a paper, and afterwards performs the operation upon the dead subject. This is followed by an extempore opera-

tion, and then comes a clinical examination in surgery. Patients are placed under his care in the hospital. He writes a history of the disease, and gives his views of the proper mode of treatment, which for a fortnight he is permitted to carry into effect under the supervision of superintendents keeping a journal.

A similar process is gone through in a Medical Hospital, and finally he is subjected to a public examination on Chemistry, Pharmacy, and the whole range of Medical Science. A part of the examination consists in public disputations, commonly in Latin, three opponents being appointed for the candidate, but any one allowed to dispute with him. Medical students who intend to practise are required to remain four years in the university.

The law student, one year after leaving the university, receives the title of *auscultator*. Two years after he is subjected to a new examination, on passing which he takes the title of *referendarius*. The last examination occurs after an interval again of three years, and requires a deep knowledge, including Roman Law, the *Pandect*, the Byzantine, and the Code Napoleon. He is called *assessor*, and this examination is termed examination for *counsellorship*.

Examiners of law students are not professors of the university, but a standing commission composed of judges of the courts. Occasionally a professor may be among them.

The examinations of the clergy are made by a body called a *Consistorium*, the members of which are called *consistorialrâthe*, each *consistorialrâth* being a clergyman, and ordinarily, a professor of the university, but specially appointed to this office by the government. The celebrated Tholuck, professor of theology, and Gesenius of Hebrew, both well known in America, held this office. Each capital of a *regérium* has its ober consistorium, and often its bishop for *consistorialrâth*; as Berlin, Magdeburg, the capital of Saxony, Munster, that of Westphalia, &c. Subordinate to these are provincial consistoriums, to which the papers of the candidate are first sent. These consist of a curriculum vitae in Latin, his baptism and confirmation papers, testimonials of good behavior, and of the university, and three written exercises: 1st. A sermon on some given text. 2d. A dissertation on some assigned general subject, as for instance, the advantages of a religion based on facts. 3d. A Latin paper, an actual example of which had the following title: *De Sententia eorum qui non nisi a regentis Scripturam Sacram intelligi posse statuant.*

The student afterward at an appointed time repairs to the ober consistorium, at the capital, for a viva voce examination, by a professor of Dogmatic Theology; a professor of Exegesis, a professor of Church History, and a professor of Hebrew, members of the Consistorium. This first examination is "pro licentia concionandi," license to preach. A second, which occurs generally two or three years after is more free, and upon homiletics, liturgies, &c., called "pro ministerio." A third is called colloquium pro ordinatione. The candidate is not ordained till appointed to some pastoral care. Lists are kept, from which appointments are made according to merit or length of time of candidatuship.

In Germany the state requires all those who devote themselves to the public service, in the most extended sense of the term to have acquired what is considered the indispensable scientific education of a university. The state itself provides this education therefore, the universities being supported out of the public exchequer.

The number of professors and teachers, is necessarily great, to fulfil the objects of a university, which embrace the whole circle of the sciences. These objects are thus stated in the foundation of the University of Bonn, the latest of the German universities, founded in 1818, for the dissemination of true piety, science, and good morals. "A state institution, to which the scientific education of young men who have received their groundwork in the Gymnasium is intrusted; and where they may attain the highest possible degree of perfection."

At Bonn there are ninety professors of all ranks, and about 150 lectures daily. At Berlin 160 professors, and a number of lectures in proportion. Full lists of the lectures of the winter semestre of 1829-30, will be found in the *Encyclopedia Americana*. In the philosophical faculty in 1850, there were 36 ordinary professors, 28 extraordinary, and 30 private docentes.

This university was founded in 1808, just after the battle of Jena, at one of the darkest periods of Prussian history, as one of the best means of giving new vigor to the nation; at the instigation of William von Humboldt, Schleiermacher, and Fichte. Shortly after the broadsword was laid aside, and the clubs abolished in 1817, on political grounds.

The professors of all classes lecture on what subjects they please, though it is understood that they will confine themselves chiefly to their own department. The subjects are selected more from pecu-

liar qualifications and taste than any other rule. The mathematical professor Dirichlet, for instance, lectures now only on the four subjects, Definite Integrals, Analysis of Heat, Theory of Attraction, and Theory of Numbers. The celebrated mathematician Jacobi, dead within two years, whose tall form, waving black hair, and piercing eyes, gave promise of a long life; lectured on whatever interested him for the moment, and sometimes on whatever was suggested by his students. The professors generally lecture about four hours a week; the Law, Medicine, and Theology professors about six.

The expenses of students at Berlin, may be thus stated. Of 2000 about 500 are rich, of the remaing 1500, 1000 spend not more than 350 thalers per annum, 300 of this being for living, and 50 for professors' fees. Students of medicine of the same class spend 400. The remaining 500 have only 250 thalers. The same style of living would cost about double in New-York.

The government of the university, or "administration," as it is called in Germany, is in what is termed a *curatorium*, which is composed of the curator appointed by the government, the rector, the ex-rector, the judge of the university court, &c.; and of the senate, composed of the *professores ordinarii* of all the faculties under the presidency of the rector.

The rector is chosen annually from the *professores ordinarii*, and is re-eligible, though not in the year immediately succeeding.

The office usually passes from faculty to faculty.

He is the head of the university, is the president of the senate, member of the *curatorium*, admits new students, &c. His titles are very august; such as rector magnificus, and in the middle ages he was addressed as "your magnificence," and held the rank of a sovereign prince.

Students are amenable to an academical court of justice, which decides all civil suits against them, and all misdemeanors against the laws of the university. This court has no jurisdiction over criminal offences. The punishments are imprisonment in the university prison, suspension, expulsion from the particular university, termed *consilium ab eunde*, and proscription from all (*relegatio*). When a student is matriculated, he receives a "Legitimations Karte," containing the names of the rector and some professors, which proves his studentship, and exempts him from interference by the municipal police. In case of arrest, the presentation of this card causes him to be brought before the university au-

thorities. The university police force consists of several janitors.

A commissarius regius has, at the present day, the power of cassation over the decrees of the senate. He communicates only with the minister of public instruction and other ministers. This is an innovation upon ancient privileges. If he is not present, the secretary gives him an account of the proceedings. He has the right of suspending professors, but must refer immediately to the minister of public instruction. This right is scarce ever exercised.

Students take off their hats after the professor. His modes of address to them are highly respectful, as "commilitones carissimi," or "domini doctissimi illustrissimique."

Cives Academicæ is the title by which students are ordinarily known.

The Military Schools in Berlin are three. 1. The Cadetten Schule, for young students who become officers. 2. The Kriegs Schule, for officers of Infantry and Cavalry. 3. Ingenieur Schule, to which the best officers of the kingdom are sent from all parts.

The pupils of the first two are all noble. Of the last, not one in a hundred is noble.

There is a school for miners, called Bergwerk's Académie, which has a very small number of pupils, and is supported by the government.

The German polytechnic school is called the Gewerbe Institute, and is for the education of civil engineers, carpenters, chemists, miners, dyers, weavers, and all pursuing the mechanic arts, in which an acquaintance with science is required. Its teachers are of the highest eminence.

There is a school for instruction in architecture, called the Bau Schule.

The students must have been through some provincial Gewerbe Schule, which is a school of similar character with the Gewerbe Institute, but of lower grade. The course at the Bau Schule is three years, and every thing relating to the art of building is here taught.

A great institution for instruction in every branch of the fine arts, called the Académie der Kunst, has 600 pupils who pay but a small fee.

There is a large school for the instruction of surgeons of the army, the Friedrich Wilhelm's Institute. Students are admitted who pass the "abiturienten." Education, board, books, all free, but the students are bound to serve eight years as surgeons in the army, on small pay, about fifteen thalers per month.

There is also a school of about 200 pupils for veterinary surgeons.

The Schule Lehren Seminar, established by Viesterweg, one of the most famous pedagogues in Germany, is a school for the education of teachers. An elementary school is connected with it, which serves as a model.

There are Sunday Schools in Berlin for the instruction of mechanics occupied through the week, in science.

It would lead us into a great length and not answer the design of the present article, to go into so detailed an account of the universities of other countries of Europe which present no very different features from those already described.

We quote, however, Prof. Tappan's brief account of the university of Paris, to which we have had occasion already frequently to allude.

"The University of Paris is the ancient University, founded by William of Champeaux, in 1109. The *Sorbonne* is the title given to one of the Colleges founded by Robert de Sorbonne, an ecclesiastic of the thirteenth century. It was strictly a school of Theology; and, although only one of the four constituent parts of the Faculty of Theology in the University of Paris, it attained such eminence, that it frequently gave its name to the whole faculty; and even graduates of the University, not belonging to this College, were wont to style themselves doctors, or bachelors of the Sorbonne. The Sorbonne, on account of its reputation, was appealed to, to decide questions in Theology and Morals.

"The buildings of the College are now occupied by the three faculties of Theology, Science, and Literature of the Académie Universitaire of Paris."

The present system of public instruction in France is an organization for the whole kingdom, under the title of University of France. The University of France is the work of Napoleon.

"Ce grand esprit reconaut tout d'abord que l'éducation publique devait être la base de l'ordre nouveau. Nulle matière ne l'occupa davantage. Il consulta les hommes les plus différentes; il eut sous les yeux les projets les plus divers. Il répétait sans cesse cette phrase célèbre de Leibnitz: Donnez-moi l'instruction publique pendant un Siècle, et je changerai le monde."

"He instituted a great system of national education, comprising three degrees, *l'instruction primaire, l'instruction secondaire, l'instruction supérieure*. The University comprehends the last two. To the *instruction secondaire* belong the Colleges. Of these, about three hundred and twenty are *Collèges communaux* scattered through the large towns. They are supported by the towns, the heads and professors being paid out of the revenues of the Communes. Forty of them are Royal Colleges, *les lycées*

ou *Colleges royaux*. The directors and professors in these are paid by the state. The *College royal de France* is one of these.

"To the instruction supérieure belong the faculties of the University proper: the faculties of Theology, Law, Medicine, Science, and Letters."—TAPPAN *Univ. Ed.* pp. 119, 120.

The Lyceums were founded by Napoleon, when First Consul, to take the place of Les Ecoles Centrales, in the chief town of each department, which had been instituted by the Republic; and in which instruction in the exact sciences and modern languages alone was given.

Napoleon restored the study of the ancient classics. The higher class of institutions, comprising the University of France, situated in a few of the great cities, are called Academies. We give a programme of that of Bordeaux, for 1848, as the best exhibition of the nature and actual state of these institutions.

Université de France.—Académie de Bordeaux; Faculté des Sciences, Année Scolaire 1847-1848. Les Cours de la Faculté des Sciences auront lieu aux jours et heures ci-après, à dater du lundi, 15 Novembre.

Mathématiques Pures.—Professeur, M. Lebesgue. (Le mardi et le samedi, à dix heures un quart.) Analyse infinitésimale. (Préparation à la licence ès sciences mathématiques.)

Astronomie et Mécanique Rationnelle.—Professeur, M. Rollier. (La lundi, à deux heures trois quarts, et le jeudi, à huit heures et demie du matin.) Mécanique rationnelle. (Préparation à la licence ès sciences mathématiques.)

Chimie.—Professeur, M. Laurent. L'ouverture de cours sera indiquée par une affiche particulière.

Physique.—Professeur, M. Abria. (Le mercredi, à deux heures trois quarts.) Ce cours, consacré à la préparation à la licence ès sciences physiques, aura pour objet l'étude de la chaleur et des parties de l'électricité et de l'optique qui n'ont pu être exposées l'année précédente. (Le mardi, à sept heures du soir.) Le professeur exposera les lois physiques nécessaires pour l'intelligence des principales applications de la chaleur et de l'optique aux arts industriels: il s'étendra, autant que possible, sur ces applications, en évitant néanmoins les détails les plus techniques.

Zoologie et Physiologie Animale.—Professeur, M. Bazin. (Les mercredi et vendredi, à sept heures du soir.) Mammalogie; ou, Histoire naturelle des mammifères.

Botanique, Géologie, et Minéralogie.—Professeur, M. Raulin. (Le samedi, à sept heures du soir.) Botanique.—Premier semestre. Anatomie et physiologie végétales. Second semestre. Etudes des familles naturelles. (Le jeudi, à une heure.) Paléontologie ou description des corps organisés

contenus dans les couches de l'écorce terrestre.

Examens.—Les examens de la licence auront lieu, comme par le passé, du 20 au 24 novembre, du 20 au 24 juillet. Les aspirants au grade de licencié devront justifier des inscriptions exigées par les règlements ou d'une dispense du Grand-Maître. Les trois sessions d'examen pour le baccalauréat ès sciences, établies par l'arrêté du 17 avril 1846, auront lieu du 3 au 10 novembre, du 1er au 8 mai, du 10 au 20 août. Nul examen ne pourra être soutenu à d'autres époques, sans une autorisation spéciale de M. le Ministre de l'Instruction publique. Conformément à l'arrêté du 18 septembre 1840, les candidats à la licence ou au baccalauréat devront déclarer par écrit qu'ils ne se sont jamais présentés devant une autre Faculté pour y subir les épreuves du même grade. Le Doyen de la Faculté des Sciences, Abria. Vu: par le Recteur de l'Académie, en congé, L'Inspecteur, Beljame. Le Secrétaire de l'Académie, Cadréa. Bordeaux, le 8 novembre 1847.

The Polytechnic school, which was originally a civic school of science, originated by the amiable and accomplished mathematician Monge, and others, assumed a more military character under Napoleon, and had for its chief object the education of officers of engineers and artillery. The infantry officers are educated at a separate institution, L'Ecole de St. Cyr.

The Polytechnic is the model of our own military academy at West Point, and of most of those of modern Europe.

We have thus given a sketch of the history and character of the institutions for the advancement and diffusion of knowledge. The university, as constituted on the continent of Europe, appears to have a twofold object: 1st, to collect a body of learned men under the title of professors, who are to make themselves conversant with every thing which may have been done in all ages and countries, in their department, or, at least, with its existing and most improved state, and who are to devote themselves to its further advancement. At the same time, by lectures, in consultation, and superintending the proper provisions of books, apparatus, and illustrations, they train a learned class to succeed them, or to prosecute, in private, similar researches, and convey a certain amount of instruction to the whole mass of the liberally educated young men of the nation, amongst whom, here and there, an individual is awakened to the discovery of his natural genius for a particular pursuit, by the responsive chords which echo back the assured notes of the experienced and master hand.

The academy has for its chief object, to make provision for new discoveries in arts

and sciences, and to publish them for the information of other learned societies and individuals. The academy, however, is not without its educating element also. At the weekly sittings of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, a number, limited to be sure, of intellectual-looking young men, are to be seen lining the wall seats of the great hall of the academy, gathering knowledge and stimulus from living lips, which have a wondrous power of excitement for the young aspirants after future fame. These are, for the most part, graduates of the Polytechnic, of the School of Arts and Trades, and similar institutions which are so numerous and of such high order in Paris.

For more than five years past the question of improvement in the educational system of Great Britain has been agitated in England and Scotland, and two years ago a commission was appointed in parliament on the subject, whose report has just been published, and given rise to a very free and full discussion in the principal periodicals in our language on both sides of the Atlantic. In this country, too, the subject of educational reform in the higher institutions of learning has recently received much attention, and several institutions have to some extent acted under the pressure of the general conviction, that something must be done to meet the prevailing public sentiment. Brown University, Yale College and Union, have taken the first step, somewhat crudely perhaps, but they are no doubt destined especially the two latter, ultimately to develop something worthy their present aim.

The great practical question to be considered in the different foci of intelligence

and wealth throughout our country, especially in our own great metropolis, is what can best be done under existing circumstances, to give due encouragement, stimulus and aid to arts and learning. The recent formation and great success of the National Association for the Advancement of Science, renders the establishment of local academies of less importance; such an organization as the American Society is, perhaps, better adapted to our peculiar political structure. An organization like the French Institute requires, it may be as essential to its wonderful efficiency, the system of centralization which no city of the world enjoys like Paris.

The most feasible organization appears to be, that which accomplishes so many objects of the nature in question at once, viz., the university. To some extent our colleges are such already, and have some features, the want of which are defects in the English and German universities, and these again differ greatly from one another. What sort of organization then may be best adapted to meet our wants and capacities, what modifications of our existing institutions, or what entirely newly-constructed system?

In order to prepare for a better examination of the question, we shall give the views of some of the different recent writers upon it in England and this country; and afterwards, shall endeavor to frame a scheme growing out of the light which they have thrown upon the subject, and an examination of the peculiar genius and institutions of America, and the resources which may here be commanded for the object in view; but this we reserve for another number.

IN THE GARDEN.

PHEBE reading in the garden
Rare and golden-clasped romances,
While the shadow of the fountain
On the lawn beside you dances.

Though the quaint and stately story
Of the poet's fair creation
Overflows your life with glory
In the mere imagination;

Yet beyond you in the garden,
Chasing butterflies and flowers,
Plays the golden-haired companion
Of these fleeting summer hours.

Though you watch him now, unheeding,
Love will make your lives romances,
Sweeter, Phebe, than you're reading,
Where the fountain-shadow dances.

THE EARLY POETRY OF FRANCE,

IN ITS RELATIONS TO THE COMMON PEOPLE.

THERE is no period in history when the interests of the masses have been more regarded than at the present time; there is none when they have received a more general, and, in very many individual cases among all nations, a more warm-hearted and generous attention. It is true, that our Lord Jesus Christ devoted his divine mercy especially to the indigent, and that the Gospel was preached to the poor. But the heavenly thought from which He acted, was only half comprehended in the world. Eighteen centuries elapsed before philanthropy ever wore any other dress than what was in general called Christian charity—a holy, noble dress indeed, in which St. Elizabeth and her followers, Carlo Borromeo, Howard, and other benefactors of mankind, showered blessings on a thousand sufferers, but which referred almost exclusively to physical wants. The mentally deranged, the raving maniac, the idiot, until even in our days, did not receive their share of benevolence from their fellow-beings. They were cruelly stamped as the devil's own, in spite of having once been among those who engaged our Lord's peculiar attention. The deformed, the blind, the deaf and dumb, were formerly objects of charity indeed, but it is only the present age that has attempted to call forth in them a consciousness of human dignity, by making them, in spite of their deficiencies, useful beings. Only our own age, also, has acknowledged the claim of the *masses*; the claim of every human being to an equal share of worldly happiness, not as a gift of charity, but as a withheld birth-right.

It is France where this voice is loudest and most decidedly heard; she who, if not the mother of socialism, must certainly be called its nurse, as well in reference to the ideal conception of that system, as to its various perversions and extravagances. Her claims have hitherto referred more to national than to spiritual wants; but who will deny that these two interests of mankind are in the closest connection?

Of the condition of the common people in the interior of France, less has been hitherto known than seems possible, considering the prominent part which this great country has acted for near thirteen centuries in the history of the world. We know only Paris; and of the common

French people only her *ouvriers* and *grisettes*, her *badauds* and *graisaudes*. Of the life of the French peasantry we know only, that they have their "potage aux herbes" on week days, and their rural dances on Sunday. It is not yet twenty years since some eminent French writers have given us, in Valentine, in Geneviève and some other original productions, a few glimpses of their internal life. In what other country would it have been possible, that a mine of poetry, such as was discovered fifteen years ago by M. de la Villemarqué, in Brittany, should have been concealed for more than a thousand years without even a presentiment of its existence? In what other country would it have been possible that a literary man by profession, like Raynouard, the well-known editor of the Provençal poets, should have lived in such perfect ignorance of the language spoken from the darkest ages of history by two millions of his countrymen, as to assign to it an origin in the sixteenth century? It might be answered, that the French are avowedly bad linguists, and that the total difference between the French and the Breton language may serve as an excuse. But the neglect which the mental development of the peasantry of the Latin stock has experienced until quite recent times, can hardly be called less striking; and, if now and then, the curtain is unrolled from the scenes of the present day, we remain still in complete ignorance of their former mental condition.*

Our space is limited. In venturing a retrospect over the earlier ages of France, in order to ascertain this condition, let us keep one object in view. What were the mental recreations of her people; and are we justified in concluding, by the little popular poetry that has come down to us, that poetry was exclusively the property of the higher classes? The course of history leads us first to the south.

I.

POETRY OF THE TROUBADOURS.

Of all the idioms of modern Europe, the language along the Mediterranean coast, which developed itself between the fifth and the tenth centuries, from the Latin, and was spoken from the Alps of Savoy westward to the Pyrenees, and

* The book referred to above was published in 1839 under the title: *Barzaz-Breiz, Chants Populaires de la Bretagne recueillis et publiés avec une traduction française etc.* par Th. De la Villemarqué, Paris.
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from the Pyrenees as far south as Murcia, obtained the first literary cultivation. This Romanza,—our readers are aware that Romanza is the general name, applied to all the western languages into which the Latin tongue was gradually corrupted, before they had acquired any specific names for themselves,—this Romanza of the northern and western coasts of the Mediterranean was broken up into four principal dialects, the *Catalan* and *Valencian* in Spain, and the *Limousin* and *Provençal* in France. This latter dialect, spoken in the region which was the principal seat of the culture of the Romanza, and whence its lustre chiefly emanated, has in the course of time given its name to the whole language. In former time the appellation of Limousin (*Limosi*), probably for similar reasons, was applied to the Catalan dialect by the Spaniards themselves.

The Provençal language was therefore by no means confined to the present regions of Provence. It was spoken in the whole south of France, even as far north as the Loire, where the *Langue d'oc* blended with the Northern Romanza or *Langue d'oïl*. Thus the popular designations of the two great divisions of the French Romanza were founded on their different signs of affirmation. The *oïl* of the Northerners was in the course of time changed into *oui*. On the same principle the German was sometimes called *la langue de ya*, and the Italian *la langue de sì*.

The Provençal language is to be considered as much a dead language as the Greek and the Latin. The dialects derived from it do not differ less from it, than the modern Romaic from the ancient Greek, and hardly less than the Italian from the Latin. Neither the inhabitants of the south of France, nor of Spain, in our days, are able to understand the sweet lay of the Troubadour. The popular songs with which the whole region is still said to resound, are all of modern origin; and bear no relation to the age of the *courts d'amour*, of which no living trace is left. The four or five hundred years which have past since *la gaya ciencia* was buried, have wholly changed this sweetest and most harmonious of languages, both in form and spirit. In France, neither the jargon of the Gascon nor that of the native of *Langue d'oc*, or Provence, are easily recognized as its legitimate descendants. In other forms, no less metamorphosed, it prevails still among the common people of Piedmont, Sardinia, and the Balearic Islands. The regions where, perhaps, its character is least changed, are the southeastern provinces

of Spain, viz., Valencia, and the provinces which formerly constituted the kingdom of Aragon. The language of Valencia however, even in its age of bloom, deviated very decidedly from the Provençal.

In all these regions, the language of the Troubadour among the educated classes has been gradually, but completely, supplanted by the Castilian, the French, and the Italian; all of them once inferior to it, and first cultivated at a much later period. Not one of the four languages which have grown out of the Romanza stem, has unfolded itself immediately from the Provençal dialect, neither the French nor the Italian, neither the Spanish nor the Portuguese. All these languages are derived from sister dialects of that Romanza, of a very similar structure indeed, but on which different foreign elements had been suffered to operate. Yet on all these tongues the Provençal language, or rather Provençal poetry, has exercised more or less influence. Hence a few words on this latter seem not to be inappropriate. In a review of the popular poetry of one of the former. The reader, however, must remember that he has not to expect here a history of the *gai saber* or *gay art*, as the profession of the Troubadour was called, but only so much of the condition of its professors as will serve for the illustration of our subject.

The profession of the Troubadours, and the spirit which animated their age, are indeed among the most singular phenomena in the history of literature. This is one of the few things which seem to have no beginning, that is, of which philosophy and historical researches have not yet been able to trace with exactness the origin. The earliest poem known in the Provençal language, written about the year 1000, and discovered about thirty-five years ago by the French scholar Reynouard, has precisely the same character with the productions of the twelfth century, the golden age of this country. A multitude of poets rush forth at once from the night which, after the migrations of the Teutonic nations, covered for ages the literary world, all animated by the same spirit, and in possession of the same artificial forms; while as yet history can give no sufficient explanation from what seed the plant was generated, which, so long as the world had stood, never had been seen before. Neither the influence of the two Teutonic nations which settled principally in southern France, the Burgundians and the Visigoths, nor the connection of the population with the Arabs in Spain, seems to us satisfactorily to account for it. The poetry of the Trou-

badours appears entirely original in every respect.

The principal elements of modern poetry, the one relating to the form, the other to its soul, viz., rhyme and the romantic spirit of chivalry, both of them entirely unknown to the ancients, first appeared in these remarkable compositions. The origin of both has occupied many intelligent writers of all nations, and occasioned more than enough of literary contest. While some derive the spirit of romance from the Arabs, others have thought to find its cradle in the Teutonic North; Dr. Leyden imagined its discovery even in the primitive fictions of the Celts, brought with them in their migrations from the East. Yet all must agree, that in the form in which in the middle ages this spirit spread gradually over all Western Europe, it first appeared among the noble poets of Provence, and was there at once developed in its highest degree of extravagance and factitious refinement.

As for rhyme, the principle of it is doubtless deeply founded in human nature. Alliteration, assonance, consonance, burden, rhyme, measure, all these ornaments of poetry may be traced to the same source. *Alliteration* or the correspondence of certain letters in one and the same line or verse, was the favorite form of the Scandinavians and Celts, and is found in the most primitive verses of both these races. Assonance and Rhyme seem to have been first cultivated by the Arabs, and yet long before the influence of the Arabs is likely to have penetrated to Germany, a popular song in regularly rhymed quatrains was composed there.* The example of the Arabs could operate even on the people of Italy, only by means of educated poets, since there existed no direct intercourse between these two nations, except the very limited one of commerce. We nevertheless find, long before the formation of the Italian language, and before the poetry of the Troubadours is known to have existed, a Latin military song, composed about the year 924, in very regular assonances.† Natural as it would have been then, that the Troubadours themselves invented rhyme, it is not improbable that they were, in this respect, influenced by their neighbors the Arabs, whose poetry very likely was the only species known to them. With the literature of the ancients, they were entirely unacquainted, and their profound ignorance and want of general informa-

tion, may be considered as one of the reasons of their early decline.

It is principally in respect to their influence on the northern Romanza of France, that we are here to consider the poetry of the Troubadours; since no branch of poetry has ever been in a more eminent degree *court* poetry; none has ever had less of the popular element in itself. The south of France was divided into numerous little *sovereignties*, all of them perfectly independent of each other. Their princes reigned under the different titles of Dukes, Counts, Seigneurs, Viscounts, Dauphins, &c. The most important were the Counts of Toulouse and Provence, and the Duke of Aquitaine. The amenity of a mild climate, and a luxuriant soil, centuries of peace, and the blessings of a paternal government, had lulled these regions into a sweet dream of happiness and love. The numerous small courts were the seats of song and play. To sing and to write verses became almost a necessary title to knighthood and nobility. Reynouard has enumerated the names of three hundred and fifty Troubadours, all noblemen of course, and many of them princes.‡ The sweet sounding Provençal language spread over the courts of all Europe. Not only the kings of Aragon, Alphonso and Peter, of whose empire a dialect of the Provençal was the vernacular tongue, but even foreign sovereigns were ambitious to be instructed by Provençal poets. Frederic Barbarossa, Richard Cœur de Lion, Roger of Naples, and many other princes wrote Provençal verses. In the west of Europe every one who laid claim to education or elegance, loved or at least patronized the Troubadours. The German Minnesingers imitated them. Provence itself resembled a forest where sweet songs resound from all the branches. The poets, like the birds of the forest, had only a few notes to repeat in endless variations. Indeed along with all their tenderness, gallantry and sophistry in their poetical contests, an extreme uniformity was the chief characteristic of the Provençal songs, all of which were lyric, and nearly all devoted to love and war.

But the most remarkable feature of that whole age, is that real life was as factitious as their poetry, and that the poets *lived* what they *sang*. The courts of love, in which noble ladies were judges, and decided on the most delicate affairs of the heart, to which decisions both plaintiff and defendant willingly submitted,

* The "Ludwiglied":—"The fragment of the "Hildebrandlied," which is probably a century older, is written with many alliterations, and some rude rhymes interspersed.

† Printed in Sismondi's *Hist. de la Lit. du Midi de l'Europe*. Vol. I. p. 28, Edit. 3.

‡ *Choix de Poésies originales des Troubadours*. Paris, 1818—1821.

knights dying of love for ladies whom they had never seen, except in dreams;* tournaments, not only conducted with weapons, but in verses; † all these traits seem to transport us into a fairy land, and we can hardly believe the evidence of history. But this factitious state of things could not last. The human mind could not long remain at the pitch to which it was thus artificially screwed up. As early as the thirteenth century, the decline of Provençal poetry had begun—and all endeavors of the fourteenth century could not revive the dying flower. In Catalonia and Valencia alone, the Limousin language continued to be cultivated, although gradually yielding to the rising influence of the Castilian or Spanish tongue. The last poet known to have employed the vernacular tongue of his country, died in the beginning of the seventeenth century. His name was Vinzent Garzas, rector of Balfogna.

When we ask, What, during this poetical age, was the mental state of the common people? Wherein consisted their recreations, their consolations? And did not the lyric fever which had seized the nobility and courtiers, also infect the husbandmen, the shepherds, the common soldiers? to these questions we meet with no answer in history. Philosophy however answers in her stead. It is impossible that a climate and soil like that of Provence, where labor is not heavy, and sustenance is so easy to be procured, should not have produced natural poets of all ranks; it is impossible, that the squires who listened to the songs of the knights, should not have imitated them. All the images of the Troubadours are, moreover, taken from external nature, which is as familiar to the shepherd as to the nobleman, or even more so. The green foliage of the groves, the flowers of the meadows, the song of the nightingale, the murmuring of the fountains—nine out of ten of the Provençal lays begin with a description of scenery, of which these sweet subjects form the ingredients. The peasant, if the cares of daily life do not press upon his mind, feels the influence of the beauties of Nature as well as the chevalier. But the poetry of the age was chiefly, nay exclusively, *lyric*; and it is not in the nature of lyric strains to live long, if preserved only by oral means. The lays only of noble bards were written down, because only they, or those whom

they employed, *could* write. Writing was then an art far more difficult than making verses. The *chanzons* of the unlettered singers perished at their birth, as doubtless many thousand songs of noble Troubadours have likewise perished.

The different classes of society, moreover, were not as widely separated as they are now. They were not equal, indeed, in the eye of the law, but they were nearly so by education. In modern times, the law has become, at least in most countries of the civilized world, the same to the rich and to the poor, to the nobleman and to the peasant; and it is chiefly the difference of education which now separates mankind into high and low. The Troubadours, who sung before kings and courtiers in festive assemblies, were heard also by the servants. When, in order to revive the poetry of the Troubadours, the *Jeux floraux* were established,—poetical contests, where prizes were distributed for the best songs—the magistrates of Toulouse, the country gentry of the neighborhood, and the citizens, high and low, assembled in the gardens of the Augustines, to witness the reading of the lays presented, and the distribution of the prizes.‡

There was a class, even among the Troubadours themselves, which approximated, although certainly not in the best sense of the idea, to popular bands. Troubadours or Trobadores, strictly so called, were only those who themselves composed or invented poetry. This their very name implies; which, as is generally known, is derived from *trovare, trobar*, to find, or to invent. The poets themselves frequently sung their *trouvées*, or compositions before the courts; but still oftener, they caused them to be sung by their *jongleurs* or *joculatores*. These men, who were of course inferior in standing to the Troubadours, were in the habit of repeating afterwards the songs they had learned, before other companies; and in order to render their presence more desirable, they often entertained their audience with various other things. Besides the art of playing on several instruments, often on three or four at once, the jongleurs were expected to amuse the company with certain tricks of skill; as, for instance, the throwing up and catching of little balls with two knives; the marking of what was called *tours de corbeilles*; imitating the voices of birds, nay,

* As in the case of Jaufred de Rudel and the Countess of Tripoli. But the *beau idéal* of a fanatic in love was Pierre de Vidal. His whole life was a succession of eccentricities for love's sake, which make him appear to us a perfect madman. See Raynouard's *Choix de Poésies*, &c., and Sismondi's *Hist. de la Lit. du Midi*, etc. Vol. VI. p. 176.

† These poetical combats, where the harp and the voice served instead of sword and spear, were called *Tenson*, a Provençal word signifying *contest*, French *lutte*. See Sismondi, *Lit. du Midi*, Vol. VI. p. 138.

‡ Sismondi, *Lit. du Midi*, etc. Vol. I. p. 235.

even causing monkeys to spring and dance! The same men very easily learned to make verses themselves; and in that case, called themselves Troubadours.

On the other hand, the name of *jongleur* was also often applied to the real Troubadours. In all the dialects of the Romanza, the name and profession of the Troubadour, (Trobadare, Trovère), have been often confounded with those of the Menétries, (Menestrel, Minstrel), and the Jongleur, (Joculatar, Jaglar), although their professions were originally distinct. The Spanish poet Gonzalo de Berceo, who wrote hymns on St. Dominic, calls himself the *joglar* (literally *jester*, from the latin word *jocus*, jest), of this saint.

These inferior Troubadours who contributed so much to degrade and corrupt the art and profession of poetry, were, however, the only ones among the Provençal poets who occupied, in a manner, the place of the professional English ballad-singers, and other popular bards. There were undoubtedly men of talent among them; but they strove to please the multitude, and accommodated themselves to their taste. Thus they sunk lower and lower, until every trace disappeared of their connection with the sweet singers of love who had already vanished before them.

To what extent the language of the Troubadours was forgotten in France, at a period when probably many reminiscences of the golden age of Provençal song still existed among the people, appears from the letters which Racine wrote to his friends during his visits in Langue-d'oc.* The great poet seems to have been in no small degree surprised and vexed, to find that people did not understand his pure French south of the Loire; and that in Languedoc he had "autant besoin d'un interprète qu'un Moscovite en aurait besoin dans Paris." After having for some time been in that part of the country, he discovers "que c'est un langage, mêlé d'Espagnol et d'Italien." In the whole series of letters dated from Uzes in Languedoc, not the slightest recollection of the Troubadours is manifested, although complaints of the "méchants vers des poètes des provinces," and especially of those of Languedoc, who "veulent être poètes à quelque prix que ce soit," occur almost in every letter. If the poetry of the Troubadours had been in the slightest degree known to Racine, or if he had had the least information of their historical existence, it is hardly credible that he would not have taken occasion to com-

pare these modern poets with their ancestors, especially as he makes express reference to love-songs. With so little knowledge of the past, it was a matter of course that no attention whatever was paid by the French scholars to the feeble living traces of this poetry, which at that period were probably to be found.

Whether the present songs of the Gascons and Provençals have ever been collected, and how far they have a national character, we are not informed. "Even now," says an American traveller,† whom, on the whole, we think a very good observer; "even now, as in the days of the Troubadours, there are perhaps more ballads hawked about in the cities of Provence, than in any other country; and there is a softness and harmony in their versification, which French poetry does not always possess."

May the attention of some judicious Frenchmen be directed to this subject! Our own days, which have produced "poésies Gothiques-françaises," which brought to light the ancient traditions of Dauphinée and Normandy, and above all, the remarkable ballads of Bretagne, are favorable to all inquiries of this kind

II.

POPULAR POETRY OF THE NORTH OF FRANCE.

When the Romans conquered France they found it inhabited by two different races, viz., the Galli or Gauls, in the north and east, and the Aquitani, in the southwest. Both belonged probably to the great family of the Celts; but they had, according to Caesar, different laws, customs and languages. Yet, neither of their idioms seems to have been any longer in use when the Teutonic nations settled in France; at least not in those regions where they settled, for in Brittany, where they seem never to have penetrated, a dialect of the ancient Celtic or Cymric language, is spoken by the peasantry to this very day. Whether this language was preserved here by the aborigines, is, however, very doubtful; more probably it was carried thither by early British colonists, who left their country perhaps in dread of the Romans, but whose numbers were considerably increased by thousands of refugees, who fled before the Saxons, and gave the name of their abandoned home to the principedom they founded. We shall, perhaps, at another time, have occasion to state in what remarkable purity the ancient language of Taliesin has been preserved here. A Roman sovereignty

* Chef d'œuvres de Jean Racine, Vol. V
† Siddell.

of four hundred years, seems to have spread the Latin language over all the rest of France, and firmly established it. Indeed, none of the Roman provinces were ever so completely Latinized. We, therefore, cannot hope to find any trace of the Celtic language preserved in the French tongue.

More decided was the influence of the Teutonic nations, principally in respect to pronunciation and grammar. For it does not appear that the vocabulary of any of the nations among whom the Teutonic conquerers settled, was very considerably increased by them. Comparatively few in number, they seem, wherever they found the Latin language established, to have yielded to its higher cultivation. For centuries they continued to speak their own Teutonic dialect among themselves—the Franks preserved this habit for more than three hundred years—with the conquered nation they attempted to speak the patois of the country, and gradually changed it by their imperfect pronunciation, and especially by their want of skill in the niceties of its grammar.

Even the difference of dialect which must have reigned between the Burgundians and Western Goths, who settled in the south of France, on the one hand, and the Franks who conquered the North, on the other, appear to have produced no very decided difference between the languages of these two regions. During the ninth and tenth centuries, the Romanza spoken in France was essentially the same in the north and in the south. There are extant two ancient documents of the Romanza, as spoken in the empire of the Franks in 842; these are the oaths of Charles the Bald and of his subjects, referring to the partition of the sons of Louis le Débonnaire. They are remarkable as being the oldest monuments of the Romanza, and also, as the first public acts in which the vernacular language of the people was used. These documents show that the patois of the north was at that time very little different from that used in the south; and apparently it was only in the course of the two following centuries that the French Romanza split into two different languages, the *Provençal*, and the *Roman Wallon* so called. The word *wallon* and its different forms, as *wallis*, *wallish*, *wælish*, &c., signified in all Teutonic dialects—*stranger*;* and it

is remarkable that it was applied by three Teutonic nations of different stocks, the Franks, the Saxons, and the Lombards, to the natives of countries conquered by them. In modern German the name of *wælsch*, *wælschland*, has been confined to the south and the west, but especially to Italy.

The earliest popular songs of the French, of which at least some scattered fragments have come down to us, were in Latin. La Ravalière, in his essay "*de l'ancienneté des chansons Françaises*," gives the beginning of such a song, which is so lovely as to tempt us to make room for it here:—

"Ut quid jubes, pusilole,
Quare mandas, filiule,
Carmen dulce me cantare?
Cum sim longo exul valde
Intra mare!
O cur jubes canere?" etc.

"Why, my darling, ask'st thou me,
Why doest bid me sing, my boy,
Bid me sing sweet songs of joy?
Me, poor exile, forced to flee,
O'er the sea!
Why ask songs of joy from me."

The period when these Latin songs passed over into French, cannot be determined with exactness; especially as the change can have taken place only gradually. But we may assume with certainty, that a considerable time elapsed before the Latin was thus exchanged for the French Romanza in writing; and that the *patois* of the country was employed for popular songs, centuries earlier than for literary purposes. It is well known that in the time of Charlemagne, after the Merovingian race had been established in France more than three hundred years, the court still spoke German, and the annals and public documents were composed in Latin, while the common people spoke and sang in their own idiom, which was gradually growing up into a fixed language. "The earliest poetry in the *Oui* language," Bouterwek says, very decidedly, "were lyric songs." There is, indeed, reason enough to suppose that the ancient French were already what Rousseau declared them to be, not yet a hundred years ago, "*un peuple chansonnier*." Mossieu, in his history of French poetry, quotes a letter of the Bishop of Chartres, written during the reign of Louis the Fat, from which we learn, that at that time, songs were made in Paris on a certain young man of dissolute manners, who was

* These appellations are still preserved in Wales or Wallis, in England, in Wallon Flanders and Wallon Brabant, and in Wallis (Le Valais) in Switzerland. The primitive relations between the Teutonic and Celtic languages is among other things evident from the equal signification in both of them of the word *Wal*, Celtic *Gai*. W or F, and G or H, are frequently amalgamated or confounded; for instance, in Gad and Wodan, Wilhelm and Guillelmas, Hernandez and Fernandez, &c. Every where, where Celtic races settled, we find certain regions designated as the lands of *strangers*: Galloway, Gallia, Donegal, (G) Caledonia, Gallicia, &c. The *Gai* of the Celts was, however, always a stranger of the same family, while the *Wal* of the Germans was a stranger of a different race.

called in derision by the female name of *Flora*; and that these ditties were sung in the streets and the carrefours. Here, then, we have vaudevilles as early as the twelfth century.

It is deeply to be regretted, that the French annalists, unlike the German and Scotch writers of chronicles, have not preserved some characteristic specimens of their popular songs. For a diligent inquirer, however, many discoveries in this province may be still in reserve, but as the materials can only be found in France itself, the French alone can bring them to light. A complete history of popular poetry has not yet been written; and cannot be written satisfactorily, for want of documents, the search for which, until very recent times, has been entirely neglected in France.

In the tenth century, Danish adventurers settled in the north of France, and founded the duchy of Normandy, the real birthplace of French literature. If we must ascribe to their influence the change of language which appears in the oldest document of the French language, viz. the laws given to England by William the Conqueror, this influence must have been considerably greater than that of the other Teutonic nations. It is, however, more probable that this change was rather effected by time and want of intercourse with the south, than by a handful of conquerors, whatever the influence of these latter on the mental development of the French nation may have been in other respects. That which here principally concerns us, is the fairy mythology, which the Northmen brought from their ancient home; and the belief in which, although changed in character, has even in our times not yet wholly perished in Normandy. The dwarfs and giants who play such an important part in the ancient French romances, and the good and bad fairies who assist or persecute their heroes, are undoubtedly creatures of northern origin and growth. The very different character, however, which the French fairies of the romances show in comparison to those of the Edda, has been ascribed to the influence of the numerous pilgrims, who returning from the East, and circulating their tales with all their mysterious and glowing colors among the people, operated also in other respects so strongly on men's minds. It is, however probable, that even before this, the neighborhood of the Bretagne with her Cymric

fairy world, had influenced them, while this latter, on the other hand, changed partly their character by amalgamating with the traditional superstitions of the Scandinavians. Only the names of the fairies in the French romances remind us of their northern origin. In "*Perce Forest*" the goblin is called *Zépher*, like the dwarfs of the Edda, who were named after the four winds. The ancient northern form of *Alp*, *Alb*, for *Elf*, was changed to *Aube*, and became in the diminutive form of *Auberan* or *Oberon*, the name of the Elf-King.*

The code of laws, mentioned above, as the oldest document of the French language, stands for nearly a century isolated. The twelfth and thirteenth centuries gave rise to that celebrated series of tales of chivalry relating to Arthur and his Round Table, which have spread over all Europe; nay, over all the world. To answer the question, whether these tales ever could be denominated in France real, popular poetry,—we mean, whether they were known by the common people out of Brittany; that is, not by the Cymric, but by the French population, and whether they were reproduced by these latter in any form whatever, either in prose tales or in verse, we should first have to ascertain whether Brittany or the isle of Britain was their real home and birthplace. If the former, they undoubtedly were thus known in France; we find, however, no trace of them in the popular ballads collected by Villemarqué, although some of these are very ancient: not a single allusion to king Arthur, or to Lancelot, or to any of their curious adventures; only the sorcerer Merlin appears again and again. This is a strong evidence against the above supposition. If, on the other hand, the tales of the Round Table were introduced from Britain or England by Norman Travères, they probably were never spread among the peasantry, and could therefore never be called popular poetry. History furnishes no key to the solution of this mystery, which has so much puzzled the critics of all nations.†

The same doubt cannot exist in respect to the cycle of tales of chivalry, which succeeded those relating to Arthur—we mean the adventures of the Paladins of Charlemagne. These are undoubtedly of purely French origin. It is perfectly absurd to suppose that Turpin should have derived his complicated fiction solely from the stores of his own mind. Popular

* Grimm's Preface to his German Translation of Irish Popular Tales, p. ix.

† The reader will find a great deal of information on this subject in Ritson's Introduction to the Metrical Romances; Wharton's History of Poetry, and, above all, in Ellis's Metrical Romances, and the Early English Poets of the same author. It ought not to be overlooked, however, that all these learned writers were unacquainted with the real state of things in Brittany, and the ballads, published by Villemarqué.

legends furnished him with the materials and the characteristic features of his heroes. Charlemagne and his nephew Roland were eminently popular heroes, and there are even in our days popular traditions attached to their names from Spain to Germany. Whether, however, the productions of the *Travères*, i. e., the French tales of chivalry, as they have come down to us, were of this popular character, must remain undecided. The *Travères* indeed have more of the general character of the popular bard than the *Troubadours*. Their corps was not composed of princes and noblemen. On the contrary, those persons of rank in Northern France who had poetical talent, showed a decided inclination for the poetry of the *Troubadours*, and imitated them; for instance, the celebrated Castellan de Coucy, principally known by his tragical fate. The lyric poets mentioned in the history of early French literature are all princes or knights. The compositions of the *Travères*, however, were mostly *epic*; they were tales, made up professionally, like the metrical romances in England, to be recited before company. Like the *Troubadours*, the *Travères* had their *Jongleurs* and *Menétriers*, or *Menestrels*. Like them, too, they were often confounded with these classes. The ingenious inventors of the *Fabliaux* were sometimes ranked with the minstrels, who had their quarters in the Rue St. Julien des Menétriers, at Paris, and, accompanied by monkeys and bears, were hired to amuse the company at weddings. To what extent the real *Travères* were at first known to the common people must, as we remarked above, remain undecided until the history of the *fabliaux* and *contes* shall be more thoroughly investigated, and their origin discovered.

The only portion of old French literature which we can with certainty assume to have been entirely popular, at least in the cities of France, are the so-called *Mysteries*, and *Moralities*, a species of dramatic composition, of undoubted French origin. It appears, says Bouterwek, in his History of French Literature, "that in the thirteenth century, the number of pilgrims who returned from the East, furnished an opportunity to multiply and give animation to the dramatic representations of Christian scenes, taken from the Bible, or later religious legends, which perhaps had before this been exhibited on festival occasions in convents and churches. The pilgrims probably began to perform their dramas without the assistance of the monks, and in order

to relax from their religious sobriety, a farce was acted immediately after, as good as coarse wit could invent extemporaneously; or they intermingled the religious compositions themselves with burlesque scenes; a proceeding which, according to the view of those times, gave no occasion for scandal."*

The first regular company of actors was not formed until the fourteenth century. In the year 1380, when Charles VI. made his entrance into Paris, the pilgrims united to contribute their share to the solemnities with which this act was celebrated by the people. The marriage of the same king, a few years after, afforded a new opportunity; they called their society, in accordance with their ecclesiastic character, a fraternity (*confrairie*). Their dramas bore the name of *Mysteries* (*Mystères*). Among these compositions was the history of Jesus Christ, from his baptism to his interment, which lasted several days, and obtained great applause. From this circumstance the fraternity were led to call themselves "*La Confrairie de la Passion*."

The great success of the Fraternity of the Passion, and the influence which it obtained over the people, could not but excite the jealousy of an older privileged society, the Clercs de la Bazoche, as they were called. The Bazoche was an ancient association of advocates, procurators and other officers of the law, among whose privileges was the right of directing public amusements and ceremonies. They too attempted now to gain the people's favor, by dramatic representations; and as the Fraternity of the Passion would allow them no *Mysteries*, they exhibited *Moralities*, i. e., nearly the same things under another name. Less restrained by ecclesiastic scruples than the rival society, they soon began also to bring upon the stage small comedies, or rather farces, of a genuine popular character. The celebrated farce of the "*Advocate Pathelin*," which soon spread all over Europe, was one of these pieces. It was written about the middle of the fifteenth century; though according to others, it existed in its fundamental features as early as the thirteenth. The applause it obtained among all classes of society was unmeasured, and it may be considered as a truly popular production.

The extreme popularity of the theatre in France was manifest in the rapid diffusion of this amusement. In the fifteenth century all large cities, and many small ones had their theatres, devoted alternately to ecclesiastical or allegorical

* Bouterwek, Vol. I. p. 95.

dramas, and to farces. Care was taken to bring these representations in the highest possible degree within the sphere of the *senæes*. To the regular apparatus belonged a high scaffold, on the top of which sat God the Father, in a long garment, surrounded by his holy angels and saints. At the bottom of this scaffold was the hell, stocked with all the terrors which a wild and rude imagination could invent, and represented in forms as material and terrific as possible. In the midst, between heaven and hell, was the world, or a part of it; as for instance, the city of Jerusalem. Poetical justice was mostly exercised at the end of the piece; the wicked were cast into hell, and the good lifted into heaven.

The same period which witnessed the rapid diffusion of these popular amusements, gave birth also to the French prose romances, which met with such applause over all Europe, and were multiplied in a thousand translations and imitations. Of the legends of the Paladins of Charlemagne we have spoken above; they were now only revived and presented to the public in another form, while probably they had meanwhile undergone in the mouths of the people still greater alterations, and were only in substance the same. Other popular tales, such as the singular story of the beautiful Melusine and her nocturnal metamorphoses, the legends about the emperor Octavian, and the like, were now for the first time written down. The peasants of Normandy are said to be still in possession of a multitude of similar tales. F. Pluquet, author of the "Notice sur la vie et les écrits de Robert Wace, poète Normand," published not yet twenty years ago, a collection of fairy tales and traditional legends, which are not only current to the present day, among the people in the environs of Bayeux, but full belief is said still to exist in them. We see in them the *preux chevaliers* still in their full glory, and a multitude of good and bad fairies, enchanted princesses, goblins, vampires, animals talking, &c. Of one of these tales, the hero is a Chanaine, who sells himself to the Devil in order to deliver his Church from the degrading yoke of the chair of Rome. There is after all more of wild fancy than of real poetry in these tales.*

That the people, besides these legendary tales, had their ballads and songs, needs hardly to be stated. A considerable number of these productions of the fifteenth and the sixteenth century have been col-

lected in the *Romancero français*, and in two old anthologies entitled *La Fleur des Chansons*, and *la Fleur des Chansons Nouvelles*.† The more ancient ones in the first-named work approach in respect to a certain naïveté and graceful simplicity, in some measure, the old Spanish romances of a similar character; they are, however, not half so simple in form, and all rhymed, even written in "vers monarimes," i. e., four, nay six lines in one rhyme. This form, much too artificial for popular productions, makes it very doubtful whether they originated among the people, although they appear to have been sung among them. In regard to poetry, they are not to be compared to the Scotch, English, German, and Scandinavian ballads of the same period. The later ballads, written in the latter half of the sixteenth, and the whole seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, have the same mountebank character which distinguishes the popular poetry of this period among nearly all the civilized nations. Battles, crimes, public executions, are their favorite subjects. They commence for the greater part with an address to the people; for instance the ballad on the execution of the Duke of Biron in 1602:

Qui veut ouïr une chanson?
Une chanson nouvelle,
Faitte dedans Paris,
Dans Paris la grande Ville,
De Biron miserable,
Qui avoit entreprises
Tuer le Roi, la Reine,
Et le Prince Dauphin.

With the sixteenth century, the period which the French literary historians designate as the beginning of their present literature, all relation of the common people to this latter ends. French literature in its classical bloom, although eminently *national*, could never be in any way *popular*. It is throughout genteel, lordly, rhetorical; its point of culmination was the court; its nurseries were the palaces of the great; its purveyors those who courted the latter and found their best reward in the applause of the former. The only portions of it in which we may hope to find some shades of the popular character are again the fairy tales, with which we meet in the second half of the period usually called the age of Louis XIV. French literature was indeed, for a certain period, inundated with these productions of fancy. It is generally assumed that the tales of the Thousand and One Nights which the learned Orientalist, Galland, first translated into French, gave birth to the French fairy tales. But

* We have formerly seen this work, but cannot recollect now the full title.

† Le *Romancero Français*, par M. F. Paris. Paris 1838. The other above-named and similar collections exist mostly only in their old editions of 1576, and 1596, &c., and are rare works at the present time.

several collections of the latter were published some years before Galland's translation; for instance, the "*Contes de ma mère l'Oye*," which first appeared in 1697; while Galland's translation was not printed until 1704. It would seem, therefore, more probable that the great success which fairy tales then found in France, induced Galland to translate those celebrated Arabic tales. The numerous imitations of these latter do not concern us here; nor indeed any of this very extended fairy literature, except that which served to revive and diffuse stories of a genuine popular character; for instance, *Little Red Riding-hood*, *Blue Beard*, &c., which were collected and reproduced in the infantile and poetical mind of Charles Perrault. These pretty nursery tales are still as popular in France as any where. They are printed in the penny style—on the meanest paper and ornamented with coarse and ludicrous woodcuts, and are by their cheapness accessible to the poorest.

To ascertain in some measure what were the mental recreations of the common people during the brilliant period of French literature, we must again return to the theatre. We know in general, that notwithstanding the great dignity of the French stage, there is no country in the world where dramatic representations are more popular than in France. The French people were for centuries in the habit of singing *Vaudevilles* or versified bon mots and conceits, before the managers of the *Théâtre de la Faire*, in one of the suburbs of Paris, ever thought of taking advantage of their popularity to make their institution more attractive. This popular stage was at first devoted to coarse imitations of the Italian comedy, which included acting, dance, and song. Well-known tunes and songs, in which the audience could occasionally join, were received with particular favor; a thread of connection between the successive *Vaudeville* was soon formed; and thus the *Opera Comique*, now the favorite amusement of refined society throughout all Europe, developed itself from one of the most characteristic pleasures of the common people of France.

Vaudevilles are only city songs, as their

name indicates. Political events or private occurrences give them birth. They lay no claim to poetical merit; they are happy sallies of wit—nothing else; the most witty, the most striking, are the best. Every day witnesses the birth of a new one, and the most popular lives only until superseded by another called forth by some other equally superficial interest of the day. As productions of only a part of the nation, they can hardly characterize the whole nation. But the French have also *Villanelles*, their "*Chansons de Campagne*," and always have had them. During the most brilliant period of their literature, a popular itinerant singer, a native of Lille, made as much sensation in the northeastern towns of France, and in Flanders, as Racine and Molière at Paris. His real name was *Francais de Cottignies*, but he was more generally known under the name of *Brûle Maison*, from the custom he adopted, to give the sign of the commencement of his exhibition, by burning little paper houses fixed on the top of a pole, which was put up at some public place. The shine of the flame was seen from far, and attracted young and old. His principal wit was directed against the towns of *Tourcainy*, the *Abdera* of the north of France, whom he ridiculed by narrating of them ludicrous stories, and imitating their ways and manners in songs and ballads. These were collected afterwards under the title, "*Etrennes Tour Grenoises*." Such and similar collections of characteristic specimens of French popular poetry composed in the interior, together with the favorite songs of the common people at the capital, give, indeed, a portrait of the great mass of the French nation, in some measure different from their mere political or literary aspect, the features of which are not less prominent and striking.

Here our task finishes; for only the *earlier popular poetry* of France was our object. The eighteenth century, with its long suppressed groans, its final violent outbreaks, and its deadly struggles between the *old* and the *new*, engendered a new time, and in certain measure a new race, the mental recreations of which to depict we leave to another pen.

THE LATE PATRIOTIC CELEBRATION AT BERNE.

Jos. Well, Heaven be praised, the show is over!
 Ida. How can you say so! Never have I dreamt
 Of aught so beautiful. The flowers, the boughs,
 The decorated street, the long array,
 The banners, and the nobles, and the knights,
 The gems, the robes, the plumes, the happy faces.

WERNER, Act V

FOR several days we had been deluged with rain. In crossing the Greater Scheideck. Even the fair scenery of Interlachen was veiled from view by thick layers of cloud, which as they showed no symptom of dispersing, offered no inducements for us to remain. At Thun only were we stopped by the disagreeable intelligence, that there was little likelihood of our finding even a night's accommodation at Berne, if we continued our journey that day, as we had intended doing. The great historical festival about which we had heard so much for some days past, and had little expected seeing, was barely commenced. We had met some delegates to it leaving Lucerne on the preceding Sunday, with their grooms dressed in those parti-colored cloaks which give such an odd appearance to the old Swiss costumes. On inquiry, we found the celebration commemorated the admission of the canton of Berne into the confederation, and that the days chosen for it were the anniversaries of two battles, in which the fate of the city had been decided by resort to arms. No more appropriate time could have been selected, we thought, for this great national festivity. The sole absorbing topic of discussion for weeks had been the prospect of a war with Austria. The Imperial Envoy had been recalled, and perhaps it was well that he was spared the mortification of witnessing the commemoration of one of the battles in which Austria was most signally defeated. For the Swiss, however, nothing could have been chosen more capable of exciting their dormant feelings of patriotism.

It was early on the morning of Wednesday, the 22d of June, that we came in sight of Berne, at a place where the road from the lake of Thun makes a sudden bend to the right. No traveller I am sure, can forget its picturesque position, on a height overlooking the Aar, and in full view of the gorgeous panorama of the Oberland Alps. As we approached it, the sun, after an eclipse of several days seemed disposed to break through the evening clouds, and add to the charms of the festival, which otherwise we feared would prove but a sorry display. A large field just outside of the old city moat, was covered with vehicles of all sizes and kinds, among which the numerous wagons

of the rustics of the more distant villages gave indications of the crowd awaiting us in the interior of the town.

When we had safely reached our destination, we found ourselves at a loss what to do. The fact that at eight or nine o'clock in the morning, the streets were crowded with men, women, and children, all apparently intent upon the festivities of the day, certainly offered us little encouragement to seek accommodation in the hotels. So resigning ourselves to fate, we had about concluded to keep to the streets for the day, and get the best view we might of the procession, which was the great attraction. We had not wandered far before a familiar voice greeted us, and looking up we saw a familiar face, too. Here we were among friends, then, who extended us a cordial invitation to make ourselves at home in their parlor. Enconced in the recess of a window at the *Faucon*, soon after, we had an excellent opportunity to make observations on the throngs who obstructed the long and uninterrupted lines of arcades, running on each side of the main street.

Most of the people, disdaining the side-walks, promenaded in the centre of the wide avenue. A great part of them were evidently inhabitants of the country. A few of the men and boys were dressed in black, while the greater number wore an odd-looking snuff-colored cloth of domestic manufacture. Their tidy attire struck me very favorably, coming as I did from the south, where the squalid poverty of the Italian cannot be disguised even during such public celebrations. There was a greater variety of costume among the women. The most curious feature was the head-dress of some, who wore a large black cap, rising on either side, and forming a wing of stiff lace.

Among the women we looked in vain to find one handsome face, such as you might see hundreds of in an equal collection in Italy. All seemed to be tolerably good-looking, but none to exceed a certain mediocrity. The men were distinguished by a manly bearing, and noble independence, which seems to be a characteristic of a free country. It was remarkable to see what good order prevailed, without even the presence of a police officer to damp their spirits. Various means were taken

to keep up the excitement, and furnish amusement to the throng. At one time it was a man that came along, standing upon the shoulders of two other men. He carried a glass of wine on his head, and, as he proceeded up the main street, sang (if singing it may be called), the "*Ranz des Vaches*." My attention was soon called to a number of boys, from eight or nine to sixteen years of age, dressed in complete military uniform, and actually carrying muskets proportionate to their size. It was very evident that they were not merely in sport. On the contrary, they moved about with a very business-like air. I found that they belonged to companies of cadets. From their earliest years, the youth of Switzerland are accustomed to arms, and are formed into regular battalions, each officered by boys of their own age. Two days before I arrived at Berne, the cadets of eleven districts, with their bands of music, reached the city, and were received with military honors by the two corps of urban cadets. On the following day the whole number united, and proceeded to an open spot in the vicinity, where they were reviewed, and acquitted themselves very honorably. In their manoeuvres, I am told, they seemed as adroit as much older soldiers, and nothing would be requisite to make them as effective, but an equal amount of strength. Some of the younger members seemed quite exhausted after their review, which lasted six or seven hours altogether.

The fête, properly speaking, commenced with these exercises; but the principal attraction was evidently the procession of this afternoon, in which it was announced that six hundred men were to march in the ancient costume and armor of the cantons. The occasional appearance of one or two of the actors in their fantastic attire, served to excite much interest. But before going on to describe the procession, let me trace out some of the events which the festival was intended to commemorate, and some of the chief men, who were represented in it.

The battle of Laupen took place on the 21st of June, 1339, and the celebration of this Helvetic feast commenced on its 514th anniversary. It arose from the connection of the town of Berne with Germany; for at that time, instead of being an independent state, it was an Imperial city. But Berne was then not only Roman Catholic, but even bigotedly attached to the Pope, above most of its neighbors. The subjects of Louis, about this period, tired of wrangling with the Pontifical Chair, which had excommunicated him for his contumacy, determined through the electors.

"that an emperor and king of the Romans being once elected by the majority of suffrages, had no need of the sanction of the papal court in order to exercise the imperial rights." The Bernese, however, had not made as yet sufficient progress in political science to subscribe to this declaration; but they soon found that they had espoused, to all appearance, the weaker side. All the surrounding nobles, who had become jealous of the increasing wealth and prosperity of the burghers of Berne, joined with the emperor to form a confederacy. From their eagerness in the matter, the Bernese soon discovered that nothing less than the entire destruction of their city was fixed upon. One of the noblemen could find no other cause of resentment, but that the city had refused to receive the money which he coined with the Imperial consent. The count of Valangin demanded three hundred marks of silver as indemnity for pretended losses. The count of Gruyere wished to exact of the baron John of Weissenburg, who had become a citizen of Berne, a considerable sum for his powerful protection; while Rudolph, count of Nidau, pretended that Berne, by granting the right of citizenship to his subjects, was exciting them to rebellion. The Bernese even saw their neighbor, the free city of Friburg, join their enemies.

This was the first time that the new commonwealth had been called upon to meet such powerful adversaries; but it showed no symptom of fear. A deputation, headed by John of Bubenberg, the venerable president of their senate, endeavored, it is true, to conciliate the various parties who had joined the confederacy. But it found them determined upon the overthrow of Berne, and nothing remained but to try the chances of war. During the spring of the year 1339, the united forces of Austria, Burgundy, Suabia, and the Empire, were collected before the small town of Laupen, on the road to Berne, and only nine miles distant. They soon began its siege, with 15,000 foot soldiers, and 3,000 horsemen, besides 1,200 cuirassiers, and 700 knights. To oppose this army, containing the flower of the German nobility, the venerable John of Bubenberg did not hesitate for a moment to throw himself, with a small garrison, into the beleaguered place, while the Bernese senate called loudly on its allies for succor. The three forest cantons answered promptly to the call, but they could muster only 900 men. These men, however, were mountaineers, and the Bernese received them with enthusiasm. Soleure sent eighty valiant knights; and John of Weissenburg, himself one of the causes of

hostilities, came with six hundred men from Hasli and Simmerthal. And yet even with this reinforcement the Bernese army scarcely amounted to 5000. They were conducted by Rudolph of Erlach, whose father before him, forty years since, had led them on to battle. He was a vassal of the count of Nidau; but, when the war was about to break out between Berne and the Empire, had asked permission of his liege lord to espouse the part of that town. "I have in my service," replied the count, "two hundred men-at-arms, and a hundred and forty devoted knights; so it is quite indifferent to me whether I have one man more or less." Erlach, who felt much wounded by this disdainful speech, rejoined, "My lord count, you say that I am a man; I shall attempt to prove to you what the value of a single man may be."

The Bernese troops arrived at Laupen about noon. The besieging troops viewed them with derision, contrasting their own numbers with the scanty line of the enemy. They even accused the Bernese of having women in their ranks, such was the youthful appearance of many of them. The battle was commenced by the Swiss slingers, who discharging their missiles three times, threw their opponents into disorder. They were followed by chariots of war, which dashed down from the hills upon the German troops, and made wide breaches in the ranks of the enemy. The slingers had, however, retreated after having discharged their weapons; and the hindermost ranks supposed they were routed. Some of them were thrown into consternation and fled; but Erlach succeeded in bringing them back from the wood in which they had hidden themselves. Then came the close engagement, and the result was long doubtful; until, at length, the German troops could no longer stand before the ardor of men, who for the most part were fighting for their all. The Friburgers were the most valiant of the enemy, but the others fled, leaving eighty knights, besides 4,500 other soldiers dead on the field. Only twenty-two of the Bernese fell in this battle, which in disparity of numbers equalled almost any battle recorded in ancient history. The victorious army, it is said, passed the succeeding night on the field of battle, following the example of the Greeks, in this form.

Such was the result of the battle of Laupen. It was followed by less brilliant engagements, and a few years afterwards peace was re-established, and the independence of Berne was guaranteed. Fourteen years subsequent to this, in 1353, just five centuries ago, the original Forest

Cantons resolved to increase their confederacy, by admitting into it, in addition to four others, the canton of Berne. Though but the eighth and last in order of time, from its importance the canton of Berne was at once advanced to the second rank. It was the last of the eight cantons, which formed the old confederacy, and possessed, until lately, great privileges over the other and newer members.

The battle of Morat occurred more than a century after that of Laupen. In the latter the Swiss had opposed the Germans and Austrians, but now these were their allies. Charles the Rash, duke of Burgundy, was a violent and ambitious man, and though a subject prince to Louis the Eleventh, king of France, was in fact far more powerful than that monarch. His overbearing conduct had excited the indignation, not only of Louis, but also of Sigismund, the Emperor of Germany, and of the Swiss cantons. Presuming on his widely extended possessions, reaching from the borders of Switzerland to the North Sea, he demanded the title of king. And as the emperor refused this, he was much displeased, and sought the first opportunity of making war with him. Sigismund called upon the Swiss to join in combating their common dangerous enemy. The confederacy, and above all, the Bernese, showed much alacrity in the matter, notwithstanding the intrigues of Charles, who endeavored to soothe them with promises of redress for the grievances of which they complained. The troops of the Swiss, eighteen thousand strong, overran the Pays de Vaud, which at that time did not belong to them, and even crossed the boundary of the duke of Burgundy, and took the mountain town of Pontarlier. But the Swiss soon found that they had drawn themselves into a dangerous position; for Sigismund, who had as full a share of Austrian *good faith*, as his majesty Ferdinand of happy memory, thought it perfectly just and proper to violate his pledged word, and seized the first opportunity of concluding a separate peace. The Swiss, deserted by their sworn allies, were now exposed to the onset of all the forces of the daring count, who had not yet earned for himself the epithet of *Rash*. In the winter of 1476 he crossed the Jura, and advanced to the little town of Grandson, at the southern end of the lake of Neuchatel, in which the Bernese had placed a small garrison of soldiers. The duke, with his 60,000 men, besieged the place for ten days, without success. Enraged at this, he gave notice to the garrison, that unless they surrendered within a given time, he would hang all whom he found there. At

the same time a knight of Burgundy was instructed to promise their lives and a safe conduct to the Swiss, upon condition of an immediate capitulation. The latter, who saw no prospect of relief from their confederates, whom the inroad of the enemy had probably taken at unawares, determined to trust the duke's word. History has taught us by numerous examples what they seem to have been ignorant of, that it is safer to rely on the faith and generosity of the people, even in the most unlicensed democracy, than on the solemn promises of many of the crowned princes of the oldest and most legitimate families. Charles of Burgundy, regardless of his word, of the opinion of mankind, and of history, which never fails presently to cover with infamy the name of the perjured, caused the men, to the number of 450, to be stripped, and either hung or drowned in the lake. The Swiss were assembled some thirty miles off, at Neuchatel, and they resolved that the treacherous monarch should feel the weight of their revenge. With such feelings they marched directly towards the town of Grandson, and its vicinity became the scene of their vengeance. Their vanguard was attacked by the whole body of the enemy, and yet it succeeded in defending itself vigorously. But when the auxiliaries from the Forest Cantons came upon the field of action, Charles asked anxiously who they were; when one of his officers answered, "They are the men before whom Austria has fled." "Woe to us, then," was his answer, as he ordered the advanced guard to retreat a short distance. Mistaking this retrograde motion for a flight, the whole army turned, and fled to their camp; even this they soon abandoned. But few men were slain in the action, though great quantities of gold and silver, with other valuables, fell into the hands of the Swiss.

For two months the duke of Burgundy, in no wise dispirited by his defeat, occupied himself with warlike preparations. At length he advanced towards Morat, a small town containing at present near two thousand inhabitants, and situated about sixteen miles westward of Berne. It was garrisoned by fifteen hundred men, while upwards of sixty thousand Burgundians besieged it. The Swiss, who espoused with enthusiasm the cause of their common country, advanced to Morat on the morning of the 22d of June, the day following the anniversary of the battle of Laupen, numbering some thirty-four thousand strong. They found the duke encamped with an army of double that number, with his right wing resting on the hills, and his left defended by the

lake. The Swiss knelt to pray for succor, and, as the morning had been rainy the Burgundians expected no engagement that day. Finding the enemy retiring to their camp, the Swiss rushed upon some batteries, and, before aid could come, they had turned them against the Burgundians themselves. At the same time bodies of their men seized more commanding points on either wing, and, finding themselves exposed simultaneously to two or three fires, the French were soon thrown into disorder. The rout became general; and the confederates pursued the fugitives for miles towards their country. The duke only escaped with thirty horsemen to Morges, on the northern side of the lake of Geneva,—some forty miles distant. It was a curious circumstance that the war-cry of the pursuers was *Grandson*; a word which excited in their breasts a thirst for revenge, and reminded them of their recent victory. On this one day fifteen thousand Burgundians were killed in battle, besides ten thousand who were drowned in attempting to swim across the narrow lake of Morat.

Thus was Berne twice saved from utter destruction. At *Laupen*, in the fourteenth century, and at *Morat*, in the fifteenth, the boasted strength of Austria and France was signally defeated by inferior forces. Berne was thenceforth the most important state in Switzerland. So it was a very happy choice that fixed upon the anniversaries of those great battles for the fifth centennial celebration of the formation of the league of the Eight Original Cantons.

Now let us return to the procession, which was the most characteristic and attractive feature of the feast. A party of drummers, followed by a company or two of unarmed infantry, marched along through the main street to clear a passage for the procession. A few cadets were distributed in various places to prevent the crowd from trespassing upon the open space; for now almost every body in the town had come to view the pageant. The windows of all the houses upon the line of the procession were decorated with evergreens and drapery, and filled with ladies and gentlemen, striving to get a better view of the scene. And now the procession appears. The first part of it, or the opening procession, was composed of two portions,—the first representing the state or canton of Berne, and the other the city, as giving the festival. In the first the men were all dressed in the costume of the sixteenth century, and rode on well-caparisoned horses. The marshal, the trumpeters, the commander, and his escort, successively advanced.

The defensive armor of the horsemen was light, and much more simple than that of more ancient periods. Like all that was used on this occasion, it had been drawn from the old treasures of the armory of Berne, and from some neighboring cities. A round helmet of a single piece, without a visor in front, but descending behind so as to protect the back part of the neck, and a cuirass of steel, covering the breast, composed the whole of it. The helmet was adorned with a long drooping feather; the red sleeves of the coat were loose and flowing. A short skirt scarcely reached the knees of the horseman, whose legs were below partly covered by short boots. The horses and men were certainly entirely unaccustomed to appear in such fantastic costumes, and the former often displayed rather a restive disposition, caused, in great part, by the gaudy drapey which covered their backs, and fell in front over their chests. The men, however, although most of them had been taken from the lower ranks, and had given themselves a more imposing appearance, by means of false beards and moustaches, seemed perfectly at their ease, and showed none of that awkwardness which persons of their education and social position would exhibit in England or America.

Closely following upon the soldiers came a standard-bearer, carrying the great flag of Berne, with the bear, as usual, the most prominent part of it. The herald, who rode next, was a fine-looking man, chosen for his imposing presence, and more elegantly dressed, perhaps, than any other individual in the procession. His costly velvet coat was worked with the arms of the town of Berne, and those of each of the districts of the canton. He held in his hand a wand—the emblem of his office—and rode a gayly-decked horse. Two pages, remarkable for their beauty, accompanied him; and a band of men carrying the banners of the thirty districts, into which the canton was of old divided, closed this portion of the procession.

Those who took part in the next division, representing the city of Berne, were all on foot. The man in complete armor, walking at their head, was quite eclipsed by the next personage, which was no less than the *Mutz*, or Bear. A man dressed in a bearskin is a constant companion of all processions at Berne, for the bear is almost held sacred here. He is always represented with his tongue thrust out, just as he appears on the old coins of the place. Our *Mutz* on this occasion carried a pikestaff, and had a scarf tied around his body, which, with a sword dangling from his waist, set off his ap-

pearance to great advantage. He seemed to relish the scene, too; for he danced and performed divers antics whenever the train stopped, to the no small amusement of the boys especially, with whom the *Mutz*, and bruns in general, are particular favorites. A detachment of musicians, who came next, were accompanied by two men in coat-of-mail armor protecting their entire bodies. They were the bearers of the old and new city banners, both of them having the bear upon them, as the most conspicuous object.

The delegates of the *Abbeyes* followed. These abbayes, which now correspond to our club-houses in great part, seem to have been formerly more like the guilds of other places; and their origin was so far back in the middle ages, that they possess, as in this case, some prescriptive privileges. To-day, over each of their houses the flag was flying, until it was taken down to appear subsequently in the procession. Over the window from which I enjoyed the sight of this festive scene, the tattered flag of the "Falcon" fluttered in the wind, now serving for little more than the adorning of a hotel. On the opposite side of the street was displayed the equally ancient banner of the abbaye, or guild, of the blacksmiths. Altogether there were thirteen of the delegations, each armed with weapons appropriate to their occupations, or else with the common martial implements of the olden time. The bakers carried lances, the blacksmiths their large hammers, the butchers their broad meat-axes, the shoemakers battle-axes, the weavers heavy maces, and the boatmen their oars. Their dresses were gay and varied, though all were referable to the same period, that is, to the sixteenth century. I was struck with the similarity between the costume of these persons and that worn by the body-guard of the pope. Like his predecessors, Pope Pius IX. finds it expedient for his personal safety, to provide himself with a regiment recruited from the principal Roman Catholic cantons of the confederation. Everybody has heard of their curious uniform. Their coat and short-clothes of yellow, red, and black cloth, united in stripes or other patterns, gives them, to the eyes of one who sees them for the first time, the appearance of a company of buffoons, displayed for the amusement of the populace. But he will soon find that on them the pontiff principally relies for defence against his own subjects, as well as against a foreign foe. Travellers are gravely informed by their guide-books, that Michael Angelo was the designer of this ridiculous accoutrement! As there were a great number of various

costumes of the period in this procession, all of them much alike in shape, but rendered much more picturesque than that of the pope's guard, by a judicious combination of colors; the story, if true, would reflect little credit on the taste of the famous sculptor.

Next after these, came the second division of the procession, commemorating the eight original cantons, with a large man at its head carrying the great banner of Grütli, where the oath of the three patriots on the lonely rocks of the Lake of Lucerne was portrayed. Afterwards came two historical characters,—William Tell and his son. I have no doubt that these two were selected from a great number of persons, solely on account of their fine appearance. William Tell was a very handsome man, with a noble and bold countenance. With his hunting-pouch, he carried a quiver full of arrows; and the crossbow, with which he was famous for his dexterity, he swung upon his right shoulder. With his left hand Tell led his son, a sprightly boy of seven or eight years, who walked about so proudly, that you might have supposed him the hero's child, glorying in his father's world-famed skill. His velvet cap was adorned with a feather, and in one hand he carried the apple pierced by his father's arrow. Then followed delegates from the eight original cantons, all armed and carrying their banners—Zurich holding the first rank, and after it Berne, Zuerche, Uri, with the bull's head, Schwytz, Unterwalden, Glaris and Zug. This part again ended with a company of men-at-arms.

Next came the portion commemorative of the battle of Laupen, a horseman who preceded it carrying the banner of that town. Then, after the musicians had passed, a palpable proof of the victory was exhibited, in the shape of no less than twenty-seven flags captured on that battle-field. Each of them was more or less tattered, for besides the rough handling they encountered in the action, they had been mouldering at Berne for more than five hundred years. Among these moth-eaten prizes, a friend told me he had noticed the ducal standard of Hapsburg, a circumstance which would not be very pleasant to Austrian pride. After these followed three knights, who were among the most distinguished in the battle of Laupen; among them the one who drew the most attention was the venerable John of Bubenbergh, who was a senator, and volunteered so disinterestedly to throw himself into the threatened town. He was dressed in complete armor, and carried on his left arm a buckler of a triangular shape,

adorned with the armorial bearings of his family. Then appeared a band of Bernese, and after them Rudolph of Erlach, who, as I mentioned, commanded the confederates in the action. He was accompanied by Baselwind, the almoner of the army, and by his squire. There came, a few moments after, the free men of Oberhasli, those sturdy mountaineers from the foot of the Jungfrau, and the baron of Weissenburg with his followers of the Siebenthal, or seven valleys, armed with maces. The train of triumphal wagons, which followed, attracted more attention. The armor and weapons upon them were disposed as a trophy: for this was the spoil taken from the battle-field, where "the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away." Spears and helmets were heaped together, with here and there a cuirass, which the horseman had thrown away in his eager haste to escape. Battle-axes were interspersed with flags, which many a German had sacrificed his life in defending. Above all, was a complete suit of armor, in which, five centuries ago, a valiant knight of Suabia, perhaps, had laid himself down to die, among the heaps of wounded men. But the cumbrous car soon passed away, and with it all thoughts of those thousands to whom the name of Laupen, which we now rejoice to hear, proved a death-knell of their pride and happiness. The men of Uri, of Schwytz, and of Unterwalden, the three forest cantons, who sent their contingents to the engagement, came immediately after. Hauptman, who led the inhabitants of Soleure, the only city faithful to the Bernese alliance, you could distinguish by his coat of mail, and other armor of burnished steel.

The last part of the procession, in honor of Morat, was preceded by a man who carried the flag of that city. Then a party of Bernese accompanied the cannons, which were drawn by horses, harnessed to the old rickety wagons. This reminded me that the use of gunpowder had been discovered by the Europeans, or, at least, that it was first employed in warfare, during the period that elapsed between the battle of Laupen and this one. So I was not astonished to find the cannon extremely long, clumsy in shape, and apparently weak, and the mortars small and ineffective. Yet they were more serviceable than one would probably have imagined; for these same slender pieces produced sad havoc, when they had been captured by the Swiss, and turned against the enemy. The knights who followed were each dressed in his own costume. The most conspicuous among them was Hallwyl, who commanded the Bernese: the others were the confederate knights of

Germany and Switzerland. Next appeared some boys, carrying some of the spoil taken from the duke of Burgundy,—flags, dresses, and a surplice or two belonging to priests who accompanied the camp of the invader. A large wagon, too, carried the seven large pieces of tapestry curiously worked, serving once as the duke's tent. It was closely followed by another car, more heavily laden than the first, with the armor gathered on the battle-field of Morat. The whole procession closed with a detachment of soldiers in full armor.

The Bernese, and especially the country people, who had come from a distance, were extremely pleased with the procession which they had taken so much pains to visit; and as they dispersed, I have no doubt they carried away with them more patriotism than they brought. We, too, who were but rather unconcerned spectators of this, to them, heartstirring spectacle, went away with somewhat higher notions of the bravery and efficiency of the Swiss troops, from having had so palpable a demonstration of it presented to our eyes. This, however, was not exactly the time for practical reflections. The crowd was dispersing, and as we had only a few more hours of daylight to spend in Berne, we sallied forth to see the principal points, to which the throng appeared to be pressing—one was the *upper platform*, just outside the walls. Here it was that we expected to see the whole panorama of the Oberland, but the flitting clouds, as fast as they disclosed one snowy peak, covered its neighbors with their thick mantle; and

our view, to say the least, was very unsatisfactory. A large wooden shed had been erected near by, of that beautiful chalet style, in which the Bernese excel, and under this a supper was to be given by the city to the delegates of other cantons, and to those who had taken part in the procession. Poor fellows! they needed refreshment; for we had heard during the afternoon, that some of them were severely injured by the unaccustomed weight which they were obliged to carry about. One poor man had a load of eighty pounds, with which he promenaded the streets for hours.

We could not wait here, for we had not yet seen the *Bears*; and what traveller would acknowledge that he had left Berne without seeing them? The *Bargraben* is a deep hole, a part of the old ditch surrounding the city. There was a crowd of men and boys around it, watching the antics of Bruin, who fared so well that day, that he must have congratulated himself, as much as any body else did, on the happy celebration. The bear being the city's emblem, the municipal government supports one or two of them at its own expense, and has recently purchased another young cub for the amusement of the urchins.

The evening was clear, and throngs of peasants might be seen riding, or driving, or walking home, all in a jovial mood. As for us, after parting with regret from the friends we had so fortuitously met here, we were, before midnight, on our way towards Geneva.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

I ASKED: you would not give,
 Yet, ere we parted,
 I knew by signs that but in glances live,
 You were grown milder-hearted.

You asked:—I would not hear,
 Pride conquered Passion,
 And now I murmur in your longing ear
 In a strange other fashion.

You list;—and still you list,
 Love loves to listen,
 Dreams of Young Hero by Leander kissed,
 Until the full eyes glisten.

But your Leander lies
 Drowned in cold scorning,
 Just at the entrance of his Paradise;—
 Hero! good morning!

THE TEXT OF SHAKSPEARE.

MR. COLLIER'S CORRECTED FOLIO OF 1632.

*Demens! qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen,
Ære et corripedum pulsus simulat equorum.*

VIRGIL. *Æneid*, Lib. VI. 590.

NOT many months ago,* the attention of the literary world was excited by the announcement that a copy of the second folio impression of the plays of Shakspeare, (published in 1632), filled with marginal corrections in manuscript, which appeared to be nearly as old as the volume, had fallen into the hands of Mr. J. P. COLLIER, the distinguished editor of Shakspeare's Works, and Historian of the English Stage. When it was known that Mr. Collier declared that a great number of these MS. corrections were of inestimable value, and that there was reason to believe that they had been made by some person who had access to better authorities than those possessed by the player editors of the first folio, or by any of their successors, the interest in the matter became very great; and, amid some utterance of doubt and wonder, much satisfaction was universally expressed, that so valuable a waif had fallen into the hands of one, the antecedents in whose editorial career gave warrant that he would put it to such careful and judicious use. Verbal criticism, even upon the works of Shakspeare, has generally not much interest for the mass of readers; and most especially would this seem to be true of the American people; but the republication in this country, of Mr. Collier's "Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakspeare's Plays from Early Manuscript Corrections, &c." has, we believe, been a successful undertaking; and the issue, in numbers, now in course of publication, of "The Plays of Shakspeare," with a text formed by the same editor, upon the same MS. corrections, has also met with a sale no less remunerative.

But although it is not surprising that, under the circumstances, these publications should have been received with sudden and general favor among general readers, it is even less surprising that the thoughtful and devoted students of Shakspeare, those familiar with the language of his time, as well as his own peculiar inflections of thought and expression, and who regard

his works with a reverence equal to their admiration,—it is less surprising that these should have been much disappointed at the appearance of the first volume, and justly troubled and offended upon the issue of the second. Let us not be misunderstood. The discovery of this corrected folio will prove to be of material service to the text of Shakspeare. Some of its emendations of that text, as it was given to the world by the printer of the first folio, are invaluable. But these, though numerous in themselves, are few indeed in comparison with those which are an outrage upon the great Dramatist and his devotees, and which are but the resultants of united stolidity and presumption, and not to be received into the text on any pretence, or even worthy to be perpetuated in notes. It was bad enough for Mr. Collier to publish and support more than a thousand readings of this latter kind; but for him to embody them boldly in the text, and publish a volume containing them, as "The Plays of Shakspeare," seems indeed as if he wished to furnish an example of the truth of the Shakspearian apophthegm, that "had begins, and worse remains behind."

In examining the claims of these MS. corrections, it will be well for those who are not familiar with the history of the text of Shakspeare, and with Shakspearian literature, and who doubtless form the greater portion of our readers, to take with us a comprehensive glance at these subjects from the beginning. The few whose enthusiasm or steady devotion has enabled them to wade through the heaps of rubbish which have accumulated around the works of Shakspeare, during the last century and a half, will excuse a concession to the happy ignorance of their less learned, but perhaps not less devoted and appreciative fellow admirers.

The plays of Shakspeare, unlike his poems, were, with a few exceptions, given to the world without his concurrence or even his consent. Eighteen of them, to wit:—The Merry Wives of Windsor,

* It is proper to say that this paper was nearly ready for the press in June last, ere any protest had been uttered here, or had reached us from England, against the innovations sanctioned by Mr. Collier. It was intended for the July number of Putnam's Monthly Magazine, but circumstances over which the writer had no control, prevented its completion until a late day, even for the present issue. Since the greater part of it was written, three Shakspearian critics of eminence, the Rev. Alexander Dyce, Mr. Samuel Weller Singer, and Mr. Charles Knight, have opposed the MS. corrector, and his distinguished supporter, with boldness and success; and the first of a series of articles, having the same purpose, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August. But as all these critics seek to accomplish this invidious design in a different mode from that adopted by the present writer, our article fortunately loses no claim which it might otherwise have lost, upon the attention of our readers.

Much Ado about Nothing, Midsummer Night's Dream, Love's Labours Lost, Merchant of Venice, Richard II. Henry IV. Part I. and Part II., Henry V., Henry VI. Part II. and Part III., Richard III., Troilus and Cressida, Titus Andronicus, Pericles, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet, and Hamlet, were printed in quarto form during his lifetime. The copies of most of these plays used by the printer were, almost without doubt, surreptitiously obtained, and they are of comparatively little authority in determining the text; their office being merely auxiliary. It is worthy of notice here, that such was the value of Shakspeare's name, such his indifference to his dramatic reputation outside the theatre, and such the impunity of the press in those days, that during his life six other plays were also published under his name, which there are no grounds for receiving as his, which were repudiated by his first editors,—his fellow players and business partners in the theatre,—and which have been rejected by all his subsequent editors, except Nicolas Rowe.

In 1623, seven years after his death, the first collected edition of Shakspeare's Plays was published in folio, under the title "Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies. Published according to the True Originall Copies." This is known in Shakspearean literature as the first folio; and it is the only admitted authority for the text of his Dramatic Works. It contains all his plays except one; nineteen which had been surreptitiously or carelessly printed before its publication, (one,—*Othello*—having been published in quarto after his death,) and seventeen which appeared in it for the first time. The play not included, is *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*; and it is conjectured that the refusal of the holder of the copy-right of that play, to part with it, or to come into the enterprise of publishing the first folio, caused its omission. The preface of the editors of this first folio,—who, it should be constantly remembered, were Shakspeare's friends, fellow actors, and joint theatrical proprietors,—shows beyond all cavil, it would seem, that the publication was made as its title professes that it was, "according to the true original copies," and that it has an unquestionable claim to implicit deference from the editors of subsequent editions, except in those instances in which carelessness in transcribing, or proof-reading, has palpably perverted or obscured the author's meaning. John Heminge and Henry Condell say with regard to their labor of love:—

"It had bene a thing, we confesse, wor-

thy to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to haue set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his friends the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publish'd them: and so to haue publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerse stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the fraudes and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those are now offer'd to your view cur'd and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. *His mind and hand went together*; and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

Few readers of Shakspeare can have failed to peruse this preface, which appears in nearly every edition of his works; but the above extract from it deserves to be ever present in the minds of all who come to the critical consideration of his text. Indeed, such is the authority of this first folio, that had it been printed with ordinary care, there would have been no appeal from its text, and not only no justification, but not the least opportunity for the labors of any editors in the publication of Shakspeare's works, except of such as might think it necessary and proper to obtrude explanatory notes and critical comments upon his readers. But, unfortunately, this precious folio is one of the worst printed books that ever came from the press. It is filled with the grossest possible errors in orthography, punctuation, and arrangement. We do not wonder that Mr. Collier estimates the corrections of "minor errors"—that is, of mere palpable misspelling and mispunctuation, in his amended folio, at *twenty thousand*. The first folio must contain quite as many such errors; and the second is worse in this respect than the first. But beside minor errors, the correction of which is obvious, words are so transformed as to be past recognition even with the aid of the context; lines are transposed; sentences are sometimes broken by a full point followed by a capital letter, and at other times have their members displaced and mingled in incomprehensible confusion; verse is printed as prose, and prose as verse; speeches belonging to one character are given to another; and, in brief, all the possible varieties of typographical derangement abound in that volume, in the careful printing of which of all others, save one, the world was most interested. This it is which has made the labors

of careful and learned editors necessary for the text of Shakspeare; and which has furnished the excuse for the exhibition of more pedantry, foolishness, conceit, and presumption than has been exhibited upon any other subject—always excepting that of Religion; but with this advantage on the side of the Shakspearean commentators, that their follies have been perpetrated within one hundred and fifty years, while the labors of commentators upon the Bible have extended through nearly fifteen hundred.

The cost of the first folio was £1, equal to about five at the present time,—that is, about twenty-five dollars; and it is a pleasing proof of the esteem in which the works of Shakspeare were held at a time so near his own day, that in spite of the numerous quarto copies of many plays, the comparatively small class which furnished purchasers and even readers, and the rapid increase of the Puritanic school, which taught abhorrence of all stage plays as an essential of its practice, a second folio was published nine years afterwards,—in 1632. It is upon a copy of this edition, known to Shakspearean students as the second folio, that the manuscript emendations of the text which Mr. Collier advocates, are made. This second folio is but a paginal reprint of the first. But very few of the typographical errors of the first are corrected in the second, and not only are the remainder faithfully reproduced, but to them are added many others equally grave and confusing. In the very points, therefore, in which the text of the first folio is faulty, that of the second is much worse; and it is important to remember this in the consideration of the subject before us.

It is not surprising that during the Commonwealth, Shakspeare's Plays were not reprinted; but in 1664 a third folio was issued, containing, in addition to those which had appeared in the two previous folios, *Pericles* and the six spurious plays which had been published as Shakspeare's during his life. The fourth folio appeared in 1685. Its contents are the same as those of the third. Neither of the two latter folios are of the slightest authority in determining the text of Shakspeare; and the second is only of service in the few instances in which it corrects typographical errors in the first.

Up to this time Shakspeare had gained or suffered from no other editing but that of his brother players; which seems to have been limited to collecting his manuscripts, placing them in the printer's hands, and writing the dedication and preface for the volume. In the seventeenth century there was no verbal criticism upon his

text; but his style and matter, and the construction of his plays were made the subjects of incidental comment and discussion among Mr. Thomas Rymer, Mr. Jeremiah Collier, Mr. John Dennis, and an anonymous opponent of the second-named gentleman.

In the year 1709, Shakspeare's Plays, "Revised and Corrected, with an account of his Life and Writings. By N. [Nicholas] Rowe," were published in seven vols. 8vo. This edition contains all of the received plays, beside the six which are accounted apocryphal. Shakspeare had now, for the first time, an editor in the proper sense of the word. Rowe was a poet of merit, a man of excellent sense, a scholar, and withal a modest and somewhat pains-taking editor; and the fruit of his labors was a great improvement in the text of Shakspeare. A large number of the grosser blunders which deformed the previous impressions disappeared under his pen; and it is remarkable that some of the very emendations which appear upon the margins of Mr. Collier's copy of the folio of 1632, and the credit of which that gentleman claims for his MS. corrector, are to be found in this, the first critically prepared edition of Shakspeare's works. The fact is significant, both as regards the MS. corrector and his advocate; for it shows that no "higher authority" than the conjectural ability of a clever and well educated man was necessary to their production; and it also shows that Mr. Collier has issued his book of Notes and Emendations without that careful investigation which the subject demanded, and which the public had a right to expect at his hands. Surely Mr. Collier should have avoided error of this kind in such a case as the following disputed line in *As You Like It*, Act I., Sc. 2, where *Rosalind* replying to *Celia*, who asks if all her grief is for her father, says,

"No, some of it is for my child's father."

This the MS. corrector changes to—

"No, some of it is for my father's child."

But the line was printed thus in Rowe's edition, a hundred and fifty years ago! There are very many other evidences of similar oversight, with regard to Rowe's labors; but we have chosen this one for the purpose of entering a protest against the change, which has not only the authority of Rowe and the MS. corrector, but the sanction of Coleridge and Mr. Knight, and also the advantage of a seeming delicacy on its side. This, however, is not the place for the full discussion of the question. We stop only to notice—and it certainly merits remark—that if the alleged error were the result

of a printer's transposition of the words 'father's child,' as the advocates of the new reading claim, the line would have appeared,

No, some of it is for my child father's,
instead of,

"No, some of it is for my child's father;"

which is the reading of the first folio. We pass on to the history of the text; adding, with regard to Rowe, that he appears to have made little or no use of the old quarto impressions to assist him in the formation of his text.

Rowe was succeeded, as an editor of Shakspeare, by Pope, who published a superb edition, in six volumes, quarto, in 1725. Pope, like most of those authors of eminence in other departments of literature, who have undertaken to regulate the text of Shakspeare, made a very poor editor. He used the quartos somewhat to the advantage, but more to the detriment of his author; foisting into the text readings which Shakspeare himself had rejected. He gave us a few good, and several very pretty and plausible conjectural emendations of typographical errors; but he added to these so many which were only exponents of his own conceit and want of thorough appreciation of Shakspeare's genius, that his text, as a whole, is one of the poorest which remains to us.

Theobald, "poor, piddling Tibbald," the first hero of his Dunciad, came after Pope, and is one of the very best editors who have fallen to the lot of Shakspeare. He was the first who did any great service by conjectural emendation, and the judicious use of the quartos. He issued first, "Shakspeare Restored; or, Specimens of Blunders committed and unamended in Pope's edition of this Poet." 4to. 1726; a publication which Pope never forgave, and in 1733, appeared his edition of Shakspeare, in seven volumes, 8vo. It was by far the best text of Shakspeare which had appeared, and a great portion of its conjectural emendations of typographical errors remain undisturbed to this day.

To Theobald succeeded Sir Thomas Hanmer, Baronet (as *Inspector Bucket* would say), who published an edition, splendid for the day, in six vols., quarto, at Oxford, in 1744. Hanmer was an accomplished gentleman, and a man of taste. He did something to better and somewhat more to injure the text as Theobald had left it. His labors were received with favor; but he was indebted for his success rather to fashion than to any remarkable merit, and his edition is rarely consulted; the few received, or favorably regarded emendations which he proposed

being perpetuated in the notes of other editors. It should be noticed here, that many of Hanmer's questionable readings, and some which are regarded as inadmissible, are found among those, the credit of which Mr. Collier claims for his MS. corrector.

Hanmer's edition was followed in 1747, by Bishop Warburton's. This prelate was undeniably learned and able: but he was as undeniably assuming, and arrogant in his personal demeanor; and he treated Shakspeare's works as he probably would have treated the player himself, had he been his contemporary. He set himself not so much to correcting the text, as to amending the writings of Shakspeare. His tone is that of haughty flippancy. Does he find a passage in which the thought or the expression of William Shakspeare is at variance with the judgment of William Warburton?—he immediately alters it to suit the taste of that distinguished scholar and divine, saying, "without a doubt, Shakspeare wrote, or meant,—thus." For instance, of the fine line in Hamlet,

"Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,"

he says,

"Without question Shakspeare wrote
—'against *assail* of troubles,'
i. e. assault."

Again, in the following passage, from *As You Like It*, where, in the second scene of the first act, *Celia*, dissuading *Orlando* from the encounter with the *Duke's* wrestler, says to him,

"If you saw yourself with your eyes, and knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise."

Warburton says,

"If you saw yourself with your eyes, and knew yourself with your judgment, 'Absurd! The sense requires that we should read *our* eyes, *our* judgment.'"

It seems not to have occurred to the editor that the sense might be,

"If you saw yourself with your eyes, and knew yourself with your judgment."

and as this solution did not occur to him, he, of course, cuts the knot, and mutilates the text. So, again, in the same play, the impatient *Rosalind* says—

"One inch of delay is a South Sea of discovery:"
a phrase vivid with meaning; but Warburton says of it—

"This is stark nonsense! we must read *off* discovery."

Rosalind talks of *Orlando's* kissing—

"His kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread."

This does not suit Warburton, who remarks—

"We should read *beard* [instead of bread:] that is, as the kiss of an holy saint or hermit, called the kiss of charity. This makes one comparison just and decent; the other, impious and absurd."

One more example from the same play. The Duke asks Orlando if he believes that *Rosalind* can do what she promised, and the latter replies,

"I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not,
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear."

Of the last line of which Warburton says,

"This strange nonsense should be read thus—

"As those that *fear their hap*, and know their fear."

This was reckless editing; and it soon brought forward defenders of the integrity of Shakspeare's text. But, like all his predecessors and nearly all of his successors, Bishop Warburton left in his heaps of editorial chaff some grains of sense, which have been carefully winnowed out and garnered up in that storehouse of Shakspearean lore, the *Variorum* edition, of which we shall speak anon.

In 1745 had appeared a duodecimo volume entitled "Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with remarks on Sir T. H.'s (Sir Thomas Hanmer's) edition of Shakspeare; to which is affixed Proposals for a new edition of Shakspeare, with a specimen." It was written, as its author might have said, with combined perspicuity of thought and ponderosity of language. It was by Samuel Johnson, then rapidly rising to the highest position in the world of letters; and in 1765 an edition of Shakspeare, "with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators: to which are added notes, by Samuel Johnson," was published in eight volumes, 8vo. It is giving the Doctor but little praise to say that he was a better editor than his Right Reverend predecessor. The majority of his emendations of the text were nevertheless singularly unhappy; and his notes, though learned and sensible, were wanting in just that sort of learning and sense which was most needful for his task. Strange as it may seem, no one who himself appreciates Shakspeare, can read Johnson's comments and verbal criticisms upon his plays without the conviction, that to the 'great moralist,' the grandest and most exquisitely wrought portions of the works of the great drama-

tist were a sealed book. Many an humble individual whom the learned bear growled at, we do not hesitate to include even Boszzy himself, appreciated Shakspeare better than did the literary dictator. The Doctor did not hesitate to say, that one passage in that clever fop Congreve's *Mourning Bride* was finer than any thing in all Shakspeare's works. And who can forget, or forgive, the manner in which he abuses Sweet Will when he does not understand him; or, worse yet, the insufferable arrogance with which he patronizes him and pats him on the head, when he does? Who ever read without an ebullition of wrath this curt, savage and pedagogueish dismissal of *Cymbeline*?

"This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes; but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation."

Poor great moralist! obtuse wise man! ignorant Doctor of Laws! For thee *Imogen*, that purest, that most enchanting, most noble creation,—that loveliest, most loveable, most loving, and so most womanly of women,—that peerless lady among Shakspeare's peerless ladies, was spoken into being in vain! In vain, for thee the glowing thoughts, the gorgeous imagery, the dainty utterance! In vain for thee the wondrous self-development of character by dialogue and dramatic action! In vain for thee

—"the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On challic'd flowers that lies,"—

for thy rectilinear vision is fixed upon "the confusion of names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life," and, beside, "springs that lies," is ungrammatical! All the fine writing in the Dr.'s high sounding preface will not atone for his treatment of Shakspeare in the body of the work. It is worth while to read here his note on the passage,

"One inch of delay is a South Sea of discovery. prithee tell me, &c."

Warburton's treatment of which we have just noticed. He says:—

"This sentence is rightly noted by the commentator as nonsense, but not so happily restored to sense. I read thus, 'one inch of delay is a South Sea. Discover, I prithee, tell me, &c.'"

In the same play Johnson gravely proposes to read *Silvius'* entreaty to *Phebe*,

"Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?"

"Will you sterner be
Than he that *dyes his lips* by bloody drops?"

It seems difficult to believe that the author of the *Rambler* and the *Idler* should have given us such emendations by the score; but these are favorable specimens of a large portion of his notes.

Edward Capell was one of the most learned and laborious of the editors of Shakspeare. He published in 1759 a quarto volume entitled, "Notes and various Readings of Shakspeare;" in 1768 he issued an edition of Shakspeare in ten volumes octavo; and in 1779 his "Notes and Various Readings," with many additions and the "School of Shakespear," were republished in three formable quarto volumes. The critical student of Shakspeare must have Capell's books, and, alas! must read them. Capell's words are not without knowledge; but they do as much to darken counsel as has been accomplished by the most ignorant of his co-laborers. Infinite pains and trouble, and the closest thinking are often required, to divine what he would be at. The obscurest passage in the author whom he strives to elucidate is luminous as the sun, compared with the convoluted murkiness of his page; and when by chance he quotes a passage for comment, as its clear signification flashes upon the mind we involuntarily think of the people who sat in darkness and saw a great light. And yet Capell did something for the text. He too, like most of his predecessors and successors, has made some conjectural emendations which at once commended themselves to the general sense of the readers of Shakspeare, and which have been preserved, while the mass of his labors are thrust aside, for rare consultation, upon the shelves of the critical or the curious. His collection of the various readings of the old editions is invaluable for reference.

At about this period Shakspearean criticism became rampant. The publication of Warburton's edition in 1747 had provoked controversy and given new stimulus to investigation. From that day commentary trod on the heels of commentary, and panting pamphleteers toiled on after each other in the never ending struggle to reach the true text of Shakspeare; a goal which seemed to recede faster than their advance. The commentators were nearly all learned men; and many were men of remarkable ability. But their labors were almost altogether in vain. When they strove most, displayed the most

learning, exercised the most ingenuity, they were most at fault: when they were successful, it was generally by chance, and upon some point which they regarded as of little consequence. To estimate their services to the text, compared with the harm they did it, as "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff" is to pass a lenient judgment upon their labors. There were reasons for all this. Critical Dogberrys that they were, they went not the way to examine. Their learning, the school in which they had been educated, the taste of the day—formed as it was by the remnants of the French taste of Dryden's dynasty, and the chilling influence of the cold and polished correctness of the school of Addison and Pope, overlaid by the lexicographical style of Johnson,—joined to their own conceit and the want of a just appreciation of the genius of Shakspeare, led them entirely astray. They did not recognise him as their master, at whose feet they were to sit and learn. They did not go to their task in an humble, docile spirit. Milton had written,

"Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child
Warbles his native wood notes wild;"

a petty, puling dribble of belittling, patronizing praise, for which he should never have been forgiven, had he not atoned for it by that grand line in the Epitaph,—one of the grandest and most imaginative he ever wrote, in which he calls Shakspeare,

"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame."

But the first encomium, which might not inaptly be passed upon a missy contributor to a Ladies' Magazine, chimed with the taste of the middle of the last century; and Shakspeare was regarded as an untutored genius, sadly in need of pruning and training; a charming, but unsophisticated songster, whose "native wood notes wild," if their exuberance could be tamed down to the barrel-organ standard of the poet fanciers of the day, would be meet entertainment for persons of quality, if they were not too exacting as to the unities. In editing his works for the closet, the constant effort was not to imbibe his spirit and touch his work with reverential hand, but to make him conform as much as possible to the standard which he critics had set up. No one of them seemed to suspect that Shakspeare could have been a law unto himself. In adapting his plays to the stage, a yet more outrageous desecration of his genius was the fashion for nearly a hundred years. The soul of Procrustes seemed to have migrated into every play-wright and stage-manager in England, from the day of the Restora-

tion; and Shakspeare's plays, when they were presented at all, were so curtailed, distorted, mosaiced, patched, vamped and garbled, that the original work was almost lost beyond recognition. The second scene of the first Act of Dryden's version of the *Tempest*, actually begins:

"*Prospero.* Miranda where is your sister?

Miranda. I left her looking from the pointed rock," &c.;

and in Nahum Tate's adaptation of *King Lear*, the tragedy ends in farce; and *Lear* dances at the wedding of *Cordelia* with *Edmund*. The stage library groans under heaps of these abominations; and to this day we have not escaped their baleful influence. Although we owe much to Mr. Macready and Mr. Charles Kean in this regard, hardly a play of Shakspeare's is now put upon the stage with the dramatic sequence and the development of character preserved exactly as he left them to us. No one can complain of the omission of a few gross expressions, admissible when Shakspeare wrote, but offensive now: the grievance is, that it seems to be forgotten that Shakspeare was an actor and a manager; that he wrote his plays to please the people and make money; and that, his audiences being constituted of all sorts and conditions of men, he succeeded. He knew what was a good acting play as well as what was good poetry; and he knew better than any of his dramatic tinkers, not only what incidents, what action, what dialogue and soliloquy, but what succession of events was necessary to the proper delineation of his characters. When shall we have Shakspeare edited and put upon the stage a full recognition of his surpassing genius as a dramatist?

Our digression is but seeming; for it is essential to our purpose to show how Shakspeare suffered for nearly a century and a half, more wrong from the incapacity, vitiated taste, and conceit of 'ingenious' commentators and adapters, than he had previously endured from the unexampled carelessness of the printers,—grievously as they had abused him. But perhaps we should rather pity than condemn those misguided people, for they erred in ignorance. Had there not gone with their ignorance so overweening a conceit, we might get through their fine spun absurdities and pompous platitudes with an unruffled temper. But as it is, they try us & rely.

The appearance of George Steevens and Edmund Malone in the field of Shakspearean literature, produced greater and more permanent changes in the text than had been achieved by any of their predecessors save Theobald. They were not

co-workers, but opponents. Steevens reprinted the quartos, and published notes and comments upon the text, which in 1773 were embodied in an edition in ten vols. octavo. Steevens is one of the most acute and accomplished of Shakspeare's commentators; but rarely have abilities and acquirements been put to more unfruitful use. To show his ability, to suggest 'ingenious' readings, he wantonly rejected the obvious significance of the text, and perverted the author's meaning or destroyed the integrity of his work. He was witty, and not only launched his shafts at his fellow commentators, but turned them against his author, and, worse yet, attempted to substitute his own smartness for Shakspeare's humor. He had an accurate,—mechanically accurate—ear, and ruthlessly mutilated or patched up Shakspeare's lines to the uniform standard of ten syllables.

But, in Malone he found an adversary entirely too powerful for him. Malone published in 1780, two volumes, containing notes and comments upon the text, as it was left by Johnson and Steevens, and other miscellaneous Shakspearean matter; and in 1790 appeared his edition of Shakspeare, "collated verbatim with the most authentic copies; with the corrections of various commentators; to which are added, an essay on the chronological order of his plays; an essay relative to Shakspeare and Jonson; a dissertation on the three parts of King Henry VI.; an historical account of the English stage; and notes." This title gives a just idea of the wide field of Shakspearean inquiry, covered by the labors of Malone. Though not highly accomplished, he was a scholar, a man of good judgment, and, for his day, of good poetical taste. He was patient, indefatigably laborious, and modest—that is, as modest as it was possible for a Shakspearean critic and editor of the last century to be. Above all, he was honestly devoted to his task; he sought the glory of his author, not his own,—except in so far as the latter was involved in the former. We of to-day can see that he committed many and great blunders; but he saved the text of Shakspeare from wide and ruthless outrage, and by painful and well directed investigation into the literature and manners contemporary with his author, cast new light upon his pages. To Edmund Malone the readers of Shakspeare during the last decade of the last century, and the first quarter of this, were indebted for the preservation of his works in a condition nearly approaching their original integrity. The edition of Malone's Shakspeare, with Prolegomena, supplementary matter, and the principal notes

of all the editors and commentators, published by Boswell—son of Johnson's biographer—in twenty-one octavo volumes, in 1821, and known as the *Variorum* edition, is a monument to the industry and judgment of Malone, whose labors appear to the greatest advantage when placed beside those of his predecessors and opponents. It is, besides, a rich storehouse of Shakspearean literature; though, like most storehouses, it contains with its treasures, heaps of dross and rubbish.

If we mention Alexander Chalmers's edition, published in 1823, the text of which does not materially differ from that of Malone; that of the Rev. William Harness, published in 1825, which contained a few valuable corrections of the text; and that of Samuel Weller Singer, published at Chiswick in 1826, the text of which was formed with great care and judgment, though with too little reverence for the authority of the first folio, and which contained some very plausible conjectural emendations, we shall have brought the history of the text, as far as editions of note are concerned, down to those impressions which are strictly of the present day.

Among the commentators on Shakspeare, who did not become his editors, we must notice Benjamin Heath, who published in 1765, "A Revisal of Shakspeare's text; wherein the alterations introduced into it, by the modern editors and critics, are particularly considered;" Thomas Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of Chaucer, whose "Observations and conjectures on some passages of Shakspeare" were published in 1766; Joseph Ritson, the eccentric literary antiquary, whose book of verbal criticisms on the text appeared in 1783; John Monck Mason, who published comments on Steevens' edition in 1785; E. H. Seymour, whose two volumes of "Remarks, critical, conjectural and explanatory [including also the notes of Lord Chedworth], upon the plays of Shakspeare," appeared in 1805; Andrew Becket, who published two volumes, entitled "Shakspeare's himself again, or the language of the poet asserted;" and Zachary Jackson, whose "Shakspeare's Genius Justified; being restorations and illustrations of seven hundred passages in Shakspeare," was given to the world in 1819.

Heath, Tyrwhitt, Ritson, and Mason, all produced an appreciable and beneficial effect upon the text, an effect which is permanent and undeniable. As was the case with the labors of the large majority of the commentators and editors, the bulk of their suggestions have been rejected by the good sense of their successors; but they all treated their subject like scholars

and men of sense, and each made a few conjectural emendations, which will always remain in the text. It is not because of an undervaluation of their abilities that we turn from them to Seymour, Becket, and Jackson.

Seymour was a pedagogue, not a critic. His book contains more systematic, narrow-minded carping at and quibbling with Shakspeare, and less sympathetic comprehension of his thought than can be found in all his other commentators, Becket and Jackson excepted. The knowledge that a verb should agree with its nominative case, and that ten syllables make a heroic line, form the staple of the qualifications which he brought to his task. Speaking of the labors of his predecessors,—not very scrupulous or conservative, as we have seen,—he says, complainingly:

"They have all been satisfied with delivering the text of each drama as they found it, with preference occasionally to the readings of different impressions; and if the choice they made be deemed judicious, so much of their undertaking has been performed: but with regard to those anomalies in which the measure, construction, and sense have been vitiated, they appear to have been strangely negligent; and sometimes strangely mistaken; the want of meaning can never be excused; the disregard of *syntaxis* is no less reprehensible, and every poetic ear must be offended by metrical dissonance."

He practised what he preached. Thus, in the following lines from *Hamlet*—

"Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father;
But you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound," &c.—

he rejected as interpolations what we have printed in *italic* letters, and gave the passage thus:—

"Tis sweet and commendable in you, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father
But you must know, your father lost a father;
That father his, and the survivor bound," &c.

He removes the 'from' in all cases in which it is used with 'whence' or 'thence' because it is tautological; thus endeavoring to conform the language of Shakspeare's day to that of his own; and he seeks, by mutilation, addition, and transpositions to make an unbroken series of perfect lines of ten syllables, from the beginning to the end of every play; and in all these points his labors are rivalled by, and in some cases are identical with, the labors of Mr. Collier's folio corrector.

It is difficult to speak with patience or decorum of Mr. Becket. His work is stupidity run mad; and we can give an idea

of it only by extracts. Opening the first volume at random, we find the following:—

Hamlet.—"Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music."

"'Ventages and thumb,' I would read thus:—'Govern these ventages and the umbo with your fingers,' &c. *Umbo* (Lat.), a knob; a button. The piece of brass at the end of a flute might very well be called a button."

Again, from the same play.—*Hamlet*, in the grave with *Laertes*, is taunting him:—

"Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?

Woo't drink up Eel? eat a crocodile?" &c.

"This proposition of *Hamlet* is too extravagant, too ridiculous to remain in the text. By such a reading, the Danish Prince appears to be a very Dragon of Wantley for voraciousness." (Becket is serious.) * * "I regulate the passage thus:

"Woo't weep, woo't drink, woo't eat? woo't fast? woo't fight?

Woo't tear thyself?—Ape, Esel, Crocodile?"

* * "'Up' is misprinted for 'Ape,' 'Esel,' in old language, is 'Ass.'"

If that were all the commentator needed, why did he not read

"Ape! Becket! Crocodile?"

The metre,—and the signification, would have been quite as well preserved, and the new arrangement would not have been a whit more impertinent. We will add only the following from *Macbeth*, by turning a few leaves. *Lady Macbeth* says:—

"Come thick night
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, 'Hold, hold!'"

"I correct the whole, as follows:—

"Come thick night
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell!
That Heaven see not the wound my keen knife
makes
Deep through thy dark, nor blench at it to cry,
'Hold, hold!'"

It was necessary that we should look at Mr. Becket's work; but we have had enough of it.

Zachary Jackson was a printer, and, as the greater portion of the corruptions of Shakspeare's works have crept into the text by the carelessness of compositors and proof-readers, he justly thought that a practical knowledge of his art would be of service in the conjectural correction

of the sadly misprinted volume. His knowledge of the composing case, and of the various accidents to which 'matter'—as standing type is called—is subjected, from the time it is set up until it goes to press, did enable him to make a few happy guesses, or rather deductions, as to the errors which had been committed and neglected by the first printers of Shakspeare. He had corrected a great deal of proof, and was thus able to conjecture, with occasional good fortune, what accident had produced the error in the book before him. But even in this he was by no means infallible; and when, forgetting the "*ne sutor*," he ventured into the field of general comment and criticism, he made such absurd and atrocious changes in the text, that it is difficult to believe them the work of a mind above that of an idiot; and yet he utters them with an owl's sapience that makes him the very Bunsby of commentators. *Ecce signum*. First, in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act III. Sc. 1.

"*Urrula*.——Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy."

"Thus the text makes Benedick support a greater weight than any porter in all Italy. For argument, I shall only say, it is the very worst recommendation to a lady's love, as it is not only productive of serious quarrels abroad, but also the strongest poison to domestic happiness."

Our Author wrote:

Signior Benedick,
For shape, forbearing argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy."

"Thus the recommendation is strong; for, though Benedick is the most valorous man throughout Italy, yet, he ever forbears argument, in order to avoid dissension: such endowments, I think, could not fail of finding sufficient influence in the heart of Beatrice."

The next jewel of criticism and emendation is upon a passage in *Love's Labors Lost*, Act I. Sc. 1.

"*Longaville*. A high hope for a low having: God grant us patience."

"The old copies read, a low heaven: the transcriber mistook the word, and wrote heaven, instead of haven."

"The allusion is to a ship's head, decorated with the figure of Hope. Longaville compares the high flowing words of Armado, to the awkward appearance of a ship, with an elevated figure of Hope, lying in a low haven. Longaville also plays on the word hope, which is used as a verb by Biron, but, by himself as a substantive; and Hope being symbolical of Patience, he concludes his speech with, *God grant us patience*."

And we echo his supplication. Cas

any thing be more absurd except the following reading, in *As You Like It*, Act III., Sc. 2, of *good* for "good," and the justification of it?

"*Rosalind.* Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?"

"The circumstance of the chain, has already whispered to the heart of Rosalind, that Celia means Orlando; but, pretending ignorance, she displays all that agitation of mind, prompted by curiosity, which the natural feelings of a female, who knows her own charms, testifies, on hearing that she is the theme of admiration; and, therefore, with *most petitionary vehemence*, she desires to know the name of her woodland admirer: but Celia still sports with her agitation, and wishes to make her blush; which playful maliciousness being perceived by Rosalind, she tells her, the only means to effect her purpose, is to name her admirer; which will have such influence as to stimulate her blood, and cause a sensation in her heart, that must mantle her face with blushes; therefore, she says,—

"*Good my complexion!*"

"Sound but the name! you *stimulate* my blood, and *rouse* it from my heart to strike upon my face; for, though '*I am caparison'd like a man*, dost thou think *I have a doublet and hose in my disposition*, that can veil my blushes, as they do my sex?"

"Thus, by the aid of the verb, the phrase gains corresponding uniformity; but which, in its present state, as M. Theobald justly observes, *cannot be reconciled to common sense.*"

"This word is doubly applicable, for, if struck with a *good* on the face, the part must become inflamed and red."

As a specimen of critical fatuity the following upon a passage in *Alf's Well that Ends Well*, Act I., Sc. 3, might challenge a rival—outside of Shakspearean comment.

"*Cloten.*—an we might have a good woman born, but every blazing star."

"How can a *woman* be born! A female, when introduced into life, is an *infant*:—the reading is highly injudicious; and the correction seems to have been made, without reflecting on the incongruity which it produced. The old copy reads:—'*but o'er every blazing star.*' In my opinion, from the word on being badly formed, the compositor mistook it for *ore*. I read:

—an we might have a good woman, but on every blazing star, or at an earthquake, &c."

But Jackson could be a rival to himself, as the last selection we shall make from his pages, bristling with absurdities, will amply prove. It is on a speech in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act I., Sc. 1.

"*Alexander.* —Hector, whose patience is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

"Patience being a virtue, the *fix'd* virtue has nothing to do with the passage: We should read,—

—Hector, whose patience is, as a *virtue*, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

"Thus, the patience of Hector is compared to the *virtue*, which never moves from the object of its insatiate gluttony, until it has entirely devoured it. Prometheus, according to Fabulous History, was chained to Mount Caucasus, with a vulture preying constantly on his liver."

Can presumption and stupidity farther go? And yet this man made some of the very corrections in the folio of 1632, for which Mr. Collier claims a "higher authority" than that of the first folio itself.

It is worthy of remark, considering the object of this paper, that *Blackwood's Magazine* could speak favorably of this book which is filled with such rampant stupidity; that Mr. Knight on the authority of "a most accomplished friend," bears witness, *Credat Judeus!* to "the common sense of the printer;" and that the generally judicious Mr. Hunter could say of Croft's "Annotations on plays of Shakspeare,"

"This pamphlet consists of twenty-four closely printed pages, and, I venture to say, contains more valuable remark than is to be found in the volumes of Zachary Jackson, and Andrew Becket, or even those of John, Lord Chedworth, and Henry James Pye."

A very safe assertion: but what had poor John Croft done, that Mr. Hunter should be so bitterly ironical. But perhaps Mr. Hunter was in earnest! It is possible; because in Shakspearean criticism, all things are possible.

But though the text of Shakspeare suffered no permanent injury from such commentators as these, and though the *Variorum* and the *Chiswick* Editions presented the works of the great dramatist, more nearly as he produced them than they had ever before appeared in print, the increasing admiration of the world for those matchless writings, the influence of an humbler, more docile school of criticism upon them, and the well-known fact that there were still many departures in those editions from the original folio, which, at least might be needless, created a demand for a text, conforming yet more strictly to the primitive standard; and a little more than ten years ago, two editors stepped forward to supply this want. These were Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight. They each did much to effect that return to a purer text, which was needed. Both admitted conjectural emendations very spa-

ringly, and only when they deemed them to be absolutely unavoidable; and both made the first folio the exclusive basis of the text, which, strange to say, was then first done since Rowe's time; but Mr. Collier admitted the "stolen and surreptitious" quartos to a higher authority than that awarded to them by Mr. Knight, who deferred only to the original folio. Mr. Collier had the great advantage of a long devotion to the study of old English literature, especially to that of Shakspeare's age; but Mr. Knight brought to his task an intelligent veneration for his author, and a sympathetic apprehension of his thoughts, which we venture to say has never been surpassed—perhaps never been equalled in any of that gentleman's fellow-editors. There exist no critical essays more imbued with the pure spirit of Shakspeare than the Supplementary Notices which Mr. Knight appended to each play in his beautiful Pictorial Edition.

But, both editors committed errors themselves, and allowed those of others to remain uncorrected. Mr. Collier admitted readings from the quartos, and the commentators, which are indefensible; and Mr. Knight's almost superstitious veneration for the first folio caused him to reproduce many passages from it, which are evidently corrupted by the gross typographical carelessness which so deforms that precious volume. This was undeniably shown with excellent temper and spirit by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, Marlowe, Green, and Peele, &c., in his "Remarks on Mr. J. P. Collier's, and Mr. C. Knight's Editions of Shakspeare," which appeared in 1844; and which, when considered in connection with his other labors, points out Mr. Dyce as the editor from whom we may expect the purest text of Shakspeare, which has yet been given to the world.

One other edition was produced, which should not be here passed by: that edited by the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, of New-York. Mr. Verplanck's labors were more eclectic than speculative. Forming his text rather upon the labors of Mr. Collier, Mr. Knight, and Mr. Dyce, than upon original investigation and collation, and exercising a taste naturally fine, and disciplined by studies in a wide field of letters, he produced an edition of Shakspeare, which, with regard to text and comments, is, perhaps, preferable to any other which exists.

Such is the history, and such the present condition of the text of Shakspeare, which, upon the authority of Mr. Collier's newly-discovered, old, anonymous, manu-

script corrector, we are called upon to change in over one thousand important particulars.

Mr. Collier's folio either has authority, or it has not. If it have authority, we must submit to its *dicta*; if it have not, we must examine closely every correction, and judge it by its reasonableness and probability. Let us make the changes, if there be undeniable authority for them; and if they are exactly such as the text unquestionably demands, let us make them without authority.

The deference due to Mr. Collier's folio, is easily to be determined. Probably, most of our readers are already familiar with its recent history. At all events, it is only necessary to consider at this time the fact, that it was found four years ago, by Mr. Collier, in the shop of the late Mr. Rodd, Bookseller, of London. There are no means of discovering by whom the corrections were made; and Mr. Collier has not been able to trace the possession of the volume beyond the latter part of the last century. The corrections appear in various colored inks, as Mr. Collier admits, and, as we shall presently see, in the writing of various hands. There is, then, not even a traditional authority attaching to those corrections. They are made, not on a copy of the first folio, but on one of the second impression, which, as we have seen, corrects but few of the typographical errors of the first, and adds many to the remainder which it perpetuates. The corrections were certainly made long after the original actors of the plays had passed away, and some, if not all of them, quite as surely not until after the Restoration, when the theatres had been closed for years, and the traditions of the stage had perished. Of this last fact they themselves furnish indisputable proof. There is no testimony whatever, then, to show that they are of any more value than if they were made yesterday by Mr. Smith.

But Mr. Collier, failing any testimony as to the authority of his folio, bases its claim to deference on the character of its emendations, and the ancient handwriting in which those emendations are made. Let us examine this claim. Suppose this case. In the first act of *Macbeth* occurs the following well-known passage, which, though pages of explanatory and emendatory comment have been written upon it, needs no exegesis, and has been made confusing only by the labors of the note-mongers. Its vivid but disjointed imagery, its profound but broken reflections, are apprehended at once by the sympathetic reader of Shakspeare; who, be it remembered, fully ap-

prehends much in his author, of which he cannot give a detailed analysis.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: If the assassin
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,—
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek; hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent; but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other—How now? what news?"

Suppose Mr. Collier's corrected folio had given this passage as follows; the variations from the present received reading being printed in italic letter.

"If it were done!—*Twere well it were done quickly.*
But then when 'tis done!—If the assassin
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With *its* success, *surcease*: that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here:
But here—upon this bank, and *school'd* of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases
We still have judgment here: that we but teach
Bloody *inductions*, which being taught return
To plague the inventor. * * * *

[We make no alteration in the intervening lines.]

And *new-born pity*, *naked like a babe*
Or *Heaven's cherubin host*,
Upon the *couriers of the sightless air*,
Shall blow the horrid deed, *with strident blast*,
That *overleaps* *intents* shall drown the wind.
I have no spur
To prick the sides of my *intendant*, but only
Vaulting ambition, which *falls on itself*,
And *overleaps* the other."

If for such an emendation Mr. Collier had claimed "a higher authority" than that used by the editors of the first folio, what a shout of scorn and derision would have gone up from the whole world of letters! And yet this preposterous reading of the passage is seriously proposed, and sustained through four octavo pages, by a commentator, Becket, who also proposes some of the very corrections found in Mr. Collier's folio of 1632. Had this reading of the passage in *Macbeth* been found in that folio, the weight of no name,

the plausibility of no reasoning could have persuaded two sane men that the MS. corrections were of the least authority. The admissibility, then, of those corrections, in the utter absence of any evidence which gives them even traditional authority, depends entirely upon their appositeness. Their authority is to be derived solely from their intrinsic worth. The passage corrected must, in the first place, unquestionably need correction as it stands in the original folio; and, in the next, the correction proposed must be such as to recommend itself implicitly to those who are most familiar with the text of the poet and the literature of his time. This is the only safe rule to adopt with regard to any arbitrary emendations of Shakspeare's text,—a rule which Malone thus laid down in one of his controversies with Stevens, upon a passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

"By arbitrary emendations, I mean conjectures made at the will and pleasure of the conjecturer, and without any authority. Such are Rowe's, Pope's, Theobald's, Hamner's, &c., and my assertion is, that all emendations not authorized by authentic copies, printed or manuscript, stand on the same footing, and are to be judged of by their reasonableness or probability; and therefore, if Sir Thomas Hanmer or Dr. Warburton, had proposed an hundred false conjectural emendations, and two evidently just, I should have admitted these two, and rejected all the rest."

But this folio of Mr. Collier's is not only without the slightest supporting evidence to give it authority, *ex cathedra*, but contains within itself the most conclusive proof that it has not the shadow of a claim to any such authority. In examining it we shall find that the corrector has showed a great, though by no means singular incapacity to appreciate the poetry, the wit, and the dramatic propriety of Shakspeare's writing: that some of the most important of his corrections were made with a disregard of the context, and are at variance with it: that a long time had passed between the publication of the volume and the making of the corrections: that the maker of them conformed to the taste and usages of a period at least half a century subsequent to the date of the production of the Plays: that, according to Mr. Collier's own showing, he continually made corrections merely because he did not understand the text as he found it: that the corrector himself blundered, and corrected his own corrections, which could not have been the case if they had been made from "a higher authority:" and that some of those emendations, the peculiar character

of which has been regarded by many as convincing proof that they could not have been conjectural, but must have been made in conformity with some authority, have, on the contrary, been suggested as the fruit of mere conjecture or deduction by other recent correctors, some of whom are among the most wrongheaded and ignorant of Shakspeare's many wrongheaded and ignorant commentators.

And first, as to evident miscomprehension of Shakspeare's meaning. In *As You Like It*, Act III. Sc. 4, is this passage:

"Orlando. Who could be out being before his beloved mistress?"

Rosalind. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit."

It would seem impossible to understand this; and yet the MS. corrector proposes that *Rosalind* should say:

"Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress, or I should thank my honesty rather than my wit."

A change which makes absurd nonsense of the passage; for, in the case supposed by *Rosalind*, she would have no honesty to thank.

In the first scene of *All's Well that Ends Well*, poor *Helena*, giving language to her hope that the distance between her and *Count Bertram* might prove no obstacle to her happiness, says,

"The mightiest space in fortune, nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like native things."

That is,—obviously and pertinently,—that the gifts of nature, in which she supposed herself not wanting, are sometimes able to overcome the greatest differences in fortune. But Mr. Collier's folio reads,

"The mightiest space in nature, fortune brings
To join like likes," &c.

thus making *Helena* say exactly the reverse of what Shakspeare made her say, and of what she should say. As the alteration is also entirely at variance with the rest of the speech, this blunder must also be regarded as one of those which show misunderstanding or disregard of the context.

In the chorus of the third act of *Henry V.*, are the following lines:—

"Behold the threaten sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea;"

the second of which, the corrector would make,

"Moonen with th' invisible and creeping wind,"

thus substituting a prosaic statement of a material fact for a poetical and picturesque description of it.

In the first scene of Act IV. of the same play, *Henry* speaks of

"The wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram'd with distrestful bread."

This ruthless man would take the very life of the last line, by reading it,

"Gets him to bed cram'd with distasteful bread."

Unhappy corrector! Because you cannot see that in those felicitous words, "distressful bread," are pictured the hard lot of the poor slave, whose very sustenance, whose homely food, is bought by suffering,—because you cannot see this, would you in revenge take that sweet "distressful" morsel out of our mouths? and will John Payne Collier, Esq., F. S. A., abet you in your vile design?

In *Troilus and Cressida*, Act IV., Sc. 4, *Troilus* says,

"And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeable potency."

The last line means obviously,—presuming on their potency or stability, which proves to be changeful: but the corrector would make it, needlessly and prosaically,

"Presuming on their chainful potency."

Romeo says to *Juliet* in that matchless scene of parting which is to be followed by no greeting,

"I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow."

The literal gentleman dissents. He can not see the beauty of a reflex from the pale brow of *Diana*; but must drag the poetry down so far as to allude to the shape of the crescent moon, and read *brow* for "brow." Why was he not thorough and consistent enough to make a corresponding change in the first line, take out the poetical thought of "the morning's eye," and read,

"I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow?"

Mr. Collier calls it "a very acceptable alteration," when, in *Lady Macbeth's* invocation,

"Come thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, 'Hold! hold!'"

this MS. corrector would read,

"Nor heaven peep through the blankness of the dark."

To say nothing of the difficulty of peeping through blankness, what obtuseness must that be which, after night has been invoked to assume a "pall" of the "dunnest smoke of hell," cannot see the eminent fitness of the phrase, "the blanket of the dark"? It is to be expected

that such a person would, in the previous scene, change the poetical word,

"The swiftest wing of recompense is slow,"

for the prosaic

"The swiftest wind of recompense is slow;"

and in the first scene of Act II. of *Julius Caesar*, substitute for

"the honey-heavy dew of slumber,"

"the heavy honey-dew of slumber:"

because, forsooth, there is "a well-known glutinous deposit" upon the leaves of trees, "which may be called honey-dew."

We might disregard, if not pardon, this anonymous and irresponsible corrector for the following attempt at mutilation; but what must be thought of Mr. Collier, who says that "the emendation proposed should probably be the text." In *Hamlet's* second soliloquy, he says,

"For it cannot be

But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter."

For the last line, it is proposed to read,

"To make transgression bitter."

But wonder at the hopeless obtuseness which could propose such a change, is lost in amazement at the reason which Mr. Collier gives for receiving it; which is, that "it was not oppression, but crime that was to be punished by" *Hamlet*. When such a veteran critic as Mr. Collier cannot see that *Hamlet* thought himself "a peasant slave," "a dull and muddy mettled rascal," "a coward," and "pigeon-liver'd," because he lacked the gall which would make oppression bitter to himself—when Mr. Collier does not see this, what can we hope from the learning and devotion of any Shakspearean critic?

[Here we can fitly notice a recent proposition from another eminent critic, which when we had previously reached this point in our labors we would not have believed could possibly come from such a quarter. Mr. Dyce, turning from the original folio to the quartos, advises, that in *Hamlet's* exclamation, as it stands in the original,

"Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on,"

we should transpose three words and change one letter, to read,

"And do such business as the better day," &c.

He says that in the reading of the quartos,

"And do such business as the better day,"

"bitter" was a misprint for *better*; and the editor or printer of the folio, "not perceiving that it was a misprint, made his stupid transposition." And he quotes, to sustain "better day," Milton's

"Hail holy light, offspring of Heaven," &c.

The suggestion is plausible, and the quotation apposite; but O! Mr. Dyce, if you love us humble lovers of Shakspeare, if you venerate his mighty genius, if you would preserve your well-earned reputation, let not your acuteness and your learning lead you astray; and spare us, spare us that "bitter business" which "the day"—any day, worse or better, lit by the sweet light of heaven—"would quake to look on!" Spare us, good Mr. Dyce! our keen relish of this most Shakspearean morsel, or we shall not only lose that, but some one sheltering himself under your eminent name, and emulating your ingenuity, will be proposing to read a certain line in the *Midsommer Night's Dream*;

"In maiden fancy, hesitation free."

This undeniably gives a sense, and requires but the transposition of two words and the change of two letters in the original. But still, as there is the best reason—the testimony of the folio—for believing that Shakspeare wrote,

"In maiden meditation, fancy free,"

and as from use we have become somewhat partial to the line in that form, we would not willingly see the 'ingenious' alteration made.

Mr. Singer, too, in his recent vindication of the text of Shakspeare from these very emendations advocated by Mr. Collier, makes a suggestion which is hardly less deplorable than that just noticed. In the last act of *Lear*, when the old man enters, bearing his dead daughter in his arms, he says,

"Lend me a looking-glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives."

The lines contain no difficulty for any one for whom Shakspeare could be made comprehensible; but Mr. Collier's corrector, for "stone," proposed *shine*; which is simply harmless impertinence. But Mr. Singer, in rejecting this proposition, adds, as if possessed by the spirit of an attorney, that "the word was, most probably, *same*," and that we should read,

"Lend me a looking-glass;

If that her breath will mist or stain the same," &c.

And thus we should have *Lear*, in the climax of his agony, talking like "the young man of the name of Guppy"! How shall we be protected against such wanton outrages? The most distinguished Shakspearean scholars spring forward with laudable alacrity to shield us from anonymous and irresponsible injury;—*sed quis custodiet custodios ipso?*]

In *Cymbeline*, Mr. Collier's corrector proposes a change of ludicrous tameness.

Imogen, impatient to meet *Posthumus*, exclaims, "O for a horse with wings!" and, when *Pisano* tells her that twenty miles a day is as much as she can accomplish, says,

"I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf."

The MS. corrector makes *Imogen* speak of horses

"nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clocks, *by half*!"

Mr. Collier remarks that *Imogen* adds, "But this is foolery," in reference, perhaps, to her own simile." Such might well have been the case were her simile that which Mr. Collier's folio would put into her mouth; but, as Shakspeare wrote the passage, she calls it "foolery" to stand talking of the speed of horses, when they should be using them. She says,

"But this is foolery,—
Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
A riding suit," &c.

The most remarkable change made in Mr. Collier's folio, occurs in this play, in the fourth scene of Act III. *Imogen*, wounded to the quick at her husband's suspicion of her chastity, supposes that he has been seduced away from her by some Italian courtesan, and exclaims,

"Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him."

The figure in the second line is so very bold, violent perhaps, that it is not apprehended at once by all readers; and this seems to have been the case with Mr. Collier's corrector, who changes the passage to

"Some jay of Italy
Who smothered her with painting," &c.

The similarity of sound between the two phrases, and the simple statement of fact contained in the latter, have caused this emendation to be received with great favor, and to be regarded as a strong evidence of the value of the volume in which it occurs. But it should be remarked that a change of the passage is not absolutely necessary,—that the proposed change, like all those in this folio, is from poetry to prose,—and that the ground on which an emendation is thought desirable is not tenable, as far as the text of Shakspeare is concerned. For, the passage has an unmistakable meaning as it stands; and who has a right to substitute, for what it is, his idea of what it should be?—the change puts a bald statement of a physical fact in the place of a suggestive, though very strong, figure of speech:—and the opinion of Mr. Collier that "*Imogen* would

not study metaphors at such a moment," is not sustained by the context; and his assertion that "it is an axiom that genuine passion avoids figures of speech" is at variance with Shakspeare's portraiture of passion; which, whether truthful or not, are all with which we have at present to deal.

Imogen, in this very speech, uses another very strong metaphor, one which has been thought to require learned notes to explain it. She says,

"Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him;
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!"

And this same *Imogen* when she wakes and finds (as she supposes) her idolized lord beheaded by her side, and by *Pisano*, cries out,

"Damn'd *Pisano*
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd *Pisano*,—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main top!"

As to similes in Shakspeare's pictures of passion, hear the passion of others than *Imogen*: hear *Othello*:—

"*Othello*. O, blood, Iago, blood!
Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Othello. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er knows retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontick and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up."

Hear *Romeo*, when he has just killed *Paris*, and finds *Juliet* dead in the tomb:—

"Ah! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean, abhorred monster keeps
Thee in the dark here, to be his paramour."

Hear the towering passion of *Coriolanus*, when, a few moments before he is slain by the infuriated rabble, some one calls him a "boy of tears":—

"Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote I
Flatter'd your Voices in *Corioli*."

Hear *Constance*, wailing for her lost *Arthur*:—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form," &c.

Hear *Claudio*, with mingled grief and indignation, upbraiding *Hero*:—

"Thou pure impiety and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love;
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm," &c.

Hear *Hotspur*, maddened by King Henry:—

"By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks," &c.

Well may *Worcester* say of him,

"He apprehends a world of figures here,
But not the form of what he should attend."

Could words be made more figurative than they are in all of these expressions of excited feeling? which are not a tithe of those which Shakspeare's dramas would afford. *Claudio's* "on my eyelids shall conjecture hang" is one of the strongest as well as one of the most beautiful figures in the whole range of poetry. It has a bolder beauty than those two lovely lines of which it reminds us, in Spenser's description of *Una*:—

"Upon her eyelids many graces sat,
Under the shadow of her even brows."

It is not true, we venture to assert, that passion avoids figures of speech. Its utterance is always direct and forcible; but sometimes the most direct and forcible medium of expression is to be found in a metaphor. So at least thought Shakspeare; which is all that, in this case, needs to be established.

With regard to the confusion of sounds which is supposed to account for the alleged error in the original line, Mr. Collier himself admits it "to be possible that the old corrector, not understanding the expression, 'Whose mother was her painting,' might mistake it for, 'Who smothers her with painting?'" This possibility is made certain by a passage in *Hamlet*, which the able opponent of the new reading, Mr. Halliwell, who has made it the subject of a special pamphlet, has not noticed. In the second scene of Act I. *Hamlet's* mother asks him why a father's death seems so particular to him. He replies:—

"Seems, madam! Nay, it is: I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inked cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black," &c.

Now, it is remarkable that in the fifth quarto impression of this play, published in 1611, these lines are printed thus:

"Seemes, maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes.
'Tis not alone my incky cloake *could smother*," &c.

Here is proof positive that "good mother" not only could be, but was, misun-

derstood, *could smother*; a mistake, in its principal feature, identical with that made by the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio, and which suggests another mode of accounting for the manuscript correction. It is evident that whoever made the emendations in that volume, studied the quartos thoroughly; indeed Mr. Collier frequently claims that such was the case. Now, it is not at all improbable that the corrector, finding this mistake of *could smother* in the quarto for "good mother" in the folio, took from it the hint for the change of "whose mother" into *who smothers*: and thus was enabled to make a sense for a passage which had before been to him without meaning. It is somewhat strange that this correlative error, almost conclusive in itself, has not occurred to either of Mr. Collier's learned opponents.* Under all these circumstances it is impossible to receive the new reading, plausible as it seems at first.

These are but a very few indeed of the instances in which the corrector of the folio of 1632 has shown his inability to apprehend the poetry of the author whose works he undertook to amend. Passages which prove his incapacity in other respects, and which establish the late date of his labors, and the remaining points which go to show the entire inadmissibility of the claims which Mr. Collier sets up for him, might be quoted to an extent which would fill the remainder of this Magazine; but a consideration for the patience of our readers must limit our selections. One or two instances which clearly establish a point, are as conclusive as a hundred.

He cannot understand Shakspeare's humor. For instance, after the lamentation of *Bottom* (as *Pyramus*) over the death of *Thisbe*, *Theseus* says,

"This passion, and the death of a dear friend,
would go near to make a man look sad;"

the humor of which consists in coupling the ridiculous fustian of the clown's assumed passion, with an event which would, in itself, make a man look sad. The corrector extinguishes the fun at once, by reading,

"This passion on the death of a dear friend," &c.

And, incomprehensible as it is, Mr. Collier sustains him by saying that the observation of *Theseus* "has particular reference to the 'passion' of *Pyramus* on the fate of *Thisbe*!"

In *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Beatrice* being sent to call *Benedick*, he asks her

* As we know of no original impression of either of the quarto copies of this play in America, we are obliged to content ourselves with Stevens's reprint, which is from the edition of 1611; we therefore cannot say whether this strange and important error occurs in the editions of 1604 and 1609.

if she takes pleasure in the office. She replies,

"Yes, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal."

This our precise and literal corrector ruins by inserting 'not,' and reading,

"Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and not choke a daw withal."

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I., Sc. 3, *Charmian* advising *Cleopatra* how to keep the love of *Antony*, says:—

"In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing."

To which *Cleopatra* replies:

"Thou teachest like a fool: the way to lose him."

Meaning, of course, "You are a fool, girl; that is the way to lose him;" but this the corrector changes to

"Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him;"

a reading which makes, in substance, the same assertion as the original, but which destroys all the delicate and characteristic humor of the gay queen's reply. For the sake of brevity we purposely omit our intended notices of his inability to take *equivocal*, and enjoy broad fun. That task has been amply performed by others.

The corrector's obtuseness as to dramatic propriety is equally obvious with his incapacity to appreciate poetry and humor. In Act IV. Sc. 4, of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Sir Hugh Evans*, talking of *Falstaff*, with *Page* and *Ford* and their wives, remarks of the plot to entice the former to another meeting:—

"You say, he has been thrown into the river, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come:" &c.

The old corrector makes the parson say, "You see he has been thrown," &c., and Mr. Collier sustains the change, by the remark that "the other persons in the scene had said nothing of the kind." But the corrector and his backer do not consider that the scene opens with the entry of the whole party in the midst of a conversation upon the subject of *Ford's* jealousy and *Falstaff's* mishaps; as is plain from the speeches of *Evans* and *Page*, as the scene opens.

* *Evans*.—"Tis one of the pest discretions of a 'oman me I ever did look upon."

* *Page*.—"And did he send you both these letters at an instant?"

But no "'oman" or "letters" have been mentioned on the stage. Yet evidently *Mrs. Ford* is the "'oman," and the letters are those of *Falstaff* to *Mrs. Ford* and *Mrs. Page*, which had been the subjects of a conversation begun before the entrance of the party. Shakspeare was not such a bungler at his art as

to make his characters always stalk upon the stage, and formally commence their conference. *Sir Hugh's* "You say" refers to something said before the scene opened. As an examination of the first part of the scene would have prevented this error, it has a place also among those blunders which result from a neglect of the context. The corrected text and the stage directions furnish many instances of similar carelessness and incapacity; but the space at our command does not permit us to quote them.

The entire absence of a higher authority for the corrections, as well as the narrowness of view of the corrector,—or, rather, of one of them, for there were more than one,—is evident from his continual neglect of the context, his insight appearing to have been limited to the sentence, or the very line which he corrected. Thus, in the *Tempest*, *Prospero* speaks of

* One

Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory
To credit his own lie."

The construction of which plainly is, "one who having made such a sinner of his memory unto truth, to credit his own lie by telling of it." But Mr. Collier's corrector saw only the apparent contradiction in the second line, and, seeking to remedy that, changed "unto truth" to "to untruth;" reading,

* Who having to untruth, by telling of it," &c.,

and not seeing the absurdity of asserting that a man made a sinner of his memory to untruth, by telling a lie.

Mr. Collier says that "there is undeniable error in the subsequent lines at the end of *Scrope's* speech in *Henry IV.*, Part 2, Act IV., Sc. 1.

* So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was upreared to execution."

"To whom," asks Mr. Collier, "does 'him' refer? Indisputably to the husband," and he sustains his folio in reading the second line,

* That hath enraged her man to offer strokes."

But "him" refers to *King Henry*; as is evident from the context, in which *Scrope* distinctly points out the king's perplexity, which his simile of "the enraged wife" but illustrates:

* For full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoings present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend,

So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up," &c.

In Act III., Scene 8, of *Romeo and Juliet*, Juliet, having been informed by *Lady Capulet* of the projected marriage with *Paris*, refuses the match indignantly. The conclusion of her speech, and her mother's reply, are as follows:

"I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!
Lady C. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself," &c.

This passage Mr. Collier's folio changes, by giving *Juliet's* last exclamation to her mother, and omitting "I swear!" Thus:

"I will not marry yet; and when I do,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris.
Lady C. These are news indeed!
Here comes your father; tell him so yourself, &c.

The new arrangement is called "judicious" by Mr. Collier, and the omission of "I swear!" justified as "hardly consistent with the delicacy of her [*Juliet's*] character, and certainly destructive to the measure." But both the MS. corrector and Mr. Collier forget that *Lady Capulet* leads to the announcement of the projected marriage, by promising *Juliet* pleasant news, about which the poor ignorant girl at once expresses curiosity. She has just affected such a hatred of *Romeo* as to profess to be willing to mix a poison for him, if some man would but administer it to him: her mother replies:

"Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl."
Jul. All joy comes well in such a needy time;
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?"

Lady Capulet, in reply, tells her of the negotiated marriage; at which she at once expresses her disgust and surprise, and exclaims, as well she may, "These are news indeed!" She has learned her mother's "joyful tidings," as we say, 'with a vengeance.' The exclamation palpably belongs to her; and there is not the slightest pretext for giving it to her mother. As to "I swear" being inconsistent with the delicacy of *Juliet's* character," Mr. Collier seems to have forgotten, that like most young ladies of her country and her time, she had a pretty free tongue of her own: that she calls her nurse "a devil," and *Roméo*, in her contending passions on the death of *Tyball*, "a damned saint," and her nurse again, an "ancient damnation," simply because that easy-going old person advises her to marry the *County Paris*. Compared with these expressions, *Juliet's* "I swear," which was but a solemn asseveration,

natural under the circumstances, is venial; especially when we consider how freely ladies talked in Shakspeare's day. Here, then, in a single passage we find displayed a neglect of the context, a want of appreciation of character as Shakspeare has portrayed it, and an ignorance or disregard of the manners of his time.

Much delight has been expressed by some persons, intelligent people too, in the substitution of *boast* for "beast" in a speech of *Lady Macbeth's*. She says, as *Macbeth* expresses a fear to murder *Duncan*:

"What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

The MS. corrector makes this

"What *boast* was't, then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

altogether forgetting that *Macbeth* had but just said,

"I dare do all that may become a man.
Who dares do more is none;"

and that *Lady Macbeth*, at once catching at his phrase, instantly replies, "what *beast* was't, then" (since it was unworthy of a man) "that made you break this enterprise to me?"

Several other glaring instances, establishing the fact that the corrections were made in entire ignorance or disregard of the context, are indicated on our memoranda; but these are sufficient; and we must pass on to consider a specimen or two of the many changes which show that a long time had elapsed between the writing of the plays, and the MS. alteration of the text. The first we shall notice is a MS. stage direction in Act. IV., Sc. 3, where *Biron* has read his sonnet, and, seeing the king approaching with a paper, wishes to hide himself. Mr. Collier says:—

"When at this juncture, *Biron* conceals himself, the printed stage direction is only *He stands aside*, but that is obliterated, and *He gets him in a tree*, is put in its place in manuscript. When, too, *Biron* interposes some remarks to himself, it is added that he is in the tree," &c.

It is strange that the historian of the English Stage did not see that these stage directions, for there are several such, are fatal to the pretence of his folio to authority. Why was the printed direction only *He stands aside*, in the second folio as well as in the first? Because, when the play was written and printed, painted scenery, and above all 'practicable' trees, did not exist upon our stage. When they represented the field of Agincourt, as Shakspeare himself tells us, in the chorus to the fourth act of *Henry V.*,

"With three or four most vile and ragged fells
Right ill disposed in brawl ridiculous,"

it was useless to direct a man to mount a tree. Scenery of that sort was not introduced until after the Restoration; and the direction "*in the tree*," appended to Biron's remark to himself, shows that it was actually in use on the stage when these MS. alterations were made.*

In the second scene of the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Sly*, insisting upon his tinkership, says,

"Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Wincot, if she know me not: and if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in christendom."

This passage has presented a difficulty to all the English editors of Shakspeare, which could never have occurred even to an American boy. The trouble is in the expression "sheer ale." Hear Mr. Collier.

"Malone did not know what to make of 'sheer ale,' but supposed that it meant *shearing* or reaping ale, for so reaping is called in Warwickshire. What does it mean? It is spelt *sheere* in the old copies, and that word begins one line, *Warwick* having undoubtedly dropped out at the end of the preceding line. The corrector of the folio, 1632, inserted the missing word in manuscript, and made the last part of the sentence run,—

"If she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for *Warwickshire* ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom."

"Wincot, where Marian Hacket lived, is some miles from Stratford-upon-Avon. It was formerly not at all unusual to spell 'shire' *sheere*; and *Sly's* 'sheer ale' thus turns out to have been *Warwickshire* ale, which Shakspeare celebrated, and of which he had doubtless often partaken at Mrs. Hacket's."

To this, the delay in the appearance of our article enables us to add Mr. Singer's perplexity. He says:

"'Sheer ale,' is altered to '*Warwickshire* ale,' an unwarrantable license, and a very improbable name to have been given to *Sly's* liquor. *Sheer* ale was most likely ale which the Tinker had drunk at his own charge on *Sheer* Tuesday, a day of great comfort to the poor from the doles or distribution of clothes, meat and drink, made to them by the rich on that day. But, should this conjecture be unfounded, we may perhaps satisfy ourselves that *Sheer* ale was the name of a pure and potent liquor, as we have *stark beer* for stout and strong beer in Beaumont and Fletcher."

This, as well as many another similar

difficulty of the commentators, which we may notice in a future article, is only amusing to Americans, for whom the perplexities do not exist, because of the survival of good old English expressions and customs with us which have died out in the mother country. *Sly's* "sheer ale," is simply "ale, *alone*." He, toper that he is, is on goodwife Hacket's score, fourteen pence for *nothing else but ale*. In the northern part of the United States this use of the word has been common, from time immemorial. We say sheer ale, or sheer brandy, or sheer nonsense, or sheer any thing. We would say that in *Falstaff's* famous tavern bill, his bread was but a half-penny, while there were five shillings and eight pence for sheer sack. We use it in this way and have so used it beyond the memory of the oldest living men; just as we say sheer impudence, or sheer stupidity,—a use of the word which can hardly have disappeared in England. The term implies, *exclusiveness with a taint of reproach and ridicule*. Thus, we would say that one man committed an act out of sheer selfishness, but that another's motive was 'pure benevolence.'

Thus much for the benefit of our English readers; but the pertinence of these remarks just here, is that the inability of the MS. corrector to understand "sheer ale," shows that he must have read Shakspeare and made the corrections long after the printing of the second folio,—1632. For our English ancestors who made the original settlements in the northern part of the United States, and who brought this use of the word with them, came over between 1620 and 1640; and the inability of a man who would elaborately correct Shakspeare's text, to understand *Sly's* "sheer ale," is palpable and conclusive proof that his labors bear a date much posterior to the latter year. It should be remembered, too, that the folio of 1632, itself, presents variations from the folio of 1623, made to adapt the text to a change of phrase which had taken place during the first thirty years of the seventeenth century, and that this use of 'sheer' had, therefore, at the date of the second folio, not passed away in England. Mr. Collier hardly imagined that the survival in America of an old English idiom would utterly extinguish his complacently uttered conclusion that "this emendation, like many others, must have been obtained from some better manuscript than that in the hands of the old printer;" and bring down the date of the

* We cannot, if we would, reproduce all our authorities for minor and well established points. The reader who desires to examine the facts and documents which establish the time of the introduction of scenery upon the English Stage, will find them fully set forth in Malone's History of the English Stage,—in the *Variarum Shakspeare*, Vol. III, p. 79 to p. 168.

corrections in his folio twenty-five years at least;—that is, to the time of the Restoration.

In *Henry VIII.*, the King addressing *Woolsey*, says,

"You have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit."

The second line of this is altered by the corrector to,

"To steal from spiritual labour a brief span,"

because, as Mr. Collier says, "if *Woolsey* enjoyed so much 'spiritual leisure,' it would seem as if he might have time also for his earthly audit." But the change cannot be received, as it proceeded from ignorance of an old use of the word 'leisure.' It was used to signify, not only relaxation from labor, but time devoted to any occupation: as is evident from the following passage which we accidentally met with since the publication of Mr. Collier's book, in reading Sir Thomas Chaloner's translation of Erasmus' *Praise of Folly*, published in 1549. *Folly* speaks of the difference between studious and careful writers, and those who devote their pens to her.

"Besides the hurte thei susteyn in theyr bodies, decay of beautie, marrying of theyr eyesight, or also blindness, together with pouertie, enuie, forbearing of pleasures, untimely age, hasted death, and such like disadvantages, which natheless these wise men sticke not at, so they maye have theyr writings allowed at one or two of these breleried bokewormes handes. But my Scribes on the other side, have not a little more commoditie and pleasure of their folie. Whereas taking no greute *leisure* in penninge of theyr matter, naie, rather whatsoever toy lighteth in theyr head, or falleth in their thought, be it but theyr dreame, they do put the same straight in writing." &c.—*The Praise of Folie*. 4to. 1549. Sig. Lii.

Here "leisure" is evidently used, but a generation before *Shakspeare*, to mean, the time devoted to labor. It is the same use of the word which is made in a passage in *Chaucer's Tale of Meliboeus*, quoted by Richardson in his Dictionary.

"Wherefore we axen *leiser* and space to have deliberation in this case to deem."

Here the time, or *leisure*, asked is not for relaxation, but for the labor of deeming, i. e. judging a case. It is plain that we must retain the original text. "Spiritual leisure" is the time devoted to spiritual affairs.

The alterations which show that tastes and usages had undergone a great change, to which the corrector wished arbitrarily

to conform the text of his author, are plentifully scattered through Mr. Collier's volume. Here are a few of them. First, from the second scene of the *Merchant of Venice*.

"P. 433. In order not to offend James I., the word 'Scottish' of the quartos, published more than two years before he came to the throne, was altered in the folio, 1623, to *other*, in *Nerissa's* question, 'what think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?' In the folio, 1632, the word *other* is struck through with a pen, and *Irish* placed in the margin, as if it had not been considered objectionable, in the time of the corrector, so to stigmatize Irish lords."

But Irishmen were not so stigmatized in England until ten years after the publication of the second folio, that is nineteen years after the publication of the original text. The rebellion in Ireland broke out in 1641.

Again, remarking on a change in the last scene in *Hamlet*, Mr. Collier says,

"The lines put into the mouth of *Horatio* are these, as they stand in every edition, *Hamlet* having just expired:—

'Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.'

"However, it seems to have been thought about the time the abbreviations were made, that the tragedy ought to end with a rhyming couplet, and we may infer that the alteration we meet with in the folio, 1632, was made for the purpose:—

'Now cracks a noble heart.—Good night, be blest,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.'

Rhyming couplets at the close of a play are common enough in the works of *Shakspeare's* contemporaries and immediate predecessors; but the idea that a play "ought to end with a rhyming couplet" came in with the French taste of the Restoration. *Dryden's* plays in verse invariably end thus; and we cannot remember a poetical drama produced by one of his contemporaries which does not bring up with a similar jingle; which too, is tacked to nearly all, if not all the prose comedies of that day.

A MS. stage direction in *Much Ado About Nothing*, gives Mr. Collier occasion to remark:

"Another change in the same stage-direction merits notice: it is that the word 'Messenger' is converted into *Gentleman*, and the manner in which he joins in the conversation shows, that he must have been a person superior in rank to what we now understand by a messenger. Consistently with this notion all the prefixes to what he says are altered from *Mes.* to *Gent.* In other dramas *Shakspeare* gives important

parts to persons whom he only calls Messengers: and it requires no proof that in the reign of Elizabeth the Messengers who conveyed news to the Court from abroad were frequently officers whose services were in part rewarded by this distinction. It was in this capacity that Raleigh seems first to have attracted the favour of the Queen."

This custom was not changed in England until long after the time of the Great Rebellion, as all familiar with the literature and manners of the time, must remember:—another incontestable proof of the late date of the MS. corrector's work. To many such, might be added changes of phrase, and other like variations to suit a change of taste; but these are enough to establish our point.

There are several instances in which Mr. Collier himself confesses that the MS. corrector made his changes simply because *he did not understand* the text. As, for instance, in the passage in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III., Sc. 2,

"Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry," &c.,

he wantonly changes the first line to

"Two *losing* berries moulded on one stem:"

and, as Mr. Collier says,

"The heraldic couplet which follows, is struck out by the same hand, probably because, like most other readers, *he did not understand it*."

In the *Comedy of Errors*, Act II., Sc. 1, Mr. Collier says,

"It is worth while to mention that the line,

'I see the jewel best enamelled,'

and the two next lines (the folio, 1632, omits two others in the folio, 1623), are struck out, perhaps, as *unintelligible to the manuscript corrector, he having no means of setting the passage right*."

Three lines at one fell swoop! Insatiate, would not one suffice! And this, too, merely because they were unintelligible to him; and after the second folio had already cut out two lines more from the original! These are but specimens. And this is *emending* Shakspeare's text by "a higher authority" than that used by his first editors!

That the corrections were founded entirely upon caprice or conjecture, is again evident from such passages as these, which are common in Mr. Collier's book:

"P. 188. The folio, 1632, misprints the following line,—

'Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me,'—

by absurdly putting *return* for 'tutor.' This blunder is set right by the old corrector; but it seems as if *he had previously substituted some other word, and had erased it*. Such may have been the case in several other places, where he himself blundered."

Again, upon a passage in *King Richard II.*, Act V., Sc. 5,

"On the next page, he struck out the whole of the passage in which the King resembles himself to a clock, which none of the commentators have been able to understand: the erasure begins at 'For now hath time,' and ends at 'Jack o' the clock.' It is to be regretted that the old corrector could throw no light upon this obscure question: it deserves remark, however, that he struck out the word 'watches,' as if it were certainly wrong; but, as if he did not know what ought to be substituted for it, he has written no corresponding word in the margin."

Some of the corrections which, from their plausibility and apparently easy solution of a great difficulty, have been urged as evidence that the MS. corrector worked, not upon conjecture, but authority, were, unfortunately for this conclusion, made during the last hundred years, by some of the various commentators. Two striking instances will suffice for our purpose.

In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I., Sc. 3, *Falstaff* says of *Mrs. Ford*,

"She carves, she gives the leer of invitation."

This the MS. corrector changes to

"She *craves*, she gives the leer," &c.

and the simplicity of this correction of a passage which has given learned commentators much trouble, is hailed with a shout of exultation. The new reading cannot be admitted; but it is not our purpose to explain here why it cannot, but merely to show that it required no "authority" to make it, whether it be good or bad. It is one of the conjectures of so foolish a fellow—we have seen how foolish—as Zachary Jackson! who thus presented it more than thirty years ago.

"*Falstaff*. I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation."

"No doubt *Mrs. Ford* was an excellent carver, perhaps equal to any in *Windsor*; and entertained her friends with choice viands: but the *entertainment* to which *Falstaff* alludes being that of love, her adroitness in the art of *carving* is not absolutely necessary."

"*Falstaff* has spied a certain *craving* in the eye of this merry wife; and as she has given him the leer of invitation, he, in his lascivious humour, says,—

'She *craves*, she gives the leer of invitation.'

Our next instance brings in a more im-

portant disputant for the honors of emendation. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, Act I., Scene 2, *Tranio*, who has arrived at Padua with his master, who is to attend the University there, says in the original,

"Let's be no stockis, nor no stockis I pray,
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured."

Mr. Collier says, "our quotation is the same in all impressions, ancient and modern," and adds:—

"What are 'Aristotle's checks?' Undoubtedly a misprint for Aristotle's *ethics*, formerly spelt *ethicks*, and hence the absurd blunder.

"Or so devote to Aristotle's *ethicks*."

is the line as it stands *authoritatively* corrected in the margin of the folio of 1632."

This plausible and ingenious correction has been pointed out by others than Mr. Collier, as conclusive evidence that the corrector must have had "authority." But it was made by no less a personage than Blackstone, a hundred years ago, and appears in the text of the Chiswick edition. Mr. Collier was careless.

It may not be impertinent to notice here, that several of the most plausible new emendations in Mr. Collier's folio, were suggested three years and more ago, by the present writer, who could not by any possibility have seen the MS. corrections. We will only instance "*Rebellion's* head" for "*Rebellious* head," in Act IV., Scene 1, of *Macbeth*; "no more *flights*" for "no more *sights*," in the same scene of the same play; and "Ne'er *knows* retiring ebb" for "Ne'er keeps retiring ebb," in *Othello*, Act III., Scene 3. These stand with several others, upon a copy of Shakspeare which has been collated by the present writer, with the text of the original folio, Steevens' reprint of the twenty quartos, and the comments of nearly all the commentators,—the noteworthy readings and the collator's own conjectures being recorded in the margin. They, with the host of similar instances which appear in Mr. Collier's volume, prove conclusively, that no authority was necessary for the suggestion of such alterations in the text.

Though we have exhibited the various incapacity of Mr. Collier's MS. corrector, the late date of his labors, and his self-demonstrated want of any acknowledged authority upon which to base his corrections, only by the quotation of a comparatively few passages from Mr. Collier's book, we are yet able to criticise it as a whole, and in detail, from actual examination and re-examination, collation and recollation of every change which it proposes in the received text of Shakspeare.

Mr. Collier speaks of the number of those changes as "considerably more than one thousand." We can tell him exactly how many there are. Setting aside trivial stage directions, there are *thirteen hundred and three* modifications of the text of the second folio, proposed in Mr. Collier's book.

Of these thirteen hundred and three, we have found that at least *two hundred and forty-nine* are old; that is, are either restorations of the text of the original folio, adoptions of readings from the old quartos, or identical with the conjectural emendations of editors and commentators during the last hundred and fifty years. We say 'at least' that number, because, although our collation has been quite thorough, it is more than probable that many cases of coincident reading have escaped us.

Of these two hundred and forty-nine old readings, *twenty-nine* have long ago been rejected by common consent, as unworthy of the least attention; *forty-seven* are rejected from the text, but have a certain plausibility, and *one hundred and seventy-three* are found in the received text.

The proposed modifications in the received text, which are peculiar to Mr. Collier's folio, are *one thousand and fifty-four* in number; of which, judging upon the principles which our readers can see, from the previous portion of this paper, have governed us, the overwhelming majority of *eight hundred and eighteen*, or over *eight tenths*, is to be utterly rejected, as unworthy of the least attention, and the fruits only of blind ignorance, patient dullness, and wanton presumption.

Of the remaining two hundred and thirty-six, now proposed for the first time, at least *one hundred and nineteen* are inadmissible, though plausible; leaving only *one hundred and seventeen*, which seem to be admissible corrections of passages which need correction. We again say 'seem to be,' for this number must inevitably be much reduced upon the discussion of the merits of the readings among the best Shakspearean critics.

We have, then, in Mr. Collier's book:—

Old readings unworthy attention,	29	
" " inadmissible but plausible,	47	
" " already received,	178	
		249
New readings unworthy attention	518	
" " inadmissible but plausible,	119	
" " possibly admissible	117	
		1054
		1306
Inadmissible old readings,	29+47	76
" new	518+119	937
Total of inadmissible readings,		1013

We reach, then, this conclusion, that Mr. Collier has put forth, under the sanction of his name, a volume, as the "Plays of William Shakespeare," which contains *one thousand and thirteen inadmissible alterations from the original text!!!* Is it not dealing gently with the editor, to speak of such a proceeding, only as insufferable and inexcusable presumption?—presumption which is not in the least atoned for, not even palliated, by the fact that the same volume contains the pitiful proportion of one hundred and seventeen passages which present claims, yet to be discussed, to a place in the received text.

If it be asked why these one hundred and seventeen are to be (possibly) received, while the one thousand and thirteen are to be positively rejected, and how we suppose the one hundred and seventeen, which are admissible, to have been made by the man who made the one thousand and thirteen which are inadmissible,—we reply, that as many of the one hundred and seventeen as are to be received, will be received entirely upon their own merits, as arbitrary conjectural emendations of passages which are evidently misprinted in the original; and that they were made by the happy conjectures of several correctors. For we have seen that two hundred and forty-nine of the MS. corrector's changes are not derived from any source peculiar to himself, and that a large portion of these have been made by the various editors and commentators, some of them even more wrong-headed than he; which incontestably proves that no authority was necessary to the making of these corrections, and, as a corollary to that conclusion, not to the making of the others.

That the emendations were the work of more than one hand, will, we think, be obvious to any one accustomed to read old manuscript, or any manuscript in fact, upon an examination of the very *fac-simile* page, which Mr. Collier, with the openness which has marked his conduct of the whole of this matter, published with his "Notes and Emendations." Upon a comparison of the manuscript line,

"So, rushing in the bowels of the French,"

about one-third down the page, with "briefly," "e," and "now," about two-thirds down, and "same" at the top of the page, it will be seen that the former is of an older date than the four latter, which are not only more modern, but bear the marks of a bolder, heavier hand. In the former, the formation of the letters is plainly upon a different, and, as plainly, more ancient model, than that traceable in

the latter; and the one has a painstaking, though uncertain air, while the other shows a rapid and bold, though clear and decided hand. The oldest of these hands is not more antique in appearance than much manuscript which we have seen, dated during the third and last quarters of the seventeenth century; and the most modern seems not too old to have been written in the second quarter of the eighteenth.

The conclusion that the MS. corrections are the work of more than one hand, is strongly fortified by the fact, which has an important bearing on the whole question, that during the latter half of the seventeenth century and the first years of the eighteenth, the manuscript correction of folios seems not to have been uncommon. This was natural enough; for readers of Shakspeare could not but see the numberless typographical errors which deformed the folios; and some would naturally be tempted to correct them, and to make the text conform to the representations upon the stage of their day, by cutting it down, adding stage directions, &c. Accordingly we find it recorded in Wilson's *Shaksperiana*, published in 1827, that at the sale of the library of a Mr. Dent, who was a devoted collector of books upon our early literature, and which took place in the early part of this century, a corrected folio of this kind was sold for a large price.

"THIRD EDITION, folio, 1668.

"Mr. Dent's copy sold for 65*l.* 2*s.* It contained many manuscript emendations, chiefly in an ancient hand, coeval with the date of the edition. The annotations in question were, in many respects, curious and important, consisting of stage directions, alterations in the punctuation, &c."—Wilson's *Shaksperiana*, p. 63.

The description of this folio, which, in its MS. "*stage directions*, alterations in the punctuation, &c.," so much resembles Mr. Collier's, might have applied to that identical volume, except that Mr. Dent's copy was not the second but the third folio. But it should be remarked that the emendations in this had certainly been made by men of different generations, for they were not altogether, but "*chiefly*, in an ancient hand." Where is Mr. Dent's copy? It may contain a few valuable hints; and it certainly has equal claims to attention with Mr. Collier's. Mr. Singer, the editor of the Chiswick edition, has also one of these corrected folios, and knows of others. As the second, third and fourth folios became so worthless for ordinary use after the labors of Rowe and Theobald, it is a wonder that so many which contained MS. corrections, survived to the beginning of this century when the rage

for Shaksperiana came in to preserve them.

We regret to notice the incessant insinuations made by Mr. Singer, that Mr. Collier's folio is a fabrication in which the possessor is implicated. Mr. Collier's previous service in the cause of Shaksperian literature should have protected him against so needless, and therefore unjustifiable, an accusation. Without a doubt Mr. Collier believes in the antiquity as well as the value of the emendations in his folio; and that some of them are about a hundred and seventy-five years old there can be no question. The many coincidences with the conjectures of editors of the seventeenth century, are, doubtless, the result of the fortunes of the volume; which threw it into the hands of two or three emenders of that period, as we have seen was the case with Mr. Dent's.

Our course in treating this important question,—the most important which has arisen in the history of Shaksperian literature,—has been, not to go through with the proposed emendations in detail, but to classify the changes in Mr. Collier's folio, and draw our conclusions from the number and diverse character of those classes. The former course,—the easier,—would merely have made public the individual coincidence or difference of opinion between individuals: the latter, starting from recorded facts, and attaining its end by deductions inevitable from those facts, decides the question with the powers of both authority and reason.

Let us now briefly recapitulate the results of our labors.

We have seen that the text of Shakspeare suffered sorely at the outset from the first printers, and that their errors have been the occasion of its undergoing quite as much from the presumption and incapacity of his editors and critics; that to use the phrase of his player friends, "from the most able to him that could but spell," all his editors, critics and commentators, with two or three exceptions, have wantonly, impertinently, and ignorantly mutilated his text. We have

seen that great abilities have not preserved his editors and critics from the worst and most ridiculous errors; for the narrow pedagogism of Seymour, the blatant stupidity of Becket, and the complacent feeble-mindedness of Jackson, did not seek to commit more insufferable outrages upon the text, than were for a time actually effected by the concealed wantonness of Pope,* the arrogance of Warburton, the solemn inflexibility of Johnson, and the smartness and mechanical ear of Stevens.

With regard to Mr. Collier's corrected folio, it has plainly appeared, from its own pages, and from the records of Shaksperian literature—

That it possesses in itself no authority:

That, consequently, its proposed emendations must depend for acceptance entirely upon their intrinsic worth:

That the corrector could not appreciate the Poetry of Shakspeare:

That he could not appreciate his Wit:

That he violated the Dramatic Propriety which Shakspeare observed:

That his corrections were made in disregard of the context:

That they were not made until after the Restoration, when Shakspeare's contemporaries had passed away, and emendation must have been conjectural:

That the corrector sought, not to conform to the taste and customs of Shakspeare's day, but to make Shakspeare's text conform to the taste and customs of his own day:

That he made changes in the text merely because he did not understand it:

That he blundered in making his corrections, and was obliged to erase them, and substitute others; which could not have been the case if he had had "authority:"

That the corrections which would seem most conclusively to show that he had authority, have been effected by the mere conjectures of others, and some of them by persons of very slender abilities:

That of one thousand one hundred and three proposed changes in the text of the

* The justice of applying this epithet to Pope, as an editor, will not be denied by any one familiar with Shaksperian literature. The following jewel of annotation from the *Variorum* edition, and another from Pope's own edition, will amuse the general reader, and satisfy him as to the character of Pope's editorial labors. It is upon that passage in the masquerade scene of *Romeo and Juliet* in which old *Capulet* welcomes his guests, and says,

"Gentlemen, welcome! Ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you."

"—Their toes—] Thus all the ancient copies. The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read, with more delicacy—their feet. An editor, by such capricious alterations, deprives the reader of the means of judging of the manners of different ages: for the word employed in the text undoubtedly did not appear indelicate to the audience of Shakspeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day."

This strange mixture of common sense and preposterous, indelicate squeamishness, is from the pen of Malone. Stevens follows him; and gravely quotes from *Comus* to show that the harmless word which means the fingers of the feet "was endured, at least, in the time of Milton."

In the same play, Act III. Sc. 4, Pope has this note. "Some few unnecessary verses are omitted in this scene, according to the oldest editions." For "this scene," we may read 'the whole play;' for Mr. Pope (he was then only Mr. Pope) took the liberty of rejecting just what he pleased of the additions which Shakspeare made to his first draught of this charming tragedy.

folio of 1632, *one thousand and thirteen are entirely inadmissible* in the original text; and that of the remainder, one hundred and seventy-three are already a part of the received text, leaving one hundred and seventeen, *a little more than one twelfth* of the entire number, from which future editors may carefully select emendations:

That it is highly probable, to say the least, that correctors of two or three generations labored upon this volume:

That there are other existing folios, similar in every respect to this and entitled to no less deference,—that is, to none:

And, finally, that this folio is filled with errors of all the various kinds committed by editors and commentators, of every grade, of capacity and incapacity, during the last hundred and fifty years; and that it contains a large number of the specific mutilations perpetrated by them, and adds to those more than have heretofore been attempted by all the mutilators of the text combined.

The conclusions forced upon us by this stubborn array, attach, not only to individual changes in Mr. Collier's folio, but to the whole of the manuscript corrections, as far as their pretence to authority or to other consideration than that due to their intrinsic excellence is concerned;—and those conclusions are, that the volume which contains them is utterly worthless as an authority, and that eleven twelfths of them are not entitled to the slightest consideration, even as conjectures.

After being compelled to such conclusions, it is difficult to understand how Mr. Collier could have been blind to the incon-

testable facts which establish them. It is both just and charitable to conclude that, intoxicated with the delight which he would naturally feel at making a discovery which seemed at first to promise so much for the cause to which he has devoted not a little of his life, he looked only at its brightest points, and saw those double; and that we may safely expect to be able ere long, to appeal from Collier drunk with anticipated good fortune, to Collier sobered with reflection upon almost unmitigated disappointment.

But the most important lesson to be derived from this glance at the history of Shakspeare's text and examination of Mr. Collier's folio, is not confined to the merits of the latter. Does it not teach us, conclusively, that the only source of the least *authority* for the text of Shakspeare is in the original folio?—that when that text is utterly incomprehensible, and evidently corrupted by the printer's carelessness, and *then only*, we should seek emendation, first from the quartos, as being contemporaneous with Shakspeare, although surreptitious, or at least entirely neglected by him?—and that such passages as the quartos do not correct, or which conjecture, the aid of which is to be sought last, does not emend in a manner at once consistent with common sense and independent of disquisition, should be allowed to stand untouched? For the experience of a hundred and fifty years shows us that when the text seems incomprehensible the difficulty may be possibly with ourselves; and it is better to have, in the works of Shakspeare, an obscure text which may be Shakspeare's, than one which is clear, but with the light of another mind than his.

ART-MANUFACTURES.

ORNAMENTAL.—PORCELAIN.

PROBABLY, very many readers of Putnam's Monthly have never witnessed the methods of decorating Porcelain; that is, of painting, gilding, and burnishing it, after it has received its form and glossy white surface at the hands of the potter. This is the more likely, since, until within a few years, no part of the porcelain manufacture has been carried on to any extent in this country.

At the present time, there is but one leading establishment in this country, so far as we know, where the curious as to the materials and manipulations of this

pleasing branch of decorative art may be gratified. This is the store of Messrs. Haughwout & Daily on Broadway.

Let us suppose ourselves to have gone thither, to have passed through the extensive store and show-rooms to the third floor, where, in a large well lighted and ventilated hall, including the height of two stories, the operations of painting, gilding, and burnishing of porcelain, are carried on.

Glancing about us superficially, we observe that the body of this apartment or hall is occupied by long tables covered with various articles of porcelain in a

more or less undecorated state, by implements of the trade, &c. Towards the windows at the back of the hall we have a glimpse of artists at work, and raising our eyes to an open gallery extending along three sides of the room, we discern numbers of young women, busily occupied near corresponding windows above.

Before we have time to make any more particular observations, we are accosted by a keen-eyed, sensible-looking man, who, from his physiognomy and slight accent, or brogue, we should say could claim the "Land o' Cakes" for his natal soil. He is one of the managers of this department, and to his careful, exact, and liberal information, we are indebted for many of the facts that follow.

In his company, we pass between the long tables, and approach the workmen, who are located as near as possible to the light, usually four or five at one table, as represented in the cut. We call them *work-men*, for such they are, and of a laborious class. Although each stroke of their pencils is made with surprising ease, grace, and well-schooled judgment, yet, during the many long hours through which their nerves must remain steady, and the hand repeat with slight variations through whole sets of cups and pluty, the same curves, hair lines, dots, &c.,—the fact of their arduous, confining toil, becomes oppressively evident.

But, we might also call them artists with the same propriety, for some of them



are proficient in oil-painting, and have executed clever landscapes and figure-pieces on canvas, in addition to their attainments in decorative art. It would be interesting to know how far their present perpetual use of graceful *curves*, and practically educated facility in forming these into pleasing and various combinations, results in the cultivation within them of that æsthetic sense, which is skilful in the recognition of all beautiful forms, and sometimes almost divinely judicious in graphically rendering them.

But we have not time, as we stand here following with admiring eyes the faultless, continuous strokes of their long camel's-hair pencils, and observing their own intelligent but unimaginative faces, as they

bend over the familiar toil, to discuss this question. Indeed, our curiosity (being quite uninformed in the matter,) is pre-occupied and agape to observe that these same graceful curves, rapidly twining into tendrils and leafage and outlines of fruit, are executed in a dark flowing mixture, nearly black in tint, and the most unpromising possible for any pleasing results of color. And our curiosity expands into wonder, when the manager informs us, that, through the ordeal of a *furnace*, (hereafter described), this unsightly black is transmuted into pure gold!

This scrap of information is piquant, and gives an appetite for more facts, which, as a general thing, we consider rather heavy food for our imaginative stomachs.

We request to be initiated into the mystery of this gilding process. The kind manager complies; but first calls our attention to the artists who are painting flowers, fruits, and groups of figures upon various articles, especially those large and beautiful (if rather too brilliant) vases, now so very fashionable. One little novelty starts a question of propriety in our minds, viz.—a white *spittoon*, which the artist is adorning with delicately tinted flowers to be spit upon. Who, with any sense of the beautiful, could void his rheum upon those blushing roses and opening buds!

While admiring the taste and skill of the artists, we observe a certain tameness in the coloring matter they are using, which leads us to inquire how the final great brilliancy is attained.

"If you feel interest enough in the subject," replies the manager, "I will give you the chemical history of those pigments, and then explain the apparent defect you have mentioned."

We hasten to reply—"We are all ears,—pray go on, sir."

The manager clears his throat, and begins in the plain and concise style of a popular lecturer on chemistry.

"The materials used in this kind of painting, are composed of metallic oxides and of fluxes. The flux is compounded of lead, borax, and sand, or white flint. These three melted together, form a glass—in other words, the *flux*.

"Now, when the metallic oxides are melted into the flux, they stain it of their respective colors. Thus oxide of cobalt stains the flux blue, oxide of iron, red, antimony and tin, yellow, oxide of copper, green, and oxide of chrome, green also.

"Here I may remark that red, brown, and black, are all three made from iron, and this is the account of it. Iron largely charged with oxygen produces red; with a less quantity, brown; and with a still less quantity, black. In the same way red, green, and yellow are made from chrome.

"The rich and expensive colors, purple, rose, and maroon, are made from gold, silver, and tin. Both gold and tin are dissolved for use in nitro-muriatic acid. The solution of gold is poured into a clean porcelain vessel, and a quantity of water is added to it. Then the solution of tin is also poured in, until the combination produces a fine rich purple color. It is then allowed to stand, and the *precipitate* is called the purple of Cassius. This is melted with the glass flux, as before stated. By adding a small quantity of silver the purple becomes redder, an extra quantity of flux makes it lighter, and thus purple is changed to rose-color.

"The colors and fluxes being melted or fused into glass as described,—each of its several color,—are separately pounded in a mortar, and then ground in a mill to an almost impalpable fineness. When dry, after this operation they are ready for use.

"The making of these colors,"—added the manager—"is a distinct and important manufacture by itself. Such is the chemical knowledge and experience required to make the most valuable colors, that we never find one maker able to produce them all of equal purity and brilliancy.

"Hence the artist must select from various manufacturers, and some being more skilful in their selection than others, reap the advantage of being enabled to produce richer and more beautiful work. The expense of colors is, of course, defrayed by employers, but the artist is allowed to select them for himself. So much of his success depends on proper material, that he will sometimes resort to clandestine expedients to enrich his stock with choice pigments. For instance, he will barter a portion of some color that he possesses in great purity, for a like value of another color, upon which he has set his heart, with an employee of some neighboring establishment. Thus both display their laudable zeal to do good work, and are both gratified, while the employer, whose property they are bartering, can scarcely be said to be wronged.

"Colors are mixed, as required for use, with essential oils and turpentine, together with *fat* or rancid turpentine, thick and gummy by exposure to light and air.

"Gilding is a distinct branch from the painting, the material for this being gold dissolved in muriatic acid, and combined with quicksilver. The latter, seizing upon the fine particles of gold in solution, keeps them separate and in the form of paint. Being now mixed with oil, this forms the substance which has excited your wonder, resembling the lampblack of the sign-painter.

"The gold, you perceive, like the various colors, is applied upon the porcelain with camel's-hair brushes, and must be laid quite even, that it may take a fine polish after being burnt.

"The pencil of the gilder immediately succeeds the pencil of the painter. The decorated article is now set away to dry, and then taken to the furnace to be burnt.

"The furnace is in the form of a cylinder, laid horizontally, and built of large fire-brick or slabs. At a suitable distance, allowing the fire to play quite around it, the cylinder is inclosed by an oven, whose

inner surface corresponds with the exterior of the cylinder. In this space combustible material is prepared, requiring only to be lighted. The porcelain is put inside the cylinder or furnace, the entrance is built up with bricks, and the fire lighted. When it has burnt for 10 or 12 hours, and the cylinder and the porcelain are of a white heat, the latter is properly baked.

"The substances used in painting being fused into glass, as I before described, become soft in the furnace at white heat, and thus melt into and incorporate with

the porcelain. They recover, also, the brilliancy they have temporarily lost in the processes of breaking down, grinding, and the manipulations of the artist, as you observed. This change, which is very considerable, must enter into the calculations of the artist, and most materially enhances the difficulty of his work. Only by large experience can he learn so to calculate and foresee the changes of his color in burning, as to insure the unqualified success of his production.

"The gold also is melted and incorporated in like manner; all the quicksilver, oils,



and impurities are dissipated by the heat, and the thin coating of precious metal glows in all its native purity, when removed from the furnace. Here it should be said, that after the furnace is heated to the required degree, it is allowed to cool very gradually, otherwise the porcelain would break and fly in pieces.

"After burning comes the final operation of burnishing." Here, at the suggestion of the manager, we ascend to a gallery some twelve feet above, and directly over the painters and gilders we find the young women burnishers, busily at work. We observed that the painting and gilding was done by young men, with the exception of one or two elderly artists, and as many females, the latter employed (we presume as learners) on some of the commoner work. But this department is entirely filled by girls and young women, affording them, we should say, not unpleasant or unhealthy occupation.

The gilding purified in the furnace offers a dead, though glowing surface. Fine, exquisitely polished *blood-stones* set in brass

sockets with wooden handles, are now rubbed smartly over it, until, from the first bright friction marks, the whole piece shines out in untarnished splendor. The smoother the stones, the more faultless polish they impart. We can but remark too, that the great care and cleanliness required here—since the least particle of grease, or dirt, affects the beauty of the work—renders it decidedly appropriate to the delicate fingers of the softer sex.

There is in this branch no call for invention or the exercise of taste, only skill, neatness, and muscular force are requisite; and yet, we visitors wonder silently, whether these healthy-looking girls, so automatically busy, are not more contented and happier in their work than the young men below, who are so perpetually exercised with Hogarth's *Line of Beauty*, which they must reproduce, with whatever variations, still in perpetual repetition, never twining it into the expression of new and lofty *ideas*, or expressing by it the higher types of human, or spiritual beauty. We remind ourselves that the "*Line of*

beauty and grace," generally held by the experienced student, may be a suspended cord by which his agile imagination shall confidently ascend to the possession of a beauty which, without that so needful aid, he sighs for in vain below. And at first thought, it seems a pity that he should be reduced to coil and wind it listlessly along the ground in *curvilinear*, which the climbing tendrils of the vine, or the subtly gliding serpent, can do better and more significantly. Most of all we reflect, is the artist himself likely to feel it so.

But here are considerations that must modify these thoughts, and which the ambitious artisan may well lay to heart.

Truly great and original artists—the torch of whose fame once lighted shall not go out for generations, are rare social productions. Scarcely more than two or three of these bright lights flash out upon any one century. After them come some hundreds of mediocre, clever, or superficially splendid painters or sculptors. Death, when he cuts them down, extinguishes their tapers one and all! But see beyond them the hosts of undisciplined strivers for fame, who fondly hope to attain reputation and property, but who are doomed to utter and bitter disappointment! Let the mechanic whose occupation, beautiful but for its monotony, excites yearning for high and varied art, that it rigidly refuses to gratify, contemplate the unhappy destiny of this great class, and avoid, as he would avoid a living tomb, to trust his fortunes amidst its melancholy contingencies. Let him know well,—let him have better assurance than that of a blind self-confidence,—what are the grounds upon which he steps forth from a remunerative and tasteful calling.

Although we recur so much to curved lines, as *characteristic* of the ornamentation of China, it is not at all in disparagement of the pretty, and correctly drawn little pictures that one or two artists are occupied here in producing, or rather (generally) reproducing upon porcelain.

We have now noticed whatever most characterizes the methods of this pleasing fine art.

We have seen the men at their large tables piled with ware, either pearly white, or in various stages of painting and gilding. We have acquired a well-grounded faith that this blackening, and pale tinting process will eventuate in an improvement on the pure original white. And we may have noticed various details; as for example, how the artist rests his working arm on a small inclined board, one end of which is bolted to the table; and how he places the top of his vase, or bowl,

against the table, while its bottom rests on his lap; and how he bends down overmuch for health, over picture or golden tendril. Also, we saw the turning-stands on which plates are laid to be ornamented, and noticed that, in rimming them with gold, the pencil is held stationary, and the revolution of the truck or top of the stand, controlled by the left hand, accomplishes the work.

The furnaces, located in a basement under the back court, have been explained to us, with their operation.

We have seen the fair burnishers in the gallery above, ranged along narrow tables, with their work towards the light, in various attitudes of active, or quietly industrious application. Each holds the vase, or other article firmly in her left hand, protected from its moisture by a dry cloth, while her right hand, with various grip of the burnisher, flies nimbly back-and-forth—back-and-forth.

Perchance, now and then, some roguish glances may be detected shooting from the corners of their eyes. Should any thing so very funny as involuntarily sitting for a collective pencil-sketch, occur amidst the sameness of their occupations, would not the droll consciousness of the thing fill them to the throat with fun, ready to explode on the slightest excuse imaginable? We rather think it would. And, should the artist look melancholy and *blasé*, as if he were doing the thousandth time, what repetition had made too familiar for merriment, if not absolutely fatiguing, just like any other work, wouldn't the young ladies look as demure as himself? Yes, we should think so. And if the merriment that lurks under their demureness should, through the sketcher's practised eye, be communicated to the merriment that lurks under *his* demureness; and if that merriment thus tempted, should come up and lay hold of the corners of his mouth, drawing them irresistibly outward, into a smile, yea, a broad grin—would not the whole circle of demurenesses receive through some observant eye that electric smirk, and break through into irrepressible and audible titillation in the interests of youthful propriety? We fear so!

For the naturalization and marked success of this beautiful art here in America, much credit is due to the firm of Woram & Haughwout, now Haughwout & Daily, in whose establishment we have conducted our brief researches. It is said that during many years past, different parties have attempted the business here, but they failed to excel in the finer branches, and ultimately gave up in despair.

About four and a half years ago, the first-mentioned firm engaged as managers of an establishment for this branch of art, two artists, Messrs. Maddock and Leigh, who had arrived in this country, to carry on the business.

They—Messrs. Woram & Haughwout—also built expensive furnaces, provided workshops, and sent to Europe for suitable workmen. Success crowned their well considered and well supported efforts.

No doubt some fastidious people might quarrel with the taste in which most part of these vases, dinner sets, &c., have been executed. For in style they are characteristically American. They exhibit the greatest show of gold and bright color to be had here or beyond seas for the like amount of money. Indeed, it may be questioned whether so large a collection as Broadway would supply in this *intense* taste could be obtained in all Europe at any cost.

Still, to prevent misapprehension, let us reiterate, that in our opinion what is there done is as tasteful and harmonious, as the present condition of public taste will allow it to be. The artists are indefatigable to please; if their work is brilliant, it is also in keeping. Manufacturers are enterprising,—they will do what the public taste demands. And perhaps we do not find so much fault as some with this

yellow-intensity that characterizes alike American enterprise and American luxury. The higher powers forbid that we should disguise our native colors. Gold is the genius of our feverish youth.—Have we leisure to cool our eyes by the contemplation of modestly tinted porcelain? Because we like handsome vases, and, having no men to invent and mould, nor potters to pot them—(our young artists being all gone to California, or starving at home)—are we aping Europe because we therefore take our porcelain pure from her manufacturers? Do we not give it straightway an American baptism, immersing it bodily in molten gold, all save a central panel, which we devote to the flames of some burning passion, as of youth for maiden, or to flowers and fruit—happy symbols of our universal young eagerness and thrift?

Others are now going into the business in which this house so handsomely led the way. The success of this branch has tempted over seas several manufacturers of the porcelain itself. And where are the native, instructed artists, to supply designs and modellings to these manufacturers? It may be worth mentioning, that in many instances people ordering sets of china nowadays, acquire a special interest in them, by furnishing the designs themselves.

WENSLEY.

A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL.

(Continued from page 301.)

CHAPTER IX.

WHICH IS PROGRESSIVE AND EPISODICAL.

THE attentive reader will not, perhaps, be surprised to hear that the very first event in the Wensley life of Whitefoot, was a visit to Woodside, which occurred on the afternoon of the very day succeeding that of his arrival. He was fortunate enough to meet with the approbation of my Cousin Eleanor, and also, which was, perhaps, a more important testimony to his character, with that of my much respected and more experienced cousin, the Colonel. That gallant officer made a close and scientific inspection of his various points, with the eye at once of an *amateur* and of a *connoisseur*, and was pleased to pronounce him very well indeed, for a horse bred and broken in America. This, I was well aware, was as high praise as an Englishman (for such

Colonel Allerton persisted in considering himself, notwithstanding his New England birth and parentage,) could be expected to bestow on Bucephalus, or Pegasus himself, were one or both of those celebrated animals trotted out for his opinion. So I accepted it as the seal of my bargain, and felt entitled to brag according to knowledge of his merits, whenever Major Grimes and his party saw fit to disparage him as an interloping rival of Turk. This interested opposition, however, was confined exclusively to the Grimes faction (a pretty large one, by the way); for the Wensleyans, in general, outside of the charmed circle described by the Major's toddy-stick, were unanimous in giving Whitefoot the pre-eminence over his Moslem competitor.

And the feeling of triumph was very universal (for I flatter myself I had be-

come by this time rather a favorite in the town, though neither my modesty nor the necessities of my stay will allow of my recounting the whereby and wherefore). I say it caused a wide-spread feeling of satisfaction when the last convincing proof of his excellences was given by Major General Boardman, an eminent house-carpenter (builder, he would be called in these euphuistic days) of Haverford, the capital town of the county, who did Whitefoot the honor to borrow him for the Fall Muster, selecting him out of all the steeds of the shire as the most worthy to bound beneath his weight (which was considerable) along the arms-presenting line, and to share with him the dangers and glories of that important field-day. To be sure, Major Grimes was heard to suggest to some of his factors that "it wasn't likely Mr. Frank Osborne was going to take any hire for his beast;"—which indeed it was not, nor yet, I should hope, that an officer of such distinction should have been influenced by so sordid a consideration. It was also unfortunately true that the gallant general gave occasion for disrespectful language on the part of his subordinate officers, by returning his borrowed charger with a piece of the skin (technically called the *bark*) taken off his near hind leg, occasioned by backing him against the wheel of a gun-carriage. This gave the enemy great cause for triumph, and I was not over well pleased with the circumstance myself. As for Colonel Allerton, who had the natural antipathy of a regular for a citizen soldier, when I told him of the mishap, he was louder and deeper in the expression of his sense of the General's stupidity than even I had been. Indeed, he spoke of it in terms which, as they might be neither acceptable or edifying to the serious reader, I shall considerably pretermit. Suffice it to say, that they were of a nature which, had the Colonel been under the General's command, would have justly subjected him to be court-martialled for "unbecoming and disrespectful language towards his superior officer." I, however, regarding the accident as the fortune of war, to which I was myself in some good measure accessory by consenting to expose my white-footed friend to its casualties, possessed my soul in such patience as I could muster, inly resolving that he should be exempt from military duty from that time forward.

I have thrown these particulars together in this place, although thereby I run before the regular course of my history, to which I am in general careful scrupulously to confine myself, in order that the read-

er might take in at a glance all the bearings of this important affair, and also that it may be cleared out of the way, so as not to interfere with those scenes of intense interest which, like the rain in the almanac, may be looked for about this time. But to return to the afternoon when I first submitted my horse to the cousinly inspection above mentioned. The examination over, and Whitefoot consigned to the care of Mr. Jonathan Snell (who was also pleased to vouchsafe his gracious approval of the same), the Colonel retired to his own room, the same described in my third chapter as enjoying the brevet rank of the Library, and my cousin Eleanor and I strolled out to enjoy the exquisite summer afternoon just melting into evening. We took our way towards the avenue of elms, which I have already said descended the other side of the little hill on which the house stood. It was as sweet a walk as a pair of lovers (had we only happened to have been such) could have desired. The avenue led nowhere, to be sure, excepting to a rough field, not long cleared, which was skirted by the old wood which gave its name to the place; but the turf was elastic and velvety, from being kept closely mown and well rolled, in the English fashion, and the branches, thick with leaves and alive with birds, stretched themselves long and wide until they clasped each other over our head. And after descending the first sharp, though short, descent, assisted by steps cut in the turf, you were hid by a screen of shrubbery from the house, and might have imagined yourself in Arden, or the Black Forest, for any signs of human neighborhood that forced themselves on your notice.

As we paced up and down this "dry smooth shaven green," my lovely cousin magnetizing me with the gentle weight of her hand on my arm, we launched at once into the animated discourse of friends to the current of whose talk the interposition of a short absence has given at once a greater fulness and a swifter flow. She gave me such bits of gossip as the village had afforded during the two weeks of my absence, of which Petchell, her maid, who had established relations with certain of the inhabitants, was the voucher. Perhaps it was peculiar to this young lady that she did not dislike to hear tell of the loves and the bickerings, of the history private and public, civil and ecclesiastical, of the little neighborhood at her door. And why not? Human beings are human still, in such an out-of-the-way nook as Wensley, and they are no more in the throngs of Hyde Park or the

Boulevards of St. James's or the Tuileries. And one who sympathizes with the joys and sorrows of men and women, and not with the cost or fashion of their clothes or carriages, who finds interest in their characters and fates rather than in their houses and furniture, will find food enough for sadness and for mirth in more unlikely spots than the one which my gentle heroine gladdened by the genial influences of her sweet and kindly presence.

But I was, in virtue of my absence, expected to be the chief talker, and, accordingly, I retailed whatever store of news I had collected in Boston for her amusement. In those days, the connection of an inland town, like Wensley, with the capital of the State, was hardly so intimate as the connection of that city with the capital of the world is now,—so effectually has steam accomplished that annihilation of time and space for which the lovers celebrated in the *Bathos* prayed. The *Columbian Centinel* afforded the only loop-hole through which the curious inhabitants peeped, twice a week, at the busy world,—and I believe Mr. Bulkley and Colonel Allerton were the only regular subscribers its hearty old editor, Major Ben. Russell, had in the town. The Colonel, to be sure, had the English papers; but they came at long intervals and with no great regularity. I told Miss Eleanor all the private history I had learned, the engagements, the marriages, the deaths, the feuds and the reconciliations which made up then, as they do now, and ever will, the staple of our communications about our acquaintances and friends. Having emptied my budget of every thing I had to tell, excepting the things I was thinking most about, we sat down on a rustic bench placed near the head of the avenue, at a point from which the sunset could be commanded, and remained for a while silently gazing at the gorgeous clouds which the touch of celestial light had transformed from cold masses of vapor into cliffs and billows of gold and violet, as the eye of genius looks on the commonest things of earth and they glow with hues caught fresh from heaven.

As we sat watching these glorious apparitions together, Eleanor, I am afraid, thinking more of them than of me, and I, I am sure, thinking more of her than of them, she said, presently, rather to herself than to me,

"It is a strange thing that a sight like this, which happens every day, should never look twice alike, either to the eyes or to the mind. The feelings it creates or calls up in the heart are as varied, though

not always as bright, as the hues it leaves on the clouds there."

"True, cousin Eleanor," I replied, "but all sunsets are not brilliant and bright, like this. Some suns go down in clouds and storms, you know, and darkness comes upon us with no glorious prologue like this."

"Yes, indeed," she answered, "more than of such as these. The analogy holds good which poets and moralists have discerned, and which no one can help feeling, between the closing scenes of life and of day. There are few men, as well as few suns, you remember,

'—— whom scenes like those await;
Who sink unclouded in the gulfs of fate.'"

"That is true again," I returned; "but then it is the very clouds that seek to oppress the sinking sun that make his ending so splendid, when he has the power to overcome them and make them contribute to his glory."

"And even where clouds and darkness rest upon him when he goes to his rest," she resumed, "we know that he is still the same bright and blessed orb as when he shone at noonday, and that he will be sure to return again as beautiful and beneficent as ever."

"We know that of the sun," I replied, "for we have the experience of hundreds of generations to the fact. But there, I imagine, the analogy ends. The dead never return again, be their setting bright or dark."

Eleanor turned her eyes from the fading sunset and looked into mine. "Cousin Frank," said she, "you have thought seriously for so young a man"—she, you will recollect, was a matter of eighteen months or two years older than I, and so entitled to talk wisdom to me.

"I should think that your day was bright enough to keep the thought of its ending out of your mind."

"You forget, Eleanor," I replied, dropping the usual consanguineous epithet for the first time, "you forget that though my day may be young, it has not been without its morning clouds, neither. It is not altogether a cheerful thing, cousin, to have neither father nor mother, nor brother nor sister. Mine have all sunk into the gulfs of Fate you just spoke of, and left me to live out my day by myself as I may. I was not old enough then to know or to feel my loss; but I am now to do both."

"I had forgotten, poor cousin Frank," said Eleanor kindly, in reply, "I confess I had, just then. But I should not have done so, for I am too nearly in your condition, myself. My father indeed lives, but he is my only blood relation, and my

estate is in one thing sadder than yours, for I do remember my mother, and the agony her death caused is still fresh in my mind. Perhaps, however," she said, with a sigh, as it were to herself, again, "perhaps, however, it spared her a deeper one had she lived till now."

"I do not understand your allusion, of course, cousin," I replied, "but I do not accept your philosophy. It is no consolation to me to think my father and mother are spared from possible or certain evils. I wish them to be alive and live out their days as nature meant they should. She never meant that they should leave me a wailing infant in the cradle, a burden to friends, or a task to hirelings. It was my part to have laid their heads in the grave long years hence, after they had reared, guided, and taught me in my way of life, what I must now enter upon alone. No, no, my cousin, life is a better thing than death, let its circumstances be what they may—unless, indeed," I added, quite casually, by way of an exceptive demonstration of a general proposition,—"unless, indeed, it be infamy. Dishonor, indeed, —"

I stopped short, for, looking at Eleanor as I spoke, I saw that something touched her. A sort of spasm seemed to contract her features, her eyes closed, and she bit her under lip so suddenly that the blood actually trickled down her beautiful chin. At the same time, she violently, but unconsciously clutched my arm. I was greatly alarmed, and exclaimed,

"Dearest Eleanor, you are very ill. Let me call Petchell. Let me help you into the house, for God's sake!"

"No, no," said she, recovering herself, as I spoke, "I am well again. It was a transient pain. But it is gone now," opening her eyes, which looked preternaturally bright, and, contrasting with her pale face, and the trickling crimson from her lip, gave her an expression which almost frightened me, it was so unnatural and wild.

"Come," she said, presently, "come, let us take a turn or two. It will make me better."

We rose and walked, slowly, down the patch under the trees. She leaned heavily on my arm, and after a single turn, in which she rather tottered than walked, she said that she must go in, and we approached the turf steps, which, as I have said before, assisted the ascent to the house. Eleanor paused for a moment at the foot, and I, merely to assist her in mounting them, passed my arm round her waist for her more effectual support. We were kinsfolk, you know, at least after a sort, and common humanity as

well as cousinly affection made it imperative upon me to see that she received no detriment, while under my charge. At any rate, as she found no fault with the arrangement (am afraid that she never noticed it), I apprehend that it can be no manner of concern of yours. Perhaps there was no absolute necessity of continuing it after the steps had been scaled; but something must be forgiven to the force of habit (and some habits do not take long to form), and then it must be remembered that the ground still sloped gently upward, as you skirted the screen of shrubbery which divided the avenue from the house.

As we labored rather slowly along this "verdurous wall," some one suddenly turned the corner and advanced towards us. At first I supposed that it must be her father, and was glad he was coming to my help. But when I raised my eyes to his face, to my great surprise, I saw before me Henry Markham, whom I had parted from at the Exchange Coffee House only two or three days before. I don't know how it was, but I was not as glad to see him at that moment as I would have sworn I should have been to meet him in Wensley, where we arranged his visiting me at some time future. It was quite a new revelation to me that he was on such terms with Eleanor as to come to see her without some greater show of ceremony. And, to do him justice, he did not seem to be much better pleased with the particular grouping of the figures before him. Perhaps he thought it *too* particular. I am sure it was not unpicturesque, and if he did not like it, why, it was the worse for him. As for Miss Eleanor, she seemed to be surprised out of all her late agitation, and stood quite firmly again in the face of this apposition. The blood rushed into her cheeks with the pretty effect I have celebrated when I first introduced her to the reader's acquaintance, and she had a look out of her eyes at this young man which was not altogether well pleasing in mine. I spoke first.

"Markham!" I exclaimed, "you are better than your word! You are upon me before I have had time to tell Miss Allerton that you were coming to Wensley. But you are welcome all the same, and I am right glad to see you."

I am afraid this assurance must be reduced into the category of that description of embroidery about which Mrs. Amelia Opie wrote a story, which was much in vogue about that time (though, as I remember them, her *White Lies*, if they were not Black ones, well deserved to be such), as well as the assertion that

I had not had time to tell Eleanor that he was coming. I think that I might have found time, if I had been economical of it, to have told her as much as that. But, for some reason or other, I did not like to tell her of the approaching advent of so handsome and taking an old-world acquaintance of hers. She cast a look in which there was a good deal of surprise mingled with a little displeasure, as I thought, at my reticence, and then bowing to Markham, said,

"I had heard from papa that Mr. Markham was in the country, but did not expect the pleasure of a visit from him at Wensley."

"I had no intention of intruding myself upon Miss Allerton," said Harry, a little discomposed, but a good deal *miffed*, "but missing of my friend Osborne at the parsonage" (with rather a savage look at my right arm, which was now relieved from its recent duty, and was supporting hers), "I took the liberty of walking over here to find him, and at the same time to pay my respects to Colonel and Miss Allerton."

"Papa and I will be always happy to see the friends of Mr. Osborne," Eleanor returned rather stiffly; "and, if you please, we will return into the house, and I will send for him."

It is barely possible that Markham would have dispensed with this last attention; but he could not well refuse it, and so he turned and walked along with us.

"Are you quite well, Miss Allerton?" he presently inquired. "I am afraid you have met with some accident, just now," looking at the scarlet stain on her ivory skin. "Have you fallen?"

"A slight accident," she replied, putting her hand to her lip, "of no consequence at all. A little cold water will put it all to rights again."

There was no time for further speech, for we were now in the parlor. Eleanor, after ringing the bell and ordering her father to be called, went up stairs to her dressing-room to wash away the bloody witness from her face. My curiosity was well aroused, as may be well supposed, to learn the relations of my new friend and my cousins; but I had no time for inquiry, as the alert step of the Colonel was heard approaching, at the same time almost that her light foot was over the other threshold. He entered with his usual open and cordial face of hospitality, that ever beamed upon the stranger within his gates. As the shades of evening were beginning to prevail, he had actually grasped the hand of Markham before he saw who he was. When he discerned his visitor's

face, the expression of his own changed as suddenly as did that of the landscape under the thundercloud to whose good offices I had owed my first introduction to Woodside. The pressure of his hand was checked in mid-grasp, and that of his visitor dropped after no prolonged salutation. His air was pervaded with a perfectly courteous but thoroughly frigid tone, enough, I am sure to have turned me into an icicle, had I been the object of it. I really pitied poor Markham, though I was not regarding him just then with absolute complacency. I saw that more had passed between him and the Allertons in England, than he had chosen to intimate to me, and I would have given Whitefoot, and boot besides, to any body that could tell me how it all was. But there was no apparent danger of my being led into such a rashness. There was no one who could enlighten me on this side the Atlantic. But, stop! was there no one? There was Petchell. She must know all about it. But it would be base and ungentlemanlike to pry into the secrets of my hospitable cousins in that kind of way! So it would. But, on the whole, I am rather glad that I had no opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* intercourse with "Machiavel the waiting-maid," about that time.

The salutations over, as above described, Colonel Allerton waved us to seats, and then took a chair himself. He first made civil inquiries after Markham's family, which being satisfied, he then proceeded,

"I did not expect the pleasure of seeing you in America when we parted in London."

"I did not then anticipate visiting this country," said Markham, "but circumstances have made it seem important to me to come hither,—though I may have overestimated their urgency."

"Indeed," replied the Colonel, rather dryly, though very politely, "I had no idea that Mr. Henry Markham's affairs were of such pressing moment. I hope they will arrange themselves to his satisfaction."

"I hope, sir," he returned, "that I shall accomplish the purpose of my journey, though it was not undertaken for my own benefit, and I do not expect either gratitude or reward for what I came to attempt."

"That would be a pity," answered Colonel Allerton, a little sub-acidulously, "and perhaps it would have been well to have considered how far your services were likely to be regarded by your clients, before you volunteered them in their cause. Working for others for nothing, and without their desire, is not the way

to become Lord Chancellor, Mr. Markham. But, then, I know nothing of the nature of your affairs," he added in a courteous tone.

"I do not defend the wisdom of my conduct," said Markham, in a tone of deeply mortified feeling, "but I am sure of its motive, and as I hope for no recompense, I hope I may be forgiven if I have been fool enough to throw away my own time and pains, looking not for my own gain."

"That, sir," replied the Colonel, with cool politeness, "is a question which you alone can decide, as you alone know what your plans are. But you will pardon me if, as an old man, I advise you, a very young one, to direct your chief attention in affairs to those with which you are thoroughly acquainted, and in which you have a legitimate call to assist."

Markham was evidently much hurt by the words and manner of his host, though I could see no reason why. Of course, I knew that more was meant than met my ear, but that was small comfort to me. He made no reply except a bow, by no means as easy and *déagé* as those I had seen him make in the drawing-rooms about Boston. But just then Miss Allerton reappeared, calm and composed as ever, and forthwith rang for lights and tea. The conversation was not very well sustained after this event, the three others being, apparently, thinking of something besides what they were saying, and I as busily engaged in thinking what that something could be. I was rather too fast in saying that Eleanor's manner was as calm and composed as ever. It was plain to me, on the close though guarded observation to which I subjected her, that she was making a strong effort to appear as if it were. But there was a little tremor in the hands as she took her cup of tea, and a careful avoidance of Markham's eye, which soon recovered courage enough to go in search of hers, which I saw plainly enough, and which, though it was none of my business, I did not like at all.

For the first time since I had visited at the Allertons', and often as I had partaken of the fragrant decoction of Cathay in their company, the elements of that most social of meals (some people prefer breakfast, but I am always sulky and savage then) were dispensed from a circumambulatory tray, instead of resting on a solid, steadfast tea-table. It was, in short, what some opprobriously, but justly, style a *lap-tea*, an institution which I detest and execrate. I must confess to a secret sense of exultation when I have seen a clumsy boy upset a cup of tea over the glossy silk

of the lady of the house, or drop a slice of bread and butter—"and always on the buttered side"—upon the puffy pile of her Wilton or Axminster carpet. It must have been a "lap-tea" at which Belinda assisted on the fatal day of the Rape of the Lock, only it was before dinner, and was coffee and not tea. For what did the Sylphs think it necessary to do?

"Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
Trembling and conscious of the rich brocade."

Now there would have been no such need of this anxiety, if her (*I beg pardon, "la reine d'Espagne n'a point des jambes,"*) if her *lap* had been safely ensconced under the mahogany. What wonder then, that, while thus engaged, the relentless Baron should have left the envied tress

"From the fair head forever and forever!"

I am the more zealous to maintain the integrity of the tea-table, as an occasional slight fit of the gout (entirely hereditary) compels me, though so young a man, to forego prolonged sessions after dinner. But this is aside from the stately march of my narrative.

I drew one inference from this innovation on the customs of Woodside, which was, that, though its character for hospitality was to be maintained, it did not think it necessary to be cordial. So after the tray had made its third and last round, I ordered my horse and took my leave. Markham, though he had come on foot, departed with me, and with no entreaties to the contrary to resist. The Colonel and Eleanor bade him good night very civilly, but they threw even more than their usual cordiality into their manners towards me. I was not flattered by it, this time, nor yet was poor Markham, for we both understood it well enough. He walked alongside of me with his hand on the saddle (Whitefoot walked remarkably fast and well), and I accompanied him to Grimes's door. He said but little and I not much more, as it was impossible to say what I wanted to say. He showed no disposition to make me his confidant, and I was none the nearer plucking out the heart of this mystery, supposing it had one, than when I first suspected its existence. Arrived at the Major's, I resolutely declined Markham's invitation, and the more earnest if less disinterested urgency of the host himself; to partake of a mug of flip or a rummer of punch, as a safeguard against the night air. Facing this enemy without this infallible spell against its perils, I put my horse up to his speed, his hoofs making their course by a continuous line of sparkles, and the bridge returning a hollow

road, heard far through the village, as he galloped over it. A very brief time sufficed to bring us to the parsonage, and to Jasper.

The next morning at breakfast, as I was telling Mr. Bulkley the particulars of Markham's visit to Woodside, only suppressing, as is usually the case with most human communications, what was most characteristically essential to them, and he was listening eagerly to my narration, Jasper entered with a more important countenance than usual, looking as if he had something to say, too. When I had done my story, the parson turned to Jasper and said:

"Who was that in the wagon I saw you talking with, just now? Any body to see me?"

"No, sir," replied Jasper, "it was only Jehiel Abbot from Jericho," (meaning, not the ancient city of that name, at which unscrupulous moderns, why I know not, are apt to wish troublesome things and persons; but a remote school-district so christened by common consent), "he says there's a scrape up there, sir."

"Scrape! what scrape? What d'ye mean?" interrogated the divine.

"Why, he says, sir," answered Jasper, "that old Captain Hunt swears that his daughter Lukey Ann shan't marry Jeremiah Adams, no how. And she's taking on dreadful, he says, sir."

"Not marry Jeremiah," exclaimed the minister, "what's the meaning of that? Were not the banns stuck up in the Meeting-house porch, last Sabbath?"

"Yes, sir," responded Jasper, "I saw the folks reading 'em, and I looked over Pete Spicer's shoulder, and they was there, sir."

"Well, then, what's the matter with the Captain?" inquired his master, "what has Jeremiah done?"

"Nothing, sir, hasn't Jeremiah," replied the man, "it's Squire Enoch, his father, that the Captain's mad with. It's something about the right to drive his cattle over Hog's Neck down to Rocky Valley to pasture. The Captain fenced in Hog's Neck into his Nineteen Acre lot, and the Squire broke the fence down, and said he'd as much right to go over the Neck, as the Captain had to go over the road to meeting."

"Oho," said the parson, "it's the old quarrel about the right of way over Hog's Neck, is it? The land on Hog's Neck," he proceeded, addressing himself to me, and laughing as he spoke, "is worth about three cents an acre, and that of Rocky Valley is worth full three cents less. I thought I had patched up that trouble a

long while ago. So it's broken out afresh, you say, Jasper?"

"Worse than ever, sir," Jasper said, "the Captain said he'd shoot the Squire if he touched the fence again, and the Squire told him to fire away, and pulled it down the next morning. Then the Captain swore he'd sue him, and the Squire told him to sue and be. —"

"Never mind that part of it," interrupted the minister, laughing, "and the upshot of the matter is that the match is off between pretty Susy Hunt and Jerry Adams, is it?"

"So the Captain says, and the Squire too; but Jehiel says, Jerry says he won't stand it, and he'll marry her whether or no," said Jasper.

"There's a fine fellow!" rejoined the minister, rubbing his hands complacently, for he took the interest of a girl in all the marrying and giving in marriage in Wensley; "he ought to be kicked, though, if he didn't say so. But I must try and hinder any breach of discipline, if I can. Things had better be done decently, and in order. So the Captain says he'll sue, does he?"

"He swears he will," replied Jasper, "and Jehiel was to stop at Grimes's, and tell the stage to call round this afternoon, as he's going to lawyer Pratt at Haverford about it."

"Merciful goodness!" exclaimed the minister, half in jest, but a full half in earnest, "if he has gone that length it is time for me to step in, to be sure. Lawyer Pratt in Wensley! That must be hindered at any rate. I can have no such wolf as that among my lambs. Jasper, get my horse ready, and I'll see after it, at once."

"Hadrn't you better take mine, sir," said I, "he will carry you to the field of action the sooner."

"No, no, I thank you," he replied, shaking his head, "I'll stick to my old friend as long as he lasts, for I'm afraid I should not stick to your new one. I served in the infantry, you know, and was Brigade Major for only two campaigns. And, by the way, as you will want to see your friend to-day, I'll grant you a furlough from actual service for that time. Bring him to dinner with you, if he will come."

* With these words the brisk old man mounted his old horse, as if he had been a charger smelling the battle afar off (and perhaps he did), and shambled away upon him in the direction of Jericho. His taking the field thus promptly against the threatened invasion of lawyer Pratt, was, as I had already learned, only a part of the established policy of his realm. He seemed to have erected himself into a high court of justice within its limits, and for

many years had judged without appeal in the controversies which would sometimes arise among his parish. Such a thing as a suit at law was unheard of within the memory of the middle-aged section of the Wensleyans. It is needless to say that such a state of things was unpropitious to the prospects of the noble profession of the law. It was many years since the last suckling practitioner who had ventured to occupy the little square office, between the grocer's shop and the meeting-house (built by Mr. Remington, the predecessor of the Allertons at Woodside, away back in the last century,—literally before the year one); it was many years, I say, since Eliphalet W. Peabody, now M. C. for the twenty-ninth district of Ohio, fled to the western wilderness, as it was then, from before the face of fate, of starvation, and of parson Bulkley. The office had been for more than a quarter of a century converted (or perverted) into the primary school-house of the first district, presided over in my time by Miss Lucinda Jane Sparhawk (now Mrs. Judge Wilkinson, of Bytown), who was not a bad-looking girl neither.

But I may as well mention, *à propos* to the tender griefs of Jeremiah and Lukey, as recounted by Jasper, that there was another troubler of the peace than law, about which the good parson took an active interest, whenever it applied to any of his parishioners, and that was—love. Though a bachelor past hope for many years, he was a great promoter of matrimony. He had a sharp eye for a love affair, and when he approved of the connection he was an invaluable auxiliary.

(To be continued.)

TO LET.

IT always has a melancholy look—that little white paper sign with black letters on it. It is a sort of hatchment that throws a house into mourning at once. Be it from beside your own door that its ugly face stares boldly at you, and it reminds you that your house (that *ought* to be your castle), is to undergo worse than a siege—a sack—being carried by assault repeatedly every day for weeks; the whole to be finished off at last by that hideous rout—that panic—moving day! Or it is on the outside of a myriad of other people's doors, to the utter confounding of you the tired house-hunter—conscious, as you are, that each entrance is guarded (like that of the enchanter's

Many was the match to which he had smoothed the way, and many was the course of true love of which he had cleared away the impediments that hindered it from running smooth. To look at, he did not seem to be a much properer person to trust a love-tale to, than Cato himself. But there was nothing stoical about him, and he was so well understood, that the young people of the town were as ready to confide their difficulties in this sort to him as to any of their contemporaries. They were sure of a tender and active interest in their affairs, which scarcely ever failed to bring them to a happy conclusion, if they deserved such an ending. In short, he was in himself a parliament of love, as well as a high court of justice for the domain of Wensley. And he bore his faculties meekly as well as absolutely, so that no one complained of him,—the very Trajan or Antonine of village despots. I thought I could observe that he had composed a little sort of romance in his own mind, of which Eleanor Allerton and I were chief characters. But I rather felt than saw it, as he abstained from any demonstrative interference or intimation of it, with the most scrupulous delicacy. So scrupulous was he, indeed, that I should have found it hard to get an opportunity to tell him what our relations to each other really were. But if I could, I wonder whether I should have done it! It is odd what satisfaction we find in this world of ours, not only in our own delusions (what should we be without them!) but also in the delusions of others about us.

cave in every legitimate romance of chivalry), by a dragon; and that each dragon "don't know the rent," and "don't show the house" at any time when you can possibly come and see it. It's a sign of the times—the hard times, that are always existing with somebody—and you may see, in one of its varieties of development, a painful effort of Mrs. Somebody to help pay expenses. "A part of this house to Let," is carefully written and pasted up, and left till washed down by rain and wind. Or, look at it as a yearly eruption, breaking out in pale blotches on the face of the city; a symptom of its great chronic disease, *homelessness*. May-day is a sort of pass-

over. It is an annual sacrifice, and the "lintel and the side posts" are besprinkled, as with hyssop (an herb of bitterness); and the Exodus comes after it, too, all regularly. But it isn't lambs, but Lares, that we sacrifice. Wherever it appears, "To Let" is a melancholy little object. You never see it on the door of a dram-shop, and very rarely, alas! on a druggist's! They are always successful. They "grow by what they feed on," and not only that, but what they feed on grows by them! Beside playing into each other's hands, they play back into their own; for it is "doubted by some," if disease or thirst is much diminished by the one or the other. Drams and Drugs, Drugs and Drams. What an oddly fit alliteration they make with many dreary words for things dreaded!

On the closed shutters of a little shop the words of our text have their most touching significance to me. To most people the placard probably conveys no idea at all. Some occasionally give it a passing thought, as being bad grammar for "to be let," because some old foggy grammarian has called it so, some where or other, forgetting that it might be synecdoche, for "(I have) this house to let." But not so to the, alas! too sympathizing view of the unfortunate party hereto. To me it says, "here is some bold stroke for an honest living turned out a failure. Here is some brave, good heart and hope snubbed, and driven back again to where it started from."

We, who go to and fro on the earth, and walk up and down in it, get to have a sort of instinct in the prognostication of good and evil results of efforts to get money. Ask any wholesale merchant down town, how many of his bad debts were not made against his will—were not the fruit of credits made on the strength of reasons the debtor gave rather than of the impressions he made—then make an ample allowance for the bias inevitable in humanity's self-retrospect; and, after all, you will find an astonishing confirmation of the theory of first impressions. Well do I remember when that window to which the hatchment is affixed, was first uncovered, some months ago, showing that little lot of goods arranged with such anxious care, and that excited, smiling face waiting for the customers that didn't come! I saw in a moment a prospective recipient of my sympathy, and my sensibility gloated over the banquet preparing for it. Just so when my friend Fanfarron came to me, to borrow the fifty dollars to help him to get up the Exhibition of the Dancing of all Nations (in connection with that of the

other Industry of ditto), offering his violin as security; I knew so well the thing wouldn't go, that it was hardly a confirmation, to my mind, when I afterwards heard him tell its history—what superhuman exertions he made to get it fairly started—how he took up the carpet, and prepared the rooms with his own hands—how as many as fifty people came, several of whom he did not remember having given free tickets to—and how the Dancing Dervish (who was to start the Course of twenty evenings), didn't come—how he had to supply the place himself as well as he could, and how trying it was, considering his previous exertions, and his having to play the violin at the same time—and how every thing was prepared for the second evening, the D. D. having been kept sober by his walking round arm-in-arm with him from 12 o'clock, M.—and how nobody came. The philosophic *naïveté* and good-nature with which Fanfarron told all this, to a lot of ladies and gentlemen, showed how little a taint of practicality was necessary to make him a useful member of society, as he was always an ornament. But he'll never make any money. He's the soul of honesty. The next day he sent me down the violin in a green box, with a bow, rosin, extra strings, and all complete—but he'll never make any money. Without being able to tell what he lacked, no business-man would trust him ten dollars for ten days, after having as many minutes conversation with him.

But he must not be confounded with our shop-keeper: not at all. Fanfarron was as unconcerned as possible. It would hardly be doing him justice to say that he bore it with fortitude. He didn't *have to*. He was as philosophical about it as the young lady my cousin tells about; who "came out," but not receiving any attention *went in* again. He came out, made his failure, and went in again; and was quite consistently jolly under the circumstances. Even my greedy pity could not commiserate him. But the poor shop-keeper in question furnished it a hearty meal. It almost forgot its old phase of wanting to go in and buy all his most unsaleable things. For the first day or two, as I made one of the quick downward stream that holds the walk from eight to nine, my mind's ear heard, often repeated half aloud to himself, "Wait till the sign is up. Wait till the sign is up." He goes on saying so after it *is* up, from habit. There are no bodily ears to hear him. The public "goes it blind" into the store that's too rich and proud to wear a sign, although his name looked so attractive to him when he saw it in its place, as a sort

of filling out of his darling plan for getting a business, that he could scarcely take his eyes off it, and jokingly asked the carpenter, when he took him in to pay him (out of the ten dollars' worth of silver he had bought for convenience of making change), if he wasn't afraid the public would admire it too much to lose sight of it long enough to buy any thing! Then "Every body's out of town, every body's out of town," was the burden of the war-song sung by his hopes to intimidate his fears, and keep himself in heart till the cooler weather should set in. I saw what a forlorn hope it was!

One morning I found myself going down without a handkerchief. "Now it would *not* be nonsense to do myself the pleasure of buying something of him. Of course I couldn't go all day without one." But I felt such a fluttering of joy as I neared the place where my scanty purse was to pay him for something, that I half suspected myself of having forgotten the handkerchief on purpose! But I had no excuse to buy any thing else, though he was evidently so much in hopes of it. He told me, quite unnecessarily, that he would be very happy to send home any thing I would buy, though he could not before evening, as his boy was so very busy during the day carrying out bundles, that his time was entirely taken up. Poor fellow! What terribly undignified straits you are reduced to by your false position! This was a fabrication he had prepared to say to the public to conceal the fact that he meant to take the purchases home himself, after he had shut up the shop in the evening. It was all of a piece with his opening very early in the morning, so that the public might not know that he took down his own shutters and swept the walk.

He was an ugly fellow—not young, and of a pock-marked, flat face, and he didn't even look kind. That mythical boy, if he had had flesh and bones, might very probably have had to run the former off the latter, if the business had been brisk, without even fair wages. Who can tell what effect fretting in forced idleness may have on the more manly feelings? But it did not make a bit of difference in my unthinking sympathy with him when I represented that fact to myself. The utter absence of all personal claims only made my pity for the unhappiness of the situation the more self-consistent and overbearing. I don't want to give this characteristic too much importance, as if it were an idiosyncrasy. The fatuity of throwing the feelings into the weakest and least attractive of any two sides (and the weaker the side the stronger the instinctive

espousal), has always been a part and parcel of my character, but it is far from uncommon; and among children it is very frequently met with. (I believe "The Ugly Duck" is the most attractively named story ever written for children.) But we who do so are not the people who prevail;—who carry matters with a high hand in the world.

Well: this digression has given our hero time to go on a little longer, and get a little more discouraged. One morning I saw a real boy in front of his store. He was only a new expedient. He was giving away, or trying to give away, a little paper with a few lines, requesting the public to "stop," &c. I meant at first to cross over and pass by on the other side, but when I saw how he was watching the distribution of the new leaves put forth by his tree of hope, and how mortified he was to see people go by it as if it were as bare of foliage as a telegraph-pole, I was glad I had not been so foolish. He couldn't see how little difference it made whether his paper said "stop" or "go on"—how his leaves were scattered as if by an autumn wind, whitening the sidewalk for half a block below. *His tree should have had root in the ground*: the significance of which we'll see presently.

This made me feel melancholy; but when I happened once to look at the newspaper wrapper of a bundle I was carrying, and saw a little advertisement of his, with a few cabalistic letters at the bottom, which showed my experienced eye that he had paid for its insertion every other day for two weeks; and when I saw that it was a great daily paper in which this was dead and buried and forgotten, I dropped a tear on its grave!

The Public! A crowd, as part of which one does, with a hearty good will, the opposite of what he would do, with a hearty good will, alone! A perpetual anomaly! A mass of singularities—of time-honored and well understood phenomena! It is, of course, unreasonable and illogical, recklessly inconsistent—headstrong and unreliable—despising thunderbolts and tickled by straws; for it is a giant to attack and a shadow to be retaliated upon, and all its characteristics are the legitimate embodiments of *irresponsible power*.

If this man were to tumble down and thump his head, so that he couldn't get up again, the public would do *any thing* for him—gather by hundreds—act just as his faint voice desired it—lift him gently to a druggist's who would attend him gratis; shutting his doors against all trade, to keep out the unwelcome crowd, anxious to pity his bodily pain. But during his

long weeks of the more exquisite pain of deferred hope, the public would pass him by, and stream into the shop of his neighbor, the monopoly, each waiting his turn to buy of the enviable what the pitiable was so anxious to sell!

What a terrible death is that of a good swimmer in a smooth, boundless sea! It is a parallel to the case of a man who has muscles and bones fit for sowing and reaping, pulling and pushing; but who is slowly being ruined, because he is in a place where success does not depend on them, and failure is not to be averted by them. This man, who has nothing or less than nothing, ought to be thin with the working off of every superfluous particle, instead of with indigestion—ought to go to bed every night weary with toil, and richer by one day's wages than he got up; instead of sleepless from lack of exercise and anxiety at the thought that he was just one day's rent more in debt than he was in the morning! Suppose there were some physical way of getting custom. Suppose *the public* were like steel, (verily, it is in some ways!) and could be magnetized, or could be attracted by electricity, and he had a battery, of which the cylinder could be turned by a treadmill under the counter; how the perspiration would pour from his anxious forehead, while he plied his weary legs to gain his object!

Poor fellow! Why cannot your eyes be opened to see that the sweat of your brow would bring your bread, if it were shed where it would drop into a *furrow*? There the libation would be a direct appeal to generous mother Earth! "If Alexander had been holding the plough, he never could have run his friend Clitus through with a spear," said the school-fellow of Coleridge, in illustration of the advantages of agriculture. If you had been holding the plough, neither you nor the poor woman across the way, your rival in trade, would have been transfixed with the spear of bankruptcy. You both were certain to fail, where one might possibly have succeeded.

On a rough calculation, one-third of the world can live, in these labor-saving times, without working with their hands—without actually digging and delving, and constructing. On a rough calculation two-thirds are trying to, at this moment; and without any calculation, it is what three-thirds hope for, for themselves or their children. I can't say that I have any vivid expectation of seeing, during the month that gives its name to this number, the outlets of all the cities crammed with households, moving away; the manufactories besieged with professional men de-

sirous of going back to manual labor: or to hear of all the government lands in that great white place marked "Indian Tribes," on the map, being taken up by authors, poets, &c., seeking to establish a more natural state of things, by trying to grow wheat and wool. (Fifteen years ago such visions *really* accompanied the setting down of my ideas.) Men might sometimes be induced by a realizing sense of these things, to change their plans for themselves or their sons: they *might*, I say, except that every one who took the back track, would make it less necessary for the rest to do so—and in that case, it is not in human nature for any one to stir a step.

Still I have such an infinite commiseration for the misery of such failures, that I am impelled to make a sort of modern Cassandra of myself, by giving warnings that nobody will heed. This feeling is to my mind what a palsy would be to my body; sending it about shaking its feeble head as if it were saying "No, no, no, no, no," for ever, to the all-pervading hope of making a fortune. As for the reverse of the picture—the landscape side—it is perfectly fascinating to me. I never read or hear of farmers' efforts and successes—of intercalary crops, gigantic turnips, and cows like the Distributing Reservoir—but I feel like flying to soil-tilling at any hazard. But alas, it's too late for me. I shall never have but one farm;—a little one, six feet by two, which I shall enrich, but not cultivate.

Go delve, my friend; go delve. Sell off your stock at auction—pay your note—buy an acre of ground near the city—subscribe for an agricultural paper, and raise fresh vegetables for our ruinously-high-priced market. Set out, intending to work all your life, and you'll find yourself less likely to be disappointed. I'll come to your auction, and bid for things; in which case I know they'll bring exorbitant prices—they always do. But don't let that induce you to stay in town and buy another stock of things to sell at another auction. If you do I will send something to be sold at the same time, and then every thing will be sacrificed,—it always is. No, no. If you have any good luck, consider it a premium on going away, or it will only be turned to ill luck on the long run. The only way I can ever induce myself to turn a deaf ear to the demands of a street-musician, (O that his *music* could be treated as cavalierly!) is by reminding myself that any thing I give him goes to hire him to continue the administering of that dispensation with which Providence has intrusted him:—to persist in the unphilosophic effort to make

a living as private tutor to a monkey and public tooter of a barrel-organ—which is one of the edifices I should like to see “to let,” and I wish people could let it—alone.

If there is a place mankind are insanely fond of going to, it is the one where there are too many already. What wise showman ever provides plenty of room for his audience? Who would go to Saratoga, if he could get as many apartments as he wanted without trouble or paying exorbitant prices? But to come back to our efforts to get the shopkeeper out of the city—which we ply with as much public spirit as the inhabitants of many a poor township do to furnish some pauper family money to “return to their friends.”—Only think of the hopelessness of the thing. Every one of those miles of stores we pass every day, must sell *ten dollars* worth of goods during that day to pay *rent alone* honestly out of the profits! that poor Frenchwoman opposite our hero included, who looks across at him with such natural bitterness. Her shop is doomed to be let, too. She is the very genius of a shopkeeper, tasteful, ignorant and ladylike. What a pity it is they both got into one little boat that would have done very well for her alone! She is less pitiable than he on some accounts, for she is not sinking with a sense of unemployed power; but when they have both stopped, what a difference there is in his favor!

We must keep it a secret from him that it is partly on her account that we want him to give up at once; but only see what a desperate case hers is! What shall she do? God bless me! what *can* she do, that's honest! Only run over the ways that people have, to make money, and tell me which is open to her. Can she teach? Preposterous! Can she sew? Ask the shirt-makers. She can make shirts at eight cents apiece, but she can't make any thing by it—*except* shirts. The shop is the very best place for her as it is the very worst for him. In the country he would eat more, and talk more, and think more; aye, and read more, too. There his vote would be worth more, and so would his citizenship, and those of his posterity—because there would be more of them, if for no other reason. Like Antæus, he would gain strength by each contact with his mother Earth; but like Hercules, the city lifts him off his feet and strangles him. What a taste men have for trying to get up in the world; even if it is leaving their footing to hang on by their eyelids!

Public! It is one of your characteristics to be moved by small things to do great ones—be moved by my adjuration to decide the matter thus:

The man shall work with his hands.

The monopoly shall be “to let.”

The woman shall keep the shop.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-JESUIT.

NUMBER THREE.

VISITING Auburn State Prison once with a party of friends, a lady, suddenly impressed with the severity of solitary confinement, exclaimed, “How terrible it must be for a young man to be cut off for ten, twenty years, or life itself, from all female society!”

“I do not think it very terrible,” was my reply. “I spent nearly twelve years as completely cut off as they, and yet you will hardly accuse me of being a misogynist.”

I begin with this preamble, because I sat down to write, my indignation was excited against the sex in general and particular. My book-case is locked, and I want Gresset's poems; plagiarists, that is to say, book thieves, have compelled me to lock myself out. My sister has the key: and when I call out: “Sis! give me Gresset's poems:” she refuses point blank. “You cannot have it, Henry; you are not

writing about nuns and I am. Wait till I show you my “Convent life by a nun that wore the white veil, but would not take the black one.” “Well! show me that some other time. Gresset was a Jesuit, you know, and I want to make some allusions to his work.” Vain was expostulation.

The sex, whose chief perfection lies
In strangely odd perversities,

will have their own way, and I was forced to do without Gresset, but she gave me Frai Gerundio, a Spanish satire by a Spanish Ex-Jesuit. Gresset left the Society, but the Society left Isla. Of them more anon.

This idea of seclusion deserves some development here, and I may, perhaps, in explanation, give some incidents to show how the life fled would make solitary confinement no very terrible hardship.

I had brought you, dear reader, down

to recreation time, and supposing that as we proceed to the garden the father-master beckons to me, and says, "A relative wishes to see you in the parlor, Brother!" "May I go?" is my reply. "Yes, take Brother Lecompte as a companion," and we go to the parlor, where said Brother Lecompte sits like a statue stern and cold, and I endeavor to put my visitor at ease, which, should it prove to be a lady, will be next to impossible. The perpetual presence of a third person renders a visit on both sides such a bore that few young Jesuits are much troubled in that way. Beyond female relatives, visits would be directly discouraged. Nor do the Jesuits themselves ever visit: they never leave the house without a companion, even for a short distance, or on business. Whenever the Jesuit mingles with strangers, he has a witness of his actions; from the young novice receiving a visitor in the parlor, to the priest who goes to hear the confession of the dying. In the latter case the companion places himself so as to see but not to hear.

As the reader may imagine this intercourse with the world without is such a bore, that most renounce it entirely, and seclusion becomes as complete as that of a prisoner at Auburn. However, there is some enjoyment in accompanying a priest of the society to the various hospitals, convents, schools, and other establishments, which have chapels, where mass is said. The breakfast served up to the father is always rather better than usual, and fruits and other delicacies are not spared. The companion comes in for his share. Gresset (for, after all, I did not mention him apropos of nothing) had a sweet tooth, it must be avowed: and had the reputation of loving cakes and pastry so well as sometimes to outwit the pantler and carry off a supply. It happened once that a father going to say mass at a visitation convent, took Gresset as his companion; after mass they were conducted to a little room beside the parlor, where the table was spread out most temptingly; Gresset, marking a roguish look in the Mother Superior's eyes, resolved to do violence to his appetite, and refuse his usual dainties. Perceiving this in the course of the breakfast, she quizzed him as unmercifully as a lively nun can do, who, seldom finding objects to play off her wit upon, seizes a new comer with a most merciless grasp. Gresset vowed revenge, and on his return, composed his inimitable and incomparable poem of Vert-vert. Vert-vert is a pet parrot in a visitation convent, and the nuns are satirized so keenly in the playful story of the life and death of this pet, that an application

was made to the government to stop the circulation of the witty poem. Many of his touches were doubtless scenes in his own life, or novitiate, and I always shrewdly suspected that the nun who made her meditation in Racine was Gresset himself.

Frai Gerundio (pardon the excursion) is a Spanish satire on the preachers of the last century. The hero is a Dominican, and this work, like Vert-vert, is a satire the more charming, as the writers composed their works "avec pleine connaissance du cause," and unactuated by any polemical bias. One caper of Gerundio's is worth telling. Like the real Gresset, our pretended friar novice was a not unfrequent, though unbidden visitor at the pantry, but he had such an Oliver Twist face, and was so regular at his devotional exercises, that the novice-master was deaf to the pantler's accusations. Gerundio had not been caught *flagrante delicto*, and matters went on. One day, as Gerundio was on his way to the novice-master's room, to give an account of the pious thoughts which he had experienced during meditation, he passed the pantry; a basket of eggs stood temptingly by; quick as thought he seized several, and thrusting them into the capacious bosom of his habit, proceeded demurely on. When he had, with many a sigh, recounted to his superior his spiritual progress, the good old father was so charmed, that, in true continental manner, he pressed his young and fervent disciple to his breast. Lo! there was a crackling sound, and see below the white woollen habit streams a yellowish tide, very like an incipient omelet. The murder is out: the novice-master stands aghast; the pantler's accusations are, then, all true. Our wag was not, however, disconcerted. Heaving a deep sigh *imo ab pectore*—"Alas!" he exclaimed, "my pious fraud is discovered. Dear Father, last night the thought of my sins so roused my ire against my worthless body, that I applied the discipline to my shoulders so vigorously that they are now one livid bruise, raw and weltering. Fearing that if you knew my excess you would deprive me of that instrument of mortification, I was about to prepare a dressing for them to avoid discovery." The story took, the old man's eyes brightened, and again pressing his fervent novice to his breast he sent him on his way. Among the young Jesuits I have met many a one capable of such a piece of waggery, true successors of old Ribadaneira, who, in his novice days, was famed for leaping on the shoulders of any novice or scholastic, who happened to be before him on the stairs. One day, towards nightfall, as he was going down the

steps of the professed house, he saw one before him whom he mistook for a fellow-novice; he made his leap, but, to his surprise found himself seated on the shoulders of Loyola himself. His boyish capers are now forgotten, he is known as the author of voluminous works, in which his powers of belief are so extensive, that, in his own day, wits changed his name into *Badinera*! (silly tales.)

But, reader, you may wish to go to recreation; well, let us hurry to the garden, but observe the rules of modesty, which decree that our walk be slow, quiet and noiseless, "*nisi necessitas urget*." Now, though brought up under the unheraldic banner of Freedom, yclept the Stars and Stripes, I had never realized taking regularly a portion of each day for recreations talking or walking, unless, indeed, after supper. Even this was rare with me; as a student I read hard, as they say in England; and, when I entered the novitiate, this period of recreation was to me insufferable. The novices divide off in trios: tête-à-têtes are discouraged, as leading to a sort of party spirit, partiality, criticism, &c. If, during the recreation, one of a party of three is called off, the two must find a third, or part and join other groups. This of course is at first rather unpleasant, but we can get used to any thing. On certain days, especially Thursdays and holidays, these bands are not formed, and novices group as they please, and such restrictions are not in use at all, except in the novitiate.

Not even conversation is exempt from rule. A general congregation,* as the kind of Senate of the Society is called, once appointed Father Jerome Nadal to lay down in a summary form the proper subjects for the conversation of religious men; he drew up his list, it was approved, and is held up to the novices for observation. The last, which begins "*De aliis rebus*" and afforded a pretty fair margin, was most to my taste, and, it must be confessed that my æsthetic ideas seemed to be rather generally in vogue.

As a novice, this time of recreation was, as I have said, one extremely tedious; but when from an indolent novice I became a teacher or a student—when, after my hours of teaching or deep close application to philosophy, and especially my favorite

mathematics, my whole frame was exhausted and my mind needed relief, then indeed, the most insignificant conversation with others, for a time, was a relief, and well prepared the mind to resume its application. Loyola was aware, by experience, of the injury done the nervous system by too long continued serious application. Besides enjoining on all, from motives of health, some corporal labor, as making their beds, sweeping their room, occasional attendance at table, he expressly enjoins that no one shall study for more than two hours at a time. Warren in his Law Studies, if I am not mistaken, advises the student after a certain time given to study, to get up and give the mind some complete diversion, as for instance, counting the tiles on a neighboring roof. The celebrated and learned Jesuit Petan, or Petavius, observed the rule of his order in a similar way; when the two hours were up, he rose deliberately from his chair and as deliberately twisted the chair around half a dozen times on one leg, and then sat down to pore over his work. Another father, less celebrated, used then to send his pen flying across the room, go after it, and having complied with the rule, go to work again.

Let us now suppose recreation over: the bell rings, the bands break up: all return to the chapel and thence to their rooms, except the two who read and waited at table, who, having dined later, continue for half an hour with the lay-brothers.

It was not my day to read or wait, so that in a few moments I was at my table again. There lies a letter, amid a host of post-office stamps, round, and square, and rectangular, and truncated-rectangular, I can still discern the dear old stamp "*Philadelphia*." The seal is broken; letters to, or from a Jesuit, are first read by his superior. Had I been brought up in some Catholic college where the custom prevailed, I might have thought this nothing, but to me, with my American ideas, the sight of the broken seal sent a pang to my heart, every time that I received a letter. Time never dulled this feeling. But as I had embraced a system of belief not for any appendage, but for its reasonableness; so I entered the order in order to do good; I could submit to details.

The letter brings me tidings from my

* Talking of General Congregations reminds me of a very queer fact which occurred not many years since in France. Among the deputies who had assembled at Eome was one from England, not unknown in the United States. Returning through France he was seized in the inn of a small country town by a fit of apoplexy, and died before any relief could be procured. From motives of precaution he bore no papers to explain his character, or profession, his passport was a perfect enigma, the lay brother who had accompanied him knew not a syllable of French, and all endeavors to ascertain anything from him were fruitless. In his endeavors to explain he frequently used the words General Congregation, and the French official at last caught at them as the name of the deceased, the *Maire* called on the Commandant of the troops, and it was resolved to bury with military honors the corpse of the English General Con. Grigerson. The resolution was carried out: to the amazement of the lay brother, the Good Father had a military funeral, and the self-satisfied *Maire* despatched to Paris—Louis XVIII. was king—an account of the whole affair, to show his zeal in keeping up a good understanding with England.

family, and after enjoying the luxury of hearing them speak, I think of replying. I must rise, whisper to the admonitor the place of my destination, and repair silently to the Father-master's room, to ask permission to answer the letter. This obtained, I return to my place and begin to write,—write perhaps what may never reach those I love. How measured are the words, how carefully are the thoughts weighed that nothing may bring condemnation. My letter ended, I leave the room as before, and place my unsealed letter in the Novice-master's hand. Will it go? I know not, and may never know.

This censorship of literary correspondence is not confined to the novitiate. Every Jesuit must submit his letters, and this rule has been more strictly observed from the constant attacks made on the order. The whole Society, by a kind of solidarity, is made in public opinion responsible for the expressions of each individual, and as "*Dicta volant sed scripta manent*," the Society endeavors to prevent any thing from passing the door of their houses which they may not defend as a body.

One class of letters alone is excepted, and this exception is in favor of personal freedom. No superior can open a letter to or from one in his house, from or to a higher superior. The intercourse between the humblest lay brother and his provincial, or the general, is sacred: And one who deems that his immediate superior is unfair to him, in any regard, may write freely, and any superior who violates his rule, loses all power of choosing or being chosen to office in the Society.

Our afternoon is like the morning. Rodriguez, manual labor, catechetical readings, a chapter in the *Imitation of Christ*, all interspersed with freetime, and closing with the beads, that is, the third part of the rosary, terminate the afternoon. Supper, with its recreation, bring us to a quarter past eight, when all assemble in the chapel for evening prayers. After this each prepares some matter for his morning meditation, examines his conscience, as in the morning, and at nine all are in bed.

Such is the day of the novice. Many of these exercises are obligatory on all members of the order, and need not be recurring to. These are the meditation, mass, exams, beads and evening prayers, with the recreations. The intervals are spent variously out of the novitiate; the scholastic student has his hours of class and study; the scholastic teacher his; the priest has his mass to say, his breviary to recite, his hours in the confessional,

his hours to visit the hospital, the prison or the galleys, or the sick, or ailing, who invoke his ministry; the preacher prepares for the pulpit; the professor, or literary man, is not idle. Each has labor, and devotes himself to it so entirely, that when changes take place from house to house, as constantly happens, little or no interruption occurs; the new comer enters: his duties are told him; he enters his room, begins his labors, if new, or continues them, if old, and few visitors would be able to distinguish one who had been in the house but a day from those who had been there for years.

We have described the day of a religious, and have said nothing of those instruments of mortification, which, to the imagination of the untutored, furnish as fearful an armory as the instruments of English workmanship and English material in the Tower of London, which were taken, the showman positively tells you, from the Spanish Armada. Now, in the order we are speaking of, there are, as the rules expressly declare, no obligatory acts of external mortification. Loyola thought far more of obedience, than of scourging, and preferred a member who would break his self-will, to one who would break his bones. Custom, however, has made it almost a rule that the discipline should be used in the novitiate twice a week, generally on Wednesdays and Fridays. When England, after a good sound thrashing, by penal laws, had discarded the Roman Church, many words commonly in use became obsolete with the majority of the people, and, as literature became theirs, are omitted in dictionaries. Such has been the fate of the word "*discipline*," which has, however, preserved its old meaning in the petty number of families in England that held out in their allegiance to the faith of Henry VIII. and his predecessors. Now, what is called a discipline, is,—pardon the expression,—a kind of cat-o'-nine-tails, made of cords, braided for the purpose, and furnished with various solid knots in the tails: a steel wire is sometimes inserted in the extremity, and the discipline is then said to be armed. To use it, the cassock and shirt are removed, and the person strikes alternately over the right and left shoulder. In the novitiate, the Admonitor gives the signal, to begin and to end.

The use of such means of penance is very old: we are not here, however, discussing any such matter. Suffice it to say, that they have at times met strong opponents, and quite recently Debreuge, one of the greatest medical men of France, now a monk of La Trappe, has written vigorously against the use of the disci-

pline. To nervous persons it cannot but be injurious. Other instruments of mortification, chains and hair shirts, are used by the fervent, when the superior will permit it.

Sunday is, to a great extent, like an ordinary day. The novices hear an early low mass, and attend neither high mass nor vespers. If a sermon is preached they go to hear it, and, in the afternoon, attend the ceremony commonly called the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The catechists on this day, as we have said, go in couples or trios to neighboring hamlets, to make their first essays in instructing and persuading.

Thursday is a day of relaxation, and, when the weather permits, is spent in walking. The most agreeable rambles of my life were amid the mountains of Switzerland, in the clear, bracing air, which prevent all fatigue. At every step the view changes as you advance; rocks constantly hide or reveal new charms in the valley below, and naught is constant but stern St. Bernard in the distance.

They have now resumed the ordinary life in the novitiate. At the time of the foundation of the order, the postulant was put to three tests, called the three experiments; and if he could not submit to these, it was vain to seek entrance. These were, a month spent in the kitchen, a month spent in the hospitals serving the sick, and a month spent on a pilgrimage, made of course without money.

Before taking these up, we may say something of the personal poverty of the members. They have, and can have, no money or property at their own disposal; they can give and receive nothing; leaving the house on a journey, they receive the necessary money, and, on reaching their destination, pay over the balance: on changing from house to house, they cannot take even their clothing without permission.

This is not the only effect of poverty. In Catholic countries, novices and professed fathers are frequently sent to beg, and every house has its stories of the queer mishaps which have befallen these mendicants. A young novice of a high family at Rome was once trudging along with his good-sized sack on his shoulders, when his brother espied him. Now, sooth to say, that brother of his would as soon have seen a beggar in earnest as a Jesuit. He looked around, and, to his huge glee, saw a baker drawing hot bread from his oven; throwing down a piece of money, "Here, good man," said he, "you see that novice: when he comes, be charitable, and fill his bag with your hottest, crispest bread." On this,

he stole out; and when the novice, whose modest, downcast eyes had prevented his seeing all this, came up, the baker called him, and, professing his great love for religious orders in general, and the Jesuits in particular, filled the bag as he had been directed. Our poor novice started; the weather was warm; the sack was a perfect oven; his right shoulder was soon fairly blistered; he changed it to the left, but all in vain; the tears were soon forced by pain from his eyes, as they were from his brother's by laughter. Throw the bread away he could not; it would be a fearful violation of holy poverty; and burn or no burn, on he went.

Freasks of this kind are so frequently played off, that the mere begging is nothing to the mortification occasioned by being made ridiculous.

"Nil habet paupertas durius in se
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit,"

might have been written by a poor novice instead of by an old pagan under the Roman commonwealth.

As to the experiments, that of the hospitals is now scarcely practicable; times have altered since the days of Loyola and Xavier: the kitchen still remains; and some, by no means all, are still put to the test. The pilgrimage in Catholic countries remains: but now all cannot enjoy this. At Rome the same spirit of humor rules in this as in many other of their exercises. A party of novices will be sent each with a letter to some clergyman in the suburbs, and each supposing it to contain directions as to the shrine to which he is to go. Many of them, however, like an April letter, request that the young man be sent back. Those who make the pilgrimage go in couples; for meals and lodging they rely entirely on the charity of the people; sometimes a surly old woman will refuse them a crust or a corner at night; but this is little. My pilgrimage was a delightful one to Our Lady of the hermits at Einsiedlen, the church in which Zuinglius officiated before he began to dogmatize. It was a famous shrine before his day, and is still visited by hordes of pilgrims, who come by villages, threading the rivers in their boats, and the roads with their regular files, always enlivened by music. The vacations of the schools yearly give rise to pilgrimages, and, if as pleasant as mine, must be agreeable indeed.

Such, reader dear, is some idea, new I hope, if much discursive, of life in the habit of Loyola.

My personal adventures, when my novitiate had ended, will now, if not too tedious, be offered to while away an idle hour.

THE ORCHESTRA: JULLIEN.

M. JULLIEN, like all innovators, is a man of mind. His powers are those of a leader. A leader in military life is a character which has, under the barbarisms thus far degrading every country, our own not excepted, been the man of all others who has claimed and received popular suffrages; and, up to this time, artists, savans, inventors, and projectors, have sneaked like lacqueys round his person, accepting his favors as an imperial master, or joining in the roar of a presidential election, when all the values and splendors of civic and intellectual service are cast rudely and contemptuously aside. The arts of peace have their leaders which require, to say the least, equal powers of direction with those of the field; and although the ignorant or the polite rabble may not recognize the fact, the qualities of a first-rate musical leader are as rare as those of the director of battles; requiring as much finesse, energy, endurance, comprehensiveness, action, diversity, as bloody heroism; to which must be added sensibility and romance, lyrical taste and feeling, that do not belong to the trade of havoc.

In assuming this rank for M. Jullien, we mean to be serious. We mean, simply and directly, to throw out hints, when necessary, to the reader, as to the real qualifications of lyrical leadership, and thus seek to extend a due appreciation of the intent and spirit of High Art.

Our notice shall give first some rough biographical details of M. Jullien's life: then, some account of the music which he plays; and to this we shall add a brief remark on the components of an orchestra, detailing the qualities, capacities, and combinations of the instruments, so far as is possible, with extremely limited means of musical notation. As many persons who read music never trouble their heads about an orchestra, a hasty analysis of one may neither be unprofitable nor uninteresting, but may superinduce a more positive consideration of the subject, as a noble entity, a great institution, a magnificent evidence of intellect and genius.

To begin with our narrative:—The father of M. Jullien was band-master in the Swiss guard prior to the French revolution. When his regiment was massacred, he was fortunate enough to evade the fate of his companions. Clearing the boundaries of France, he proceeded to Rome and became one of the pope's body-guard. He married there; so the subject of our notice is half Italian in his descent. In infancy our M. Jullien did not

like music; but at the age of nine years he showed such aptitude in singing that he was exhibited as a prodigy, by his father, in various provincial towns of the South of France. He lost his voice, however, and then took to the study of the violin. He very soon excelled on this, and played at concerts in Italy. His father afterward fixed himself at Marseilles, and, with his son, under the patronage of Admiral de Cigny, entered the fleet of the Levant, and took part in the battle of Navarino. Young Jullien subsequently enlisted as a soldier; so it would seem that his worldly affairs were not prosperous. His regiment being on the Piedmontese frontier, he deserted in order to see his mother. After this he returned to his colonel, who, being a humane man, and sympathizing as a father in the filial feeling of Jullien, procured his exemption from a military execution.

Not long after this he purchased his discharge and proceeded to Paris. There he entered the Conservatory of Music, and his talents secured him the special regards of Cherubini, who privately directed his musical studies. When his course was completed, he obtained the directorship of certain public concerts, which gave him celebrity. Subsequently, he proceeded to England, and some twelve years ago turned Drury Lane Theatre into a promenade concert room. This was a genial innovation in art. *The Times* newspaper acknowledges the great services of M. Jullien in a social and moral point of view in thus putting fine music within the hearing and consideration of the masses, elevating their taste, suggesting new thoughts and affording fresh occupation for their leisure moments; diminishing the attraction of coarse habits, and proving thus a moral guide and instructor.

A person so educated as M. Jullien, would necessarily be capable of directing any and every style of music, and his talent led him to give all styles, from the waltz to the symphony. The waltz of this century is generally spoken lightly of in ordinary criticism, but it is as perfect a poem as the lyrics of Pindar, and, written by first-rate composers, is a circle of beauty complete in its parts: not long, but rich; not solemn, but full of grace, dignity and love. The very movement of three steps to the bar, one accented and two unaccented, gives a rich-chetting proportion that is indescribably graceful, compared with the double tramp of the ordinary march or quadrille. Then, too, the intense accents of the modern

school, the rainbow archings of the violinism of the orchestra, the dazzling rapidity of the small flute, the clarinet, the cornet,—all afford as large, or larger scope for genius than much serious music, whose dignity is dulness, and whose sacredness is the blind, stereotyped admiration of mere phantoms.

The waltz as now performed by great orchestras under leaders like Musard, Strauss, Lanner, and Jullien, is a lyric, specially marking the nineteenth century. It embraces instrumentation, melody, harmony, double counter-point, imitations, progress, climax, and a general dramatic drift and scope, that would adorn the best symphony, but which are not discovered by trumpet criticism, because coming without a swelling and swaggering name. This style of music, which is exactly rhythmical, each eight bars corresponding to four lines of poetry, and answering the symmetrical exigencies of the human heart by some mystic law yet unpenetrated, exposing in rapid utterance every shade of passion and emotion, bringing in broadest contrast the dazzling and unequalled splendors of a richly endowed modern orchestra—at one moment, the fierce and blasting roar of a company of artists discoursing from trumpets, horns, trombones, and tubas, either in stern unisons or ponderous harmonies—at another, the sober utterings of the bassoon, the sentimental wail of the hautboy, the aristocratic brilliancy of the clarinet, and the feathery spray of the flute—at another the whirl of fiercely jabbering drums, or the resonant crash of colossal cymbals, and almost in the same breath, the sequence of the feminine or angelic portion of the orchestra, the vast structure of violinism from turret to foundation stone, from the harmonic innocence of the highest note to the black terrors of the lowest—these great orchestral divisions, separately and partially, or wholly combined, are all lavished with the exuberant hand of passionate and heroic genius, in the construction of the waltz of this epoch.

The diffusive and unequalled popularity of the modern dancing music has been the chief reason of the success of M. Jullien, and through the opening wedge of its attractions, he has, in England, drawn public attention to instrumental music. While making this branch of composition a prominent attraction of his concerts, he has presented, in connection with it, every other school of instrumental music, with equal breadth and depth of perception.

It must not be supposed that M. Jullien comes to this country because his popularity is waning or wasted in England. We are thus assured to the con-

trary in the leading journal of Great Britain:

"The season just expired has been as remarkable for the excellence and variety of the performances as any of its predecessors, and has attracted even a larger and a more constant attendance on the part of the public, in spite of a succession of bad weather, which would have been fatal to the majority of speculations. It cannot, therefore, be said of M. Jullien, that he goes after having exhausted his public in this country. He goes in the meridian of his popularity; and there is every reason to suppose that he will be as much a favorite when he comes back as he has been up to the present moment. M. Jullien's reputation is less ephemeral than some people are disposed to think. He has not been simply a director of promenade concerts: he has not merely studied to amuse the masses (although his interests might have been supposed to lean entirely in that direction); he has done his best to improve them. The progress in music in England, during the last fifteen years has been remarkable. How far M. Jullien has had a hand in this it is not necessary to insist. It is enough that he has been able to provide one of the best entertainments ever offered to the public, at a price, which, until his time, was wholly unprecedented, and that he has increased its attraction and maintained its popularity season after season, for a long series of years; and last, not least, that with the utmost discretion and least possible obtrusiveness, he has continued to render it a means of gradually familiarizing the multitude with the masterpieces of a great and beautiful art, which for a long period had been exclusively enjoyed by a privileged few. Some years ago, what is called an 'amateur of music' was by no means so common as at the present day; probably not one out of twenty at that time knew the difference between a bassoon and a trombone. The case is now very different: there are amateurs of music every where, and the various instruments of which an orchestra is composed are becoming as individually known to the eye and the ear of the crowd as the harp, the piano, and the fiddle. This is alone a great step; acquaintance with materials leads to the estimation of results; he who has learned to distinguish the instruments of the orchestra has made one step in the direction of understanding a symphony," etc.

The leader is not alone. His staff is with him. Concerto players on every orchestral instrument, who number upwards of a score. Eminent in victories gained on the fields of Apollo, they come here to fight their battles over again. Welcome all! Welcome interpreters of language without words, of phrases that suggest every thing and prove nothing: of the voice of valor without boasting, of love without jealousy, of imagination without

falsehood, of religion without bigotry, of eternity without retribution. Welcome great lyrical artists, whose fame has filled Europe! How many dreary hours have been lightened by you! How many thousands have listened to your melodious breathings! How many pulses have quickened under your inspiring numbers!

Among the twenty-six leading players who accompany Jullien from Europe, the most distinguished are Bottesinon the Contrabass, Reichert the Flute, Wuille, Clarinet, Collinet the Flageolet. Hughes on the Ophicleide, Koenig on the Cornet. These, and some of the others, have no superiors in Europe. The remainder of the performers have been engaged by Jullien from among the splendid body of resident musicians of New-York, and all these are worthy to form part of any—the best orchestra. The number of M. Jullien's orchestra is one hundred and two. They are distributed as follow: 3 flutes; 1 flageolet; 2 hautboys; 2 clarionets; 2 bassoons; 4 trumpets; 3 cornets; 4 horns; 4 trombones; 2 ophicleides; 2 pairs of kettle drums; 5 snare drums; 1 pair of cymbals; 1 bass-drum; 17 first violins; 16 second violins; 12 violas; 10 violoncellos, and 11 double basses.

The improvement in the fabrication of musical instruments is as good a test as any other of the advance of civilization. We enjoy a musical instrument perfectly played upon, and without thinking any too much of the hard toil necessary to establish such skill, we seldom think at all of the immense labor through successive ages, necessary to the mere mechanism of such a medium of sound and expression. In the contemplation of the mechanical agencies, equally with the mathematical and lyrical grandeurs of his calling, the artist finds its dignity. The most subtle cunning in wood, iron, brass, copper, gold, ivory—and not only in the forms of physical beauty which belong to the painter's or sculptor's skill, but in the intangible glories of sonorous combinations exactly balanced, and derived from the music of the spheres, from the Omnipotent Voice as it courses through the Universe—these all are involved in the fabrication of musical instruments. How gradual has been the growth of the artistic ingenuity necessary to the production of these instruments may be judged from the single fact, that the Piano-Forte has undergone eight hundred distinct changes of combination, proportion and shape: these do not include the special fancies of this or that maker, but the steps of improvement simply. A history, therefore, of the Piano-Forte would fill a large

volume. So, too, in writing of the Violin, it would require many pages to trace the various changes from savage or barbarous attempts at its formation, to the great and magical mimic of humanity, with its four little strings, each one under the hand of a master, sobbing with the anguish of a breaking heart, or bounding with the pulse of delectated love.

The individual distinctive beauty of each instrument singly taken, and in its combination, forms a world of beauty. But what attention is ordinarily paid to an orchestra? What means are taken to inspire a love of its resources? What can generalization do without the practical illustration necessary to understand it?

Art must not be approached as a mere amusement. There lies the error. Art is advertised in the newspapers along with knife-swallowers, fire-eaters, magic-tricksters, and low farce, as an amusement. But not so will God inspire the artist. He must shut himself in his closet and commune with the spirit of Beauty and Truth, and then can he discourse with a tongue of fire—then can his language be myriad-formed, then can he wield the lyre with prophetic inspiration.

When we look at the culminated splendors of Grecian Art, in the proportions of a Parthenon, we are struck with the fact that grace and strength go together, and that the beauty of the base is commensurate with its evident ability to sustain the pillar, and that of the pillar to sustain the whole building. In looking at an orchestra, we must bear in mind the same necessities of proportion. An orchestra has certain requirements equally consistent with force and beauty. Nothing but an uncultivated taste can dispense with these. When the advertisements speak of a grand orchestra, they are almost invariably devoid of truth. The smallest number of a grand orchestra is sixty, and then the hall wherein they play should not be very large. Eighty and upwards, however, are necessary to the greatest effects. An orchestra of eighty was only heard on three occasions last winter in this city, for the first time in our national history, a smaller number than that having been the limit theretofore. M. Jullien's orchestra, numbering one hundred and two performers, is the largest, therefore, yet heard in this city, or country.

The centre of the orchestra—that which round all the rest revolves, is the stringed instruments—that is, the violins, violas, violoncellos, and double basses. The harmonies and effects of these stringed instruments, find their original model in the treatment of four solo stringed in-

struments; two violins, a viola, and a violoncello, giving perfect harmony, and building up the school of quartet music. All the notes that are found in the orchestra, and a few more, can be counted in the piano-forte of seven octaves.

Sound in music, is caused by equal vibrations. The lowest note of the grand organ gives thirty-two vibrations in each second of time. Eight notes, or an octave above that, gives the lowest bass note of a seven octave piano-forte. A string of just half the proportions of this lowest note, will give twice its vibrations, which are sixty-four to the second, that is to say, one hundred and twenty-eight. Another string of half the proportions of this gives another octave above, marked by double the last number of vibrations, or two hundred and fifty-six. So going on halving the proportions of the strings, we get double the vibrations thus: 64, 128, 256, 512, 1024, 2048, 4096, 8192. These mathematical proportions are conformable to the claims of music as a science. Tubes measured in the same proportion produce the same results of grave, medium, and acute octaves. So, too, the pipe of the human voice. The larger the string, or tube, the graver or deeper the sound, and the reverse. Hence the deep voice of man, compared with the high tones of woman, or the piping treble of childhood. Sexual differences in voice are based on octaves. These octaves differ in pitch, but they are sympathetic unisons—an identity with a difference, if the paradox may be allowed. The masculine voice singing a note or air, gives it actually an octave below the feminine voice. The differences in the pitch of instruments are simply imitations of the pitch of the human voice, and the value of an instrument is its resemblance to the expression of the voice. Hence the superiority of the violin family of instruments. Without instruments, however, the grand mathematical truths of music could never have been discovered, nor the world know that a science as wide as that which calculates an eclipse, or draws a parallax, lies in the tremblings of a violin string.

The instruments of the Creator, the different voices, the Bass, Baritone, Tenor for the masculine; and the Contralto, Mezzo-Soprano, and Soprano, for the feminine, are the originals, then, of the orchestra. The orchestral instruments, however, are more copious in mere notes, while so much inferior in tone to the voice.

When a composer wishes to write for the orchestra, he takes music paper with a large number of musical staves, or groups of five parallel lines on them. He divides the musical measures, each one of equal time, by drawing down lines at right

angles to the five line staves. This is called scoring; hence the term *SCORE* or *FULL SCORE*. The various instruments occupy different staves, which sometimes are as many as thirty or forty on a page; and the labor of the composer, therefore, in writing out the notes of each part may be taken as much more arduous than the work of the literary man. As for the power to combine all the sounds of the instruments in his mind's ear, and know beforehand how each one will come forth separately and together—that is a gift, and can never be taught. The best mode of grouping the instruments is as follows; first wooden wind instruments—then brass—then pulsatile—then stringed. Let the reader imagine the following list of instruments written on a sheet of music paper, each one followed by its notes, and the whole divided, as described above, by vertical lines, marking the measure, and he will have the score, from which the leader is enabled to tell what each man in the orchestra is doing, and how he is to be directed:

Small or Octave Flute; Grand Flute; Hautboys; Clarionets; Bassoons; Trumpets, Horns; Trombones; Tubas; Kettle Drums; Bass Drum; Violins; Violas; Violoncellos; Double Bases.

When a composer has written out his score, it is the business of the copyist to extract each separate part from the mass, so that the flute player shall only have his part on his desk, the hautboy player only his part, and so on. This often requires much skill, and good copyists are rare. Among the masters of their profession in this city may be cited Mr. Goodwin, Mr. Meyer, and Mr. Unger, who are almost infallible in whatever intricacy of detail. The human voice is much more generally under than over two octaves, while the range of instruments is more than that, as will appear by the following:—The lowest G on a seven octave piano-forte, or the fifth note from the last, is the lowest note of the double bass. In the orchestra seldom over two octaves are used for the double bass. The pitch of the violoncello is one octave above the double bass, but as it has four strings, or one string more than the double bass, it really begins on C, four notes above the lowest note of the double bass. It can play three octaves and upwards. The viola is precisely one octave in pitch above the violoncello, and gives from C three octaves and upwards. The violins are a fifth above the viola, and give from G three octaves and upwards. The octave flute is one octave higher than the grand flute, which begins on C, four notes above the lowest note of the violin, and gives three oc-

taves above. The hautboy gives two octaves and a half beginning on the same C. The clarionets begin six notes lower than the hautboys, and go over three octaves. The bassoons have the same pitch as the violoncello. The trumpet begins generally on the G of the violin, and gives about two octaves. The horns are an octave below the trumpet. The trombones are three, alto, tenor, and bass; answering to the contralto, tenor, and bass voice, but with greater compass. The tubas or sax horns answer in pitch to other brass instruments. There are some other instruments, such as the English horn, which is a larger hautboy. There is also a bass clarinet, and a double bass bassoon. The tympani, or kettle drums, are tuned to the first and fifth of the scale, being the intervals most in demand. For example, in the scale of C—namely, C, D, E, F, G, A, B—the kettle drums would be C, G: in the scale of G—namely, G, A, B, C, D, E, F—they would be G, D; and so with other scales. The wind instruments can give but one note at a time; but the violin can give two notes, and three or four if the bow be drawn suddenly across the string, when the rapidity of the sequence of the notes stands in the place of a simultaneous expression. It is usual in an orchestra to have but two flutes, two hautboys, two clarionets, two bassoons, two trumpets, four horns, two or three trombones, one pair of drums: but the stringed instruments to this proportion may be forty violins, twenty violas, thirty violoncellos and double basses; these more or less. All classical music, which means music of a certain age and rank, is so written for the orchestra since the time of Haydn's later works, except that in them but two horns are written, and the trombones seldom. The ability of performers to do more and better things on their instruments, has greatly increased during this century. In Handel's time orchestration was miserably poor: his scores, as such, have but feeble interest. Haydn advanced it immensely. Rossini added to its powers. The solo performances of instruments in overtures was never really brilliant up to Rossini's courageous innovation. There is, for example, no prominent solo writing in *Don Giovanni*, by Mozart; it is smooth and elegant generalization. Rossini was the first to write for four horns in an overture; the effect is surpassing when we use the improved instruments, with valves giving all the half tones. The violin school was vastly roused by Paganini; and the piano-innovations of Thalberg, and Liszt, are copies of the immense graspings and combinations of the great Italian's genius. Beethoven intro-

duced new effects for the violoncello giving it a singing or passionate cantabile expression. Clarionets were not introduced into English orchestras till about 1780. Flutes have been much improved, and, indeed, excepting violins, it would be impossible to name an instrument that has not been regenerated within a few years. As cities grow in size, and players increase in number, it will be possible to break in upon the old conventionalisms of the orchestra more and more. For certain effects there might be twenty flutes, thirty trumpets, forty clarionets, and so forth. Military bands have been improved prodigiously of late years. Besides cornets, tubas, etc., there is the improvement of numbers, many of the Austrian military bands now number eighty to one hundred players. We once heard all the bands of Paris play together, *al fresco*; amounting to 1800 performers. The bands in this country are yet too small, though their improvement under Dodworth and Noll has quite equalled our progress in other things.

The orchestra, however, having stringed and bowed instruments, possesses the great point of expression. The reader having followed us through our analysis, may judge of the skill and talent required to direct such a vast body of musicians, so that they shall speak to the life the thoughts of the composer; observing the nicest points of intonation, and the most flexible requirements of musical coloring; that they shall at one moment be like an infant's breathing, and the next like a tropical storm; at one moment like the sigh of love, at the next like the crash of armed hosts; or that they shall, as the ocean tempest, begin from a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, and little by little augment in intensity—*crescendo poco a poco*—until they boil over in lyrical wrath—strike, foam, and thunder aloft until the concave rings and the ground shakes. Or, that during whole hours they shall follow all the caprices, whims, and zig-zag of the singer on the stage; seconding every word, never too loud or too feeble, but always lies to musical order and law. So to direct them requires the skill of a Jullien. To appreciate such an orchestra, as the colossal exponent of passion and emotion, of the art of wordless eloquence and celestial purity, will be one of the noblest efforts in the big steps of popular progress. Understood rightly, it will widen the range of our objects of praise both in men and things.

We have not spoken of M. Jullien as a composer, because a critique on his work, would lead us too far into technical matter on this occasion, as we have

already gone beyond the boundaries of popular disquisition in our citations of that kind. The supreme merit, however, of M. Jullien, it may be briefly added, arises from his perceptions as a composer, one who has innovated upon established precedents, for the purpose of creating new effects, and who has shown equal dexterity in writing for instruments, as voices—for he has successfully produced, lately, at Covent Garden, a grand opera, *Pietro il Grande*. He is the originator of Monster Concerts, which admit of all these new effects—Concerts, too, for the people, at cheap rates, making Art the property of all instead of a few, and improving it accordingly, as political economy shows that the multiplication of every article enhances its quality. On the 29th of August, 1853, he commenced in this country a continuation of the THREE THOUSAND POPULAR AND GIGANTIC CONCERTS which he has presented in Europe. Such an event, we repeat, is a significant fact in Art.—It is a public benefit of a high order; and indicates too, in a cheering manner, how the progress of Art is westward, and that democracy now, as of old, is to prove the true and genial friend of the muse.

In order to render clear our explanations of the scope of voices and instruments, we add below notations of their extent. This we give as regards the voices according to a received standard, but it may be remembered that nature is exceedingly unequal and various in this particular, voices sometimes having extra notes, but more frequently falling within this standard in their limitation. The extent of the instruments is that accorded them in orchestra writing; in solo performances under masterly hands, additional notes and sometimes whole octaves in the upper region of pitch are presented. For example, Bottesini, the greatest performer on the double bass who has ever lived, renders his humanity-mocking tones like a rich soprano voice in its medium regions. So, too, the harmonic notes of the violin are produced at an octave beyond its orchestra pitch. These wondrous virtuosoisms may in time, with the increment of population and wealth, and hence of talent and genius, be incorporated into music, and become as classic as any other lyrical fact; but, up to this time, the feudal system and military conscriptions of Europe have impeded or destroyed the giant steps towards such a millennium of

beauty, and the chief business of men has been to manure the death-ruts of military ambition, while our American devotion to "the carrying trade" in ideas, iron and calicoes, has made us content to be the porters of the Art of other nations, instead of the creators of our own.

We shall not add to this list by enumerating Instruments rarely or occasionally used in an orchestra.

A Score, or Full-Score, above briefly described, is written with Musical Notes, in sequence and combination, according to the appearance presented in the "GRAND SYMPHONY IN C," of which the first few bars of the exordium are given on a subsequent page. The number of staves or groups of five parallel lines might be multiplied if our pages were larger, but as we present them, several parts often crowded on one staff, the uninitiated reader in such curious and complex detail, may have an idea of the thick-strown notes, through which the leader is able to shed his intelligence on that of every performer, whether there be twenties or hundreds, and wield them with artistic might and triumph.

The art of writing well for an orchestra, so that each part in its performance shall be clear, and that not one shall interfere with another, but all blend with proper discretion, may be compared to the successful coloring of the painter. Much time is required to attain a thorough knowledge of the resources of each instrument, and then the labors of the student must be long pursued before he can satisfactorily write for an orchestra, it being taken for granted that he has that peculiar musical organization which enables him to enter upon such a task. The methods of writing for an orchestra are as various as the genius of composers, and change constantly with the improvements of instruments and the powers of performers. All composers agree that the burthen of the orchestra rests with the stringed instruments; but their treatment in connection with wind instruments greatly differs under the pens of different composers. The bassoon has risen in rank. The trumpet has ceased to utter the platitudes of the barracks and discourses with sentiment. The introduction of valves to the trumpets and horns enables them to play all the half tones with equal success. Much more use is made of the wind instruments now than formerly.

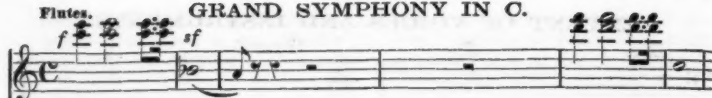
EXTENT OF VOICES AND INSTRUMENTS.

This musical score illustrates the range of various voices and instruments. Each part is represented by a single staff with a specific clef and key signature. The notes indicate the lowest and highest pitches for each instrument or voice part.

Instrument/Voice	Clef	Key Signature	Range (Notes)
Bass.	Bass	None	C2, G2
Trumpet.	Treble	None	C4, G4
Baritone.	Bass	None	C2, G2
Horn.	Bass	None	C2, G2
Tenor.	Treble	One flat	B3, F#4
Alto Trombone.	Bass	One flat	B3, F#4
Contralto.	Treble	None	C4, G4
Tenor Trombone.	Bass	One flat	B3, F#4
Mezzo-Soprano.	Treble	None	C4, G4
Bass Trombone.	Bass	One flat	B3, F#4
Soprano.	Treble	None	C4, G4
Kettle Drums.	Bass	None	C2, G2
Flute.	Treble	None	C4, G4
Violin.	Treble	None	C4, G4
Hautboy.	Treble	None	C4, G4
Viola.	Treble	None	C4, G4
Clarinet.	Treble	One flat	B3, F#4
Violoncello.	Bass	None	C2, G2
Bassoon.	Bass	One flat	B3, F#4
Double Bass.	Bass	None	C2, G2

Flutes.

GRAND SYMPHONY IN C.



Hautboys.



Clarionets in C.



Bassoons.



Trumpets in C.



Horns in C.



Trombon-s and Tubas.



Kettle Drums.



Violin 1.



Violin 2.



Violas.



Violoncellos and Double Basses.



Maestoso.

p *f* *sf* *ff* *Unis.* *p* *f* *sf* etc.

It is plain from the foregoing dozen bars, or as they may be more properly called, measures, of a grand symphony, that the leader has under his eye at one instant the doings of the largest orchestra, even of a hundred or upwards. The distinct parts in this score are twenty-three, eighteen of which are for wind instruments, the kettle-drums added thereto, and the remaining five parts are for the stringed instruments, violins, violas, violoncellos and double basses. Each first violin plays the same part, which is simply duplicated by the copyist; so with each second violin and the other stringed instruments. The duplication and reduplication of the individual stringed instruments swells their number in an orchestra such as Jullien's, to sixty-four: wind instruments not being multiplied. It will be observed that in the first measure of the foregoing full score of a grand symphony, all the instruments have something to perform, and as the admiral "expects every man to do his duty," he casts his eagle glance around, and raises his baton authoritatively before giving the signal by the first beat on his desk to the army of artists, to attack the grand major chord—a universal flood of lyrical light which Haydn invoked when he portrayed the almighty fiat which blazoned creation into sight. In order that this chord may have its fullest effect the stringed instruments, the double bass excepted, each plays chords of four notes by which their force is increased four-fold. The second measure is a unison or an octave for all the instruments, which the leader learns is to be given with a determined spirit, by the mark *sf*, the abbreviation for the Italian technical *sforzando*. In the third measure after this crash, comes a passage in octaves for the hautboys and the clarinets. This is accompanied by the stringed instruments; and in order that it may be heard distinctly the accompanying parts are marked *p*, for *piano*, and the leader consequently calms some seventy stringed instruments down to such quiet expressions, that the four hautboys and clarinets are distinctly heard above them. In the fourth measure the double tonguing of the sonorous trumpets, leads to the crash on the fifth measure, which, up to the eighth measure inclusive, is a symmetrical imitation of the four first measures at one interval higher in the scale. Measures nine and ten are the imitations of the first measure, the chords being different leading to measure eleven, where there is a double *forte*, and the leader insists upon an increased volume being given to the sonority of even the pre-

viously loud passages. Measure twelve shows a short note for all the wind instruments, which the leader causes them to snap off, in order that the stringed passages following may enjoy their independence. Here endeth our chapter on instrumentation, as within our present limits we cannot get beyond shoe-tops in a cyclopædic ocean. The judicious reader, though he may never have thought of a full score, will doubtless find in the intricacy of one single such page well rendered, enough to occupy the mind of such a director as Jullien. It has been often remarked that great composers have generally died young. This has not occurred through their idleness, for apart from the nervous excitation necessary to mount into the empyrean of lyrical imaginings there is an amount of labor physical and mental in writing out an opera or an oratorio, that is enough, if often repeated, to destroy a delicate organization. Some two thousand pages of score such as we here present, with the addition of numerous vocal parts, would fall short of the amount of notation required for the composition of a grand opera.

The above remarks, as may be perceived, were written before the concerts of M. Jullien commenced in New-York. On entering Castle Garden for the first time a few nights ago, we were pleasantly surprised to find the obtrusive barrenness and ugliness of its interior overlaid by various ingenuities of decorative art, in the shape of draperies, flowers, festoons, symbols, etc., and all else that Parisian taste so well understands.

The impressions we have derived from a close consideration of M. Jullien on several occasions is, that he can magnetize and fire an orchestra, and through it an auditory, with a preëminent degree of force. This truth the vehement, tumultuous, and overwhelming plaudits of the thousands who go six nights a week, rain, or shine, to hear him, irrefragably affirm. In his original compositions which have been performed here he shows himself an unsurpassed master of the art of displaying the properties of each and every instrument, and bringing out of virtuosos their highest qualities. His arrangement of American airs concluding with a description of a battle is the best piece of purely imitative music we have ever heard. It may be safely said that this community did not know the possibilities of a truly grand orchestra until developed by Jullien. Several of his leading solo players have no equals in the world, and the whole body is composed of choice spirits. The accuracy, strength, and splendor of an inspired musical colossus are evolved by the pas-

sion, power, and unity, of the immense mass which he seems to clutch in his musical hand, and mould at his musical fancy. He is so interesting and arousing the public admiration and love for the beautiful revelations of which he is the arch-apostle, that were he to stay among

us a few months he would level the forests and drain the swamps of our musical territory, and so far as the public fiat could assert, he would thenceforward be kept among us to contemplate the large results of his energy, courage, skill and genius.

FISHING AT THE WEST.

Fishes of Massachusetts. I. R. C. SMITH, Boston, 1833.

Report on the Fishes of Massachusetts. D. H. STORER, Boston.

A Synopsis of the Fishes of North America. D. H. STORER, Boston, 1846.

Fishes of New York. I. E. DEKAY, 1842.

American Angler's Guide. J. J. BROWN, New York, 1845.

Walton's Complete Angler. First American Edition, New York, 1847.

Fish and Fishing in America. H. W. HERBERT, New York, 1850.

Supplement to Ditto. H. W. HERBERT, New York, 1850.

Lake Superior, its Vegetation and Animals. AGASSIZ and CABOT, Boston, 1850.

THE above list of books upon the Fishes of America, all published within a few years, shows the increased attention that has been paid of late to this interesting subject.

Twenty years ago, all that the student of American Ichthyology had to guide him were the writings of the learned and eccentric Doctor Mitchell, a few papers in the Transactions of the American Academy by William Dandridge Peck, of Cambridge; and a pleasant but unscientific work upon the Fishes of Massachusetts by J. V. C. Smith, M.D., of Boston.

This study should be particularly interesting to Americans; for, besides the wealth which is annually brought to our shores by our extensive Ocean fisheries, the great number of rivers and lakes which water our extensive continent, contain a greater amount and variety of edible fishes than are, perhaps, to be found in any other land. The inhabitants of the Atlantic fresh waters are so similar to their European analogues, that they are familiar to all. The Salmon, the Trout, the Pike and the Perch, of New and Old England, are, if not identical, yet very near it. But in the great basins of the Saint Lawrence and the Ohio, occur new and valuable varieties of the finny tribes, with which most of the readers of this work are unacquainted. It is of these that we design principally to treat.

The investigation of these Fishes possesses a still deeper interest, since the re-

searches of M. Agassiz seem likely to throw much light on the geographical distribution of animals, and also in that of the Human Race.

In these two basins is found the only living representative of the antediluvial fishes. Clad in complete armor, with long and powerful jaws full of sharp teeth and possessed of vast activity and strength, he darts through the waters like an arrow, spreading destruction wherever he goes. Neither the ponderous bulk of the great Catfish, nor the activity of the Mackinaw Trout, nor the ferocious courage of the Mascollonge, will avail them against the assault of this devourer. His jaws shear them asunder at one sweep, while he is himself safe under his impenetrable cuirass. The hook of the angler refuses to penetrate his stony jaws, and the spear glances harmless from his sides. One might almost suppose that he is the leviathan of Scripture, of whom it is asked "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons? or his head with fish-spears?" were it not that the Gar Pike (*Lepidosteus*) is only found in America. Unlike all other living fishes the Gar can turn his head upon his shoulders, having in this, as in some other things, a higher organization than they. M. Agassiz says, "It is plain that before the class of reptiles was introduced upon our globe, the fishes being then the only representatives of the type of Vertebrata, were invested with the characters of a higher order, embodying as it were a prospective view of a higher development in another class, which was introduced as a distinct type, only at a later period, and from that time the reptilian character which had been so prominent in the oldest fishes, was gradually reduced, till, in more recent periods, and in the present creation, the fishes lost this herpetological relationship."—*Fishes of Lake Superior*, p. 261.

So that this savage fish, which in the Mississippi and its affluents is said to grow

to the length of ten feet, and is the terror and abhorrence of the boatmen on those waters, while it is also useless to a proverb; "as mean as Gar broth," being the example of all that is vile—this fish in the hands of a man of genius becomes the interpreter of curious and important questions in the history of the Globe.

"The limited existence of *Lepidosteus* in N. America in the present creation has no doubt reference to the fact that North America was an extensive continent long before other parts of the globe had undergone their most extensive physical changes. Or, in other words, that the present character of this continent has not been much altered from what it was when the ancient representatives of *Lepidosteus* lived; while in other parts of the world the physical change has been so extensive as to exclude such forms from among the animals suited for them."—*Fishes of Lake Superior*, p. 259.

Of the Peccoids, a family which, in most books, are placed in the front rank, the Western waters contain some valuable genera, as *Centrarchus*, *Grystes* and *Lucioperca*. *Centrarchus Aneus*, the Rock Bass, is an active fish, weighing from four ounces to a pound—shaped like the sun-fish, *Pomotis Vulgaris*, so well known in the Atlantic fresh waters. He prefers rapid streams, and is a bold biter at fly, worm, or minnow. His flesh is savory, though much encumbered with bones.

Grystes Fasciatus and *Grystes Nigricans*, are two varieties, both known as Black Bass in the Western waters. The former is found in Lake Michigan, and the small lakes and rivers of Illinois and Wisconsin. The latter occurs in Lakes Huron and Erie, and was named by Cuvier *Huro Nigricans*; though Agassiz thinks that the distinction from *Grystes* is not sufficient to separate it from that family. The most obvious difference between the two is in color; the first being of an olive green, with vertical bands of a darker hue, and the second of a bluish black. They resemble each other in their habits, and are the delight of the angler, and his chief object of pursuit where the brook-trout and salmon are not found.

For boldness and voracity in seizing a bait, connected with much cunning and sagacity in avoiding the consequences of so doing; for the strength, activity, and pluck with which he fights to the last, after being hooked, so that the angler is never sure of him till he is in the basket, we think he is equal to the brook-trout. When hooked he makes a furious rush, and springs three or four feet from the water, shaking his head violently to dis-

lodge the hook. He throws his weight on the line, runs you round a stump, rubs his nose against the rocks at the bottom of the river, and plays all the tricks by which the trout and salmon endeavor to escape.

In the spring and fall he takes the minnow, or the spoon in swift waters; in the summer, a large gaudy fly sunk beneath the surface, is the surest lure for the black bass. He is caught weighing up to six pounds, though fish of this size are rare, two pounds being a fair average in these waters. For the table the black bass is one of our best fishes.

Lucioperca Americana, the Pike Perch. This fish is called on the American side of the Lakes, Pike; on the British, Pickerel; on the Ohio, Salmon; being in truth neither of the three, but a true perch, which, from his voracity and predacious habits, has had pike added to his name by naturalists.

His weight is from one to twelve pounds, though the average of those brought to market may be five pounds. The flesh of this perch is very fine and flaky, and he is about the only freshwater fish from which a good chowder can be made. He is of bold and voracious habits, takes a minnow or craw-fish near the ground, fights strongly when hooked, but does not show the activity and science of the bass.

They are taken in large quantities with the seine on the western shore of Lake Michigan in the spring.

These three perches might easily be introduced into the lakes and rivers of New England, and being very hardy and vigorous fish, would no doubt thrive, giving a new source of pleasure to the anglers and epicures of those regions. Sure we are, that if a distinguished New Englander (now alas! departed), illustrious alike in the Senate and the field; dead shot, bloody angler, and defender of the constitution, had ever felt a five-pound bass at the end of his line, he would have introduced them to the Marsh-field waters.

The brilliant purity of the Salmonidae next invites our attention, and rarely can we find one among the human kind which can boast so many illustrious names.—The Pitts in England, and the Adameses in America, perhaps may be quoted, but they have only two, and this splendid finny family numbers, according to Storer, thirty-seven species. The salmon and the trout are best known, simply, because they have had naturalists and poets for their countrymen. Their praises have been said and sung from good old father Iz. Walton (happy be his rest)

down to Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, whose genius never takes a higher flight than when, rod in hand, he stands on Free-side,

"Vixero fortes ante Agamemnon;"

which means that bigger salmon live in America, and Agassiz shows us that birds being bigger, they are older, since the New World is found to be the elder of the two.

Salmo Salar, the Salmon; *S. Fontinalis*, the Brook Trout; *S. Amethystus*, the Mackinac Salmon; whom, notwithstanding the aspersions of Frank Forrester, we maintain to be a fish of great merit. *S. Siskowit*, which the same hastily-judging individual first pronounced worthless; and then, having tasted of it, calls it "the very best fish in the world!" though he persists in spelling the name siskowitz, which German termination is wholly of his own invention.

Salmo Trutta, the white trout of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, "sixteen of which, killed by Mr. Perley, weighed eighty pounds." *S. Hoodie*, or Hood's Charr, a nice and delicious fish, inhabiting the northern waters of Canada. *Thymallus Signifer*, or the Arctic Grayling, with its magnificent dorsal fin, like a standard. *Coregonus Albus*, the White Fish of the Lakes. M. Agassiz finds at least four species in the Great Lakes, which, taken in the best ground, say the Rapids of St. Mary, are, to our taste, the most delicious, beyond all comparison, of the finny tribes.

Coregonus Osego, which the obstinate people in Cooperstown persist in calling a bass; and which it is a fundamental article of faith in all western New-Yorkers, to believe to be the very best fish that swims. It seems to be peculiar to that sheet of water, although Frank Forrester thinks that the White Fish of Chatauque Lake may be identical. Happy Osego! to have possessed, at once, the best novelist, and the best *Coregonus*.

Osmeranus Vinedescens, the Smelt, which, if a rarer fish, might have as high a reputation as its Osego relative. Frank Forrester, in one of the curious blunders which we find in his pleasant and useful book, says "that it is generally believed that the smelt cannot be taken with the hook, and that he is rarely found less than ten or twelve inches long."

Our friend F. F. gives a plate and description of *Montura Vulgaris*, or the common cod-fish; of the capture of which highly useful, but not sporting fish, he speaks with the disdain of a true angler. Now, it is on record in the archives of the Isle of Shoals, that a cod was once

taken of so enormous a size, that he made a quintal of dried fish. Now the assertion respecting the smelt, would sound to a Bostonian—most of whom, when boys, have caught these beautiful fish by dozens, with the rod and line—as if one should say of a cod; "He cannot be taken with a hook, nor is he ever seen weighing less than one hundred and twenty pounds." The facts being, that the smelt is a voracious biter at a minnow, or a piece of his own flesh, and is taken of all sizes, between five and ten inches long. *Haud inexpertus loquor*, or in the vernacular, "We have often caught them." So, too, the capelin, which he thinks never comes further south than Nova Scotia, used, twenty years ago, to be taken from the Boston docks at the same time, and in the same manner, as the smelt, though more rarely—perhaps one of the former to ten of the latter. At the same time and place, the most skilful and best appointed of us juvenile anglers would sometimes take a shad with the live minnow, which achievement, however, would well-nigh immortalize the performer thereof.

We cannot leave the family of Salmonidæ without noticing the remarks of Frank Forrester upon one of them, *S. Amethystus*, the Mackinac trout, against which our agreeable friend seems to entertain a peculiar spite,—for he will not allow our salmon any fishy virtues while living, and he defames his character when dead. He says (*Supplement*, p. 15), "The flesh of this fish, as an article of food, is exceedingly bad; it is coarse, flabby, and at once rank and vapid, when fresh, if such a combination can be imagined." Now, it is difficult to set up a standard of taste, since "what is one man's meat is another man's poison." The Indian on the banks of the Columbia, prefers his salmon in a half putrid state; while F. F. thinks it should be cooked fresh from the water. Again, if our friend should ever come to Illinois grouse shooting, and with a well filled bag, should stop at a country tavern to have some of his birds dressed for dinner, his orders would undoubtedly be to cook them rare,—to roast them so that the blood should follow the knife, and he would be right, *we think*; not so, however, mine hostess of the log cabin—her fashion is to cut the birds up, and fry them black, with salt pork. Tastes differ, and we have always observed that, on lake steamboats, no dish on the table is so speedily disposed of as this same coarse, flabby, rank, and vapid, lake trout:—at Mackinac the natives always eat the white fish, and strangers the trout. Our own opinion is, that this fish when fresh, and in good condition, is firm, rich and savory—

some specimens we have eaten very nearly approaching the true salmon in these particulars.

Again, "From all the inquiries I made among Indians, hunters, and scientific anglers on the lake, I am inclined to disbelieve that this or the next described fish can be taken either with the fly or the spinning minnow in trolling. If ever they are taken in either of these modes, or with the spoon or squid, it is contrary to their usual habit; and may be considered a freak of the fish, and one of so rare occurrence as to render it a very unprofitable attempt for the angler to fish for them by any of these modes."

We think we can see John Bull arrayed in shooting-jacket and leggings, armed with rod, reel, and landing net, standing on the dock at Mackinac, exhibiting to a motley crowd of fishermen and Indians, his salmon flies and spinning minnows, and inquiring whether these big fish, which they were bringing to the steamboat, can be taken with such appliances; and the indignant grunt of denial which he receives in reply.

For all that, however, we can assure our friend, that during the months of June and July, not a day passes without more or less of these trout being caught from the piers of Chicago, Waukegan, Kenosha and Milwaukee, by trolling with the minnow and the spoon. At the latter place this summer, while trout were following the lake herring along the shore, which they do every season for a few days, we knew one gentleman to catch eleven trout with the spoon in an hour or two, the fish weighing from five to fifteen pounds. Not a vessel of the great fleet of lumbermen which plies on Lake Michigan, is without her trolling tackle, either spoon or deer's tail,—and they seldom fail in catching more or less fish on every trip. With a deer's tail tied to a cod hook, trolled at the stem of a schooner under easy sail, we once hooked a trout so large, that he parted the signal halliards which we were using for a line, and we lost our fish. His weight must, therefore, be ever unknown, but we shall go to our grave in the full belief that it was something enormous.

We once caught a lake trout of three pounds weight, from the Chicago pier, with the minnow, which gave us as much sport as any fish we ever hooked. It was a fair stand-up fight for twenty minutes, during which he ran off some thirty or forty yards of line, and made our fly-rod buckle up in a most alarming way. But the good bit of ash had stopped a six-pound bass in its day, and, of course, S. Namycush was bound to come. As to these fish never springing from the water,

I have seen them off Mackinac, on a calm summer evening, throwing themselves clear out, like the brook trout and the salmon.

In Lake Michigan this fish is caught principally for market, with gill nets set in deep water, often ten miles from the shore, and our markets are supplied all the summer with them.

Turn we now to the family of *Esox*; the tigers of the waters, who live by rapine and bloodshed, and the killing of one of which is a great blessing to his finny neighbors; enabling the innocent sheep and oxen of the watery world to feed safely in their subaqueous pastures.

Christopher North has said, that the man who prates about the cruelty of angling, will be found invariably to beat his wife. Whatever may be thought of capturing the more peaceful and quiet fishes, certain it is that he who kills a muskalonge or gar pike, is entitled to the gratitude of multitudes of minnows and shoals of shiners.

The *Esocida* abound in America, this continent being, M. Agassiz says, the fatherland of the genus, and the one in which a deeper study of it becomes possible. First in size and value is *Esox* Estor, the muskalonge. This magnificent pike attains in the great lakes the weight of eighty pounds, as we have ourselves witnessed, and is probably the largest species known. There are tales, to be sure, of the European pike, *Esox Lucius*; being taken of even a larger size than this; as, for instance, the pike killed in the Shannon, which weighed one hundred and twenty pounds; and one killed in one of the Scotch lakes by Col. Thornton, which weighed one hundred and forty-six! But these stories want confirmation.

The average size of the muskalonge may be set down at twenty pounds; being as frequently taken over that weight as under. He is a handsome and active fish; thicker in the shoulder, and smaller in the head than any of the other pikes. In Lake Ontario they are caught by trolling with a herring (*Hyodin Clodalis*) or a shiner (*Leuciscus*). So in Michigan, Rock Island, at the mouth of the Rock River, and Ottawa, at the mouth of the Fox, are noted places for the muskalonge. They are fond of deep, clear, rapid water, and like the other pikes, have a haunt where they lie quietly during the day, in warm, bright weather, feeding chiefly early in the morning and late in the evening. Trust to our guidance, gentle or simple reader, and we will introduce you to this king of the waters. It is the month of May; time, sunrise; place, two miles above the

confluence of the clear and rapid Fox River with the sluggish Illinois.

We approach the river, and we know that we are the first on the ground, for a flock of ducks (*Anos Boschos*) rises from the margin of the stream as we show ourselves over the hill. You will observe that the river is here deep and narrow, with high rocky banks. Let us get our rods in order.

You see we carry a spruce pole, some eighteen feet long, two and a half inches thick at the butt, tapering down to one quarter of an inch at the tip; the bark is stripped off, and you see a true taper throughout. Rather a ponderous machine, you say; but we use no reel, and we have hard work before us. Our line is of cotton, well soaked in linseed oil, till it is as tough as a raw-hide! We have ten inches of small iron chain next the hook, which is of the largest size Limerick, baited with a four ounce chub. We have two strong swivels on our line to make the bait fish spin handsomely.

Do you see that black rock just above the water, some twenty feet from the bank? There is a strong current setting round that rock, and the water is ten feet deep there. We make a cast ten or twelve feet above the rock, and let our bait slowly settle down towards it with the current. It slowly drops down the eddy at the foot of the rock, and we let it hang there, hovering in the eddy. Ah! here comes the fish, shooting up from the black depths of the river, like a meteor in a winter's night. He has it! he is hooked; and now you may take the rod, and play him, but he will give you plenty to do.

"Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!"

Away goes the muskalonge, like a runaway locomotive, and we must follow as we may along the river bank, for it will never do to try to stop that fish till he has tired himself. So, make him drag all the line you can. Give him the butt; easy now over that rock—you will have to wade round that tree top, it is not above knee deep, and the bottom is good. Keep him inside of yonder sunken rock if possible. Oh! here comes a skiff—I say, young man, will you take us across the river? Step in, and let us cross to the other bank where the shore is smoother. So, here we are; now give him the butt, and walk backwards from the bank. I see his head, he is a good one. He sees us, and, with a convulsive effort of despair, he throws himself clear from the water, shaking his head. You should have tried that game ten minutes sooner, Mr. Pike; it is too late now, your strength is failing. He runs more slowly, he is getting tired; he has stopped and sulked

to the bottom. Here goes a rock to stir him up. Ah! he starts again, but slowly—he is beaten, lead him up to the bank. and I will try the gaff. Hurra! I have him. Let me knock him on the head, or he will be breaking some of our legs with that sinewy tail of his. A fine, well-fed fish upon my word! Look how small his head is! Hand me the scales. Eighteen and three quarter pounds is the weight of the muskalonge! We will go home to breakfast now with our spoil—and you shall cut him into three pieces, and send him to your three best friends; for as Father Isaac says, "he is too good meat for any but very honest men."

Esox Boreus, or the Great Northern Pike. Frank Forrester, professing to follow Agassiz, calls it *Esox Lucioides*; while the fact is, that the learned Professor, in his "Fishes of Lake Superior," has given it the very appropriate name of *Boreus*; appropriate because the fish is a native of the Northern Basin, that of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes. It is a much more common fish than *Estor*, being found in all the small clear lakes of Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin; besides the rivers which flow into the great lakes. He is frequently sold in our markets for the muskalonge, but may be easily distinguished from that fish. *Esox* *estor* is of a silvery hue on the belly and sides, tinged with red; while *boreus* is of an olive green color, with longitudinal spots of a lighter hue, arranged in rows upon his sides. *Estor* has no teeth in the front part of the lower jaw, *boreus* has the jaw full of them, to the end. Six pounds may be considered the average weight of this species, although they are sometimes caught of three times that size. He is a handsomely formed fish, active and strong and more game than the pickerel (*E. Reticulatus*), as is proved by his habit of springing from the water when he feels the hook; like the salmon, trout, bass, and muskalonge. For the table, he is far superior to the pickerel, though not, we think, equal to the muskalonge. His habits are similar to those of *estor* and *reticulatus*; voracious and bold, he is a general devourer of every thing that comes in his way, and is very easily captured.

Esox Reticulatus, the Pickerel. In our waters this fish may average two pounds; four pounds is a large fish; six is uncommon, for, though we have taken many hundreds in Illinois, we never have seen one to come up to that size. We have seen fish in the market frequently, called pickerel, that would weigh eight, ten, twelve pounds; but on examination they always proved to be *E. Boreus*.

Many other kinds of fish are to be

found in the great lakes and their tributaries, some of which are common to the Eastern and Western waters; some others again are peculiar to this basin—such as the great Catfishes; *Siluridae*, three or four species—Carps and Suckers; *Catostomi*, ten or twelve species—Sturgeon, *Acipenser*, three species. The dogfish, *Amia Coloi*—the dread of Western anglers—we extract from the writings of a clever contributor to the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser: "The dogfish has a remarkable plate of bone below the mouth, and his fins are green. He is a heavy, sullen fish, frequently weighing from three to six pounds. His body, though long, is rounded and clumsy—his eye is small, his color dark olive, his whole appearance savage and suspicious; no one would ever think of eating him, and a prudent farmer would hesitate to throw him to his hogs. He has great force of jaw, and will frequently snap a strong hempen line. He bites freely at the worm, and resists the fisherman with a strong, heavy, and long continued pull."

It is a curious fact that old Father Isaac has found his best Editor in America. Doctor Bethune has brought to this labor of love great and various learning, an eloquent pen, profound love and regard for the Father of Anglers, and a practical knowledge of the art. What wonder, then, that he has eclipsed Browne, Hawkins, Sir Harris Nicholas, Major, or Rennie?

The origin of angling seems to be lost in the dimness of antiquity. Homer describes an angler standing on a rock fishing, with a rod and line, armed to preserve it from the teeth of the fish. Oppian describes the use of a gang of hooks, and the art of spinning a bait. Ælian, A.D. 230, describes angling for trout with an artificial fly. This art, like most others, was lost in the dark ages, but appeared again on the revival of letters; for the first book printed in England was The Boke of Saint Albans (1486), a work on Hunting and Fishing, generally attributed to the Dame Juliana Berners. The American Editor, however, does not believe her to have been the author. Doctor Bethune brings us down through Gervase Markham and Thomas Barker to his, and our

favorite, Isaac Walton, whom some asses have called Sir Isaac!

The notes by the American Editor are very valuable. For instance, that on page 79, on the two schools of fly fishers; the routine, and the non-imitation. To the latter our Editor belongs, in common, as he says, with most American anglers; though he would not reject all the notions of the *doctrinaires*.

The writer was once at the Sault St. Mary in June. There, where the cold, clear waters of Lake Superior rush furiously down their rocky bed, is the best trout fishing in America. In a bark canoe, managed by two Indians, in the heavy rapids, you may find trout of three, four, yea five pounds. Find, we say; but to take them is another matter, demanding great skill in manipulation, as well as steadiness of brain, and strength of nerve to resist the bewildering influence of the "hell of waters" which ever hurries by your frail canoe. The water was covered with the large and beautiful Ephemera so common in the great lakes at that season. The fish were actually gorged. The writer had with him some clever imitations of this insect; clever, that is, as to color, for to imitate, to any extent, its beautiful organization, is not given to human faculties or fingers. As might be supposed, the trout, having the living fly in abundance, were not to be induced to take the clumsy counterfeit. They turned up the nose of contempt at it, and lashed it with the tail of scorn. We drew from our pocket book a red hackle, which certainly imitates nothing in air or water—a pound trout, satiated with the ephemera (his stomach and throat were full) by way of a desert, took the hairy nondescript, and was basketed. Our success was not great, but we found that the only fly to tempt the trout *then*, was something most different from the fly on the water.

We will close this article with an extract from Dame Juliana Berners; which is good advice in other things besides fishing:

"And whan ye have a suffycient mese ye sholde covet no more at that tyme; which be occasyon to dystroye your oune dysportes and other mennys also."

SKETCHES IN A PARIS CAFÉ.

YOU will excuse me, if, this morning, I leave the temperate regimen of chocolate and venture upon something more substantial, as I have been engaged from Parisian sunrise, to wit, nine o'clock, until now, past twelve (for I heard the solar cannon fire to the delight of the loungers in the Palais Royal as I passed through its garden), undergoing my novitiate as a Parisian. What a trial the candidate must sustain! Shade of Pythagoras, how different from thine! I scarcely know which is the most tired, my tongue, or my legs, or my patience. I do not believe there is a single muscle in my body which is not overtasked; I am sure all my virtues are strained. It was in vain that I tried to maintain my dignity, the *fluid* overmastered me, and soon involuntarily I reflected every gesticulation, grimace, and shrug I witnessed during the morning, until I began to feel that I must be attacked by Saint Vitus's dance: my eyes would roll, my shoulders would shrug above my ears, my face would distort itself into a labyrinth of grimaces, despite all of my efforts. I should have given myself up as possessed by the Terpsichorean Saint had not an old remark come to my help to exorcise the—Saint: man is an imitative animal; and not necessarily an itinerate hospital.

My pockets, purse and memorandum-book are crammed with notes, memoranda, and protocols of lodging-houses, for—need I tell you, that when fluent landlords and most fluent landladies got beyond tolerably plain *soixante* and rattled in my ears their *quatre-vingt seize francs* and *quatre-vingt dix-neuf francs quatre-vingt quinze centimes*, I found Arabic less unintelligible than French, which I could not understand until I had persuaded them to translate their unintelligible gibberish into 96 fr. and 99 frs. 95 centimes.

And this is a *Maison Meublée* of Paris, this the enchanted palace which stole away so many of my college hours, whose ghosts now rise before me and point reproachfully to the wounds I gave them! Eheu! The castle in the air has tumbled. The reality has affrighted away the ideal. I shall never dream again of *Maisons Meublées*. I could not refrain from reflecting this morning, if entrance into one of these abodes demands so great an exercise of talents, (think of a man understanding instantly *quatre-vingt dix-neuf*

francs quatre-vingt quinze centimes, volleyed from the mouth of a landlady!) from one whose purse is so heavy as to enable him to keep on "the windy side of care," what vast genius must be exerted by those whose wits are the only purse wherein they may draw their daily expenses. Does not Figaro say as much somewhere? "I was obliged to exert more science, and more calculation to obtain a bare subsistence, than has been expended in the government of all the Spains, these hundred years!" Egad! but I could never hope to rival the lowest porter in brilliancy of wit and repartee; the coruscations of the landladies' sparkling wit and the point of their epigrams I gaze on with an admiring despair. They say there is a God for the drunkards, let's hope there is a whole Olympus for penniless wits! After such an initiation and such reflections, excuse me if I push my expenses to extravagance this morning and test M. Eugene Sue's recipe, and send off care by summoning claret.

"Waiter!"

"Anon, sir! Anon, sir!"

"Waiter! A dozen oysters, chicken *sauté aux champignons*. *Grave frappe!*"

And I soon had the satisfaction of hearing the two first bawled to the presiding deity who reigned below (I don't know the distance, to judge from the bill it must be infernal), and hearing his responsive *B—o—n* in a depth of tone which Lablache would have envied in his palmiest day. I hope no reader will say—for, give a writer a bad name and you might as well burn him—that no one can do any thing but sleep after such a breakfast, for that would be to commit a very great mistake and to sully the reputation of our cooks—artists (not mere physicians* for all you think) whose greatness is founded on the genius they exert in aiding nature, and freeing man from the vulgar, the menial office of digestion.

But let us avoid our *muttons*, for I want to tell you the attempts made to fleece me this morning, while searching the *Maisons Meublées* for some place to rest my weary limbs. I am persuaded that twenty years' lucubrations over Saint Thomas Aquinas' "Somme" would not sharpen the mind to a finer edge than the amicable contests with Parisian room-letters. No man should ever venture to

* See Dr. Kitchener's "Cooks' Oracle" for a cook's emetic, and the times when it should be taken, and his warnings as to the consequences of neglecting them.

please the court, and throw a client on his country, without having spent one day at the least in hunting an apartment in Paris. To say there is no variety of lie (they draw much nicer distinctions than ever entered poor Touchstone's head), no species of argument with which they are unacquainted, would be to seduce the unexperienced traveller into too low an estimate of these creatures' powers; they are equally at home in every sort of eloquence, in every figure of speech, in every logical formula (they loll in fallacies), their favorite being;

Gentlemen take rooms, or do not take rooms.

Monsieur does not take rooms.

Therefore Monsieur takes rooms.

Here's the key, sir; only quatre vingt dix neuf francs, quatre vingt quinze centimes. Louise, Louise, get ready Monsieur's apartment. Tell François to go for the trunks. Monsieur must give fifteen days *congé*, when he wishes to leave the rooms (what no one has done yet except when they were summoned to their country); we have never had other than foreigners in the house (Frenchmen are so noisy) since it was opened, when the death of some near relation (à Dieu ne plaise that such a malheur should happen to Monsieur), and the porter, and the bonne, and the cook, and the water-carrier, and the coalman expect a *gratification* every month from Monsieur. Mais Louise, Lou-i-s-e, ah mon Dieu, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, who is killing my poor dear sweet *Bibi*, my own darling little dog. François, François! (Your passport, Monsieur?) and if you are so hard-hearted and deaf as to resist their eloquence, figures of speech, logic, and smiles, forthwith they exhibit histrionic talents of the highest order. Cruel man, you have exhausted her. The fatigue of mounting all those steps, of unlocking all those doors, cupboards, wardrobes, drawers, desks, secretaries, night-tables, *bidets*, water and legionary closets has broken her down, she is almost fainting, she can scarcely speak! surely, Monsieur will not consent that a widow with eight fatherless children, the eldest of whom having drawn a *bad number* at the conscription is forced to go in the army, the two youngest are at the breast, and the rest are girls, should have killed herself to oblige him for nothing! It is in vain that you urge that the apartments are damp. Damp! heavens, such a slander on her house was never uttered before! Tears start from her eyes to confirm her assertion, (are fountains ever placed except in dry gardens?) didn't a whole family move over to her house from the

Rue Three Stars expressly because her house was known by *all the world* in Paris, to be the driest place in town. Too high above the ground! that is the great advantage of the rooms; if they were a floor higher (*didn't* she wish they were), she would charge, at the least, fifty francs more for them; every body in Paris who can afford it, lives high. Unreasonable price! good gracious! before the revolution, which ruined everybody, she got one hundred and fifty francs more for the rooms than now, and the gentleman who had them, furnished his own bellows. She loses ten francs a month on them at her present prices. Monsieur would not see a widow and family (as aforesaid) starved.

Think of my fighting my way through all this for hours, and of the steps I mounted, and the beds I pressed, and the curtains I inspected, and I am sure you will not think me extravagant in my breakfast, even if I order further a *mayonnaise de homard*, and an *omelette aux confitures*.

After I have despatched them, I will tell you, while sipping my coffee, and arranging my sugar in the thimbleful of brandy, in the *petit verre*, what strange things these *Maisons Meublées* and indeed all houses in Paris are. They seem built as if especially contrived to give as many spectators, and as cheaply as possible, to Frenchmen while acting their parts in this life. It is quite awful to the Anglo Saxon retiring domestic disposition. Frenchmen, on the contrary, are never so happy as when they excite the attention of others. They long for spectators; they court attention in every possible manner. French houses should satisfy this desire to their heart's content. At the entrance of the *porte cochère*, is the porter's lodge, with a glass door looking on the coachway, and a glass window opening on the staircase; the porter is invested with full power to satisfy his curiosity about every person who enters the house—I leave you to imagine the use to which he puts these powers! He is the postmaster, too, of the thirty or forty families who live in the house. At night he holds his levee, which is attended by all the servants of the house with courtier-like punctuality. The news of the day is discussed: the comical scene between Monsieur on the first floor and his creditor; the dinner served on the second floor; *Mon Dieu* (repeated rapidly a dozen times) that people dressed so fine who fare so low as Madame of the third floor, and her kindness to her brother-in-law's second cousin, is made the canvas on which many a commentary is embroidered with occa-

sionally a profound observation on the similarity of matrimony and blindness; the *Porte's* wife, who cleans up the rooms of those people on the fourth floor, communicates a flood of knowledge touching wrestles with necessity to keep up appearances, and the *Porte* himself occasionally interrupts the conversation to relate some past incident in the rent of the tenants, which illustrates or confirms the remark just made. We have read of the Hindostanee fanatic, who as penance for an involuntary homicide, vowed to spend the remainder of his days on a bed made of nails with the points upwards; I have sometimes thought the total absence of every thing like bashfulness, which is very observable in the French, may proceed from this public life they lead without intermission; those who do not breakfast in some thronged café, or dine in some crowded restaurant, spend every evening in the theatre or at a café, after living in the glass houses of Paris. What privacy is possible when a whole family lives on one floor, separated from each other by partitions of modern thinness? Is not this want of privacy one of the causes of Frenchmen having no home? As soon as the children fairly breathe, they are posted off to some nurse in the country; when they walk without falling, an infant school receives them, which is succeeded by a government institution, that turns out the young man to shift for himself in this great ocean, Paris.

There is no wind but blows some one good. These porters make Parisians the earliest retriers in the world. It is one of the strangest sights on the Boulevards in summer (when they are excessively dull) to observe how rapidly the immense throngs seated on the wicker chairs, on both sides of the right and left hand of the Boulevard, disappear shortly after half-past ten o'clock. No matter how thronged the Boulevard is, it is cleared before eleven o'clock. If you stroll in the streets near midnight, the few persons you meet will be found running home like boys while the school-bell is ringing. Wo to the tenant who disturbs the porter after midnight, without slipping a ten cent piece under the lodge door! The next night he is caught out, he will ring in vain, for, at the least, a half-hour, as there are some *ringes* which put the porter to sleep instead of waking him. These are they which never *gratify* the porter. Unless the porter be kept on good terms the tenant may assuredly reckon upon losing half his newspapers, half his letters, half his visitor's cards. One day when looking out for unfurnished rooms, I met an

old French acquaintance as I was going into a *porte cochère*; when I told him my object, his smiling face became suddenly grave, and evinced the greatest consternation. You think of taking rooms there! Why, don't you see the porter is tailor? I had not then noticed a small tin sign announcing that the porter makes and mends clothes. The old Frenchman thought me little less than mad to enter a house where the porter was not only a porter but a tailor into the bargain: for, said he, in a tone which bore indications of experience, the fellow will never let you rest satisfied until he is appointed your mender, if not your tailor. He will try his ingenuity to find out petty annoyances which cannot be noticed until you give him your buttonless clothes, or your *congé*. Keep clear of tailor and cobbler porters: "there's not a more fearful wild beast flying."

But enough of your lodge disquisitions; is there nothing new in Paris? Complaints are as old as Cain, and, if porters were extinct, locks would be rusty or keys easily mislaid.

In Paris the fashions are always new, and I have rarely known them more elegant than they are now. To my taste, summer fashions, from their lightness, freshness, and brilliancy are much more attractive than those which come prepared to war against the winter's vicissitudes. What can be more graceful than the rich light-colored skirts, with lace-trimmed canezous of embroidered muslin? Take care, though, that the bottom row of lace be twice the width of the top, and that the canezous be made with basques. Don't forget to make the sleeves large at the bottom, cut in forms, and trimmed to match the basques; nor to close the front of the body with a row of fancy buttons, and to place a *ruche* of lace or tulle turned over the collar around the throat. Choose your gloves half-long, and of straw or blue colors. Avoid gold and jewelry of every description (at night you may wear large diamond drops in your ears . . . if you have them), and let your only bracelets be bunches of bows of very narrow ribbon to match the skirt; wear them immediately above your gloves. Let me describe a *toilette* I saw the other night in the Opera Comique, which, besides striking me more than anything I have seen for a long time, has the advantage (as I understood from the lady by my side) of being as well for *négligé* as full dress, and may be made in any color. It was in pale white *glacé taffetas d'Italie*; on the front of the skirt were six rows of wide ribbon of the same color, plaited *à la vieille*, forming six columns, reaching across from

one hip to the other; the middle of the skirt was plain, over which the ends of the sash floated. The robe was high, and on each side the three rows of ribbon were continued, spreading towards the shoulders. The body was open *en coeur* from the sash, displaying a beautiful lace chemisette; the bottom of the body was terminated by three basques, and at the opening on the hips the sash was fastened under a large flat button; a *ruche à la vieille* was placed round the basques, and three rows of the same trimming ornamented the bottom of the demi-pagoda sleeves, having, between each row of ribbon, a bouillonné of lace; the sleeve was cut up to the elbow, and attached by bows of blue taffeta ribbon, with floating ends. With this robe, was worn a splendid light shawl, the ground of white tulle, entirely covered with embroidery in white silk; a very deep crimped fringe trimmed the edge. A small bonnet of alternate pink and white lisse bouillonnés; bunches of white and pink hedge roses entirely covered the inside, and some bunches fell from the ears and crossed the head.

Don't mention the theatres in this hot weather, purgatory enough. Although, even were the weather less tropical, I do not think I would go to the Français to see a child die of the croup, in *Le Lys de la Vallée*; or the *Les Plaisirs d'Été*, at the Variétés. The Spanish dancers at the Gymnase are more attractive, and *Les Filles de Marbre*, at the Vaudeville—but I cannot sully these pages by describing the heartlessness of these unsexed creatures. The physician handles the putrid corpse only when he hopes to benefit mankind—what good may one hope from the dissection of the Daughters of Marbre?—"And so great were the mischiefs they did, that these isles of the Sirens, even as far off as man can ken them, appeared all over white with the bones of unburied carcasses: by which is signified, that albeit the examples of afflictions be manifest and eminent, they do not sufficiently deter us from the wicked enticements of pleasure."

Will you read me again that characteristic anecdote of M. Thiers, you said you quoted from the *Constitutionnel's* angry review, of M. Mignet's *éloge* of M. Theodore Jouffroy?

I cannot find the paper now, some one has taken it; but it described a meeting of the Superior Council of Public Instruction held some two years ago, while M. de Falloux was minister. The princes of the churches of France, the most celebrated jurists of the bench, the chiefs of the philosophical schools, and the most eminent statesmen of the country were discussing

the books which should be allowed to enter the schools and colleges. M. Thiers bore a prominent share in the debate, and with his wonted felicity and vivacity charmed and (as is also his wont), astonished the audience; for, he dwelt with great warmth upon the extent of the evil produced in the country by the accredited and popular histories of the French Revolution. The rising generation, he urged, were taught there deplorable political morals; odious acts were lauded, and abominable men applauded; dangerous paradoxes advanced, and deplorable illusions excited; measures inspired by an infernal genius, or dictated by a savage selfishness, adorned with the name of liberty, or disgusted by the specious pretext of political necessity. One of the members of the Council suggested to M. Thiers, that he, himself, was the author of one of the accredited and popular histories of the Revolution, whose tendencies he depicted as so pernicious: "I don't except in the least respect my history from the remarks I have made," he exclaimed, with that petulant vivacity of repartee for which he is so famous. "I am just as guilty as the rest; and I don't hesitate to confess it openly."

Is that not characteristic of the nation? They seem devoid of moral sense, and pass through life, slaves, from the cradle to the grave, of blind impulse, without once acting as agents of reflection. Let me repeat to you, what I think is one of the saddest pieces of prose in any language: M. Jouffroy's sketch of his sceptical frame of mind, which the allusion to M. Mignet suggests to me; I spare you an account of his *Eloge*, which, although written in his elegant and correct style, offends me by its continual and contemptible war of allusions on the present government. I have the same aversion to the stiletto of the Venetian bravo in Paris, as on the Rialto.

"I was twenty years old," says M. Jouffroy, "when I began to study philosophy. I was then at the Normal School, and although philosophy was among the sciences, we might elect to devote ourselves to, with a view to teaching it hereafter, it was neither the advantages that science offered to its teachers, nor a decided turn for those kind of studies, which induced me to pursue them. I was led to philosophy by another path. Born of pious parents, and in a province where, at the beginning of this century, the Catholic faith was still full of life, I was early accustomed to consider the destiny of man and the care of his soul, as the great business of my life; and the whole course of my education had contributed

to consolidate these serious dispositions in me. During a long period, Christian faith fully sufficed to all the wants and all the disquiet which such dispositions excite in the mind. To these questions, which I regarded as the only ones meriting man's attention, my paternal religion responded, and I credited these responses; thanks to them, present life seemed clear, and beyond it I saw the future which must follow it lying cloudless. Tranquil about the path I should follow in this world, tranquil about the end whither it would conduct me in the other world; understanding life in its true phases, and death which unites them; understanding myself, knowing God's designs respecting me, and loving him for the goodness of his designs, I was happy with that happiness which a lively and certain faith in a doctrine which resolves all the great questions that can interest man, never fails to give. But in the times when I was born, it was impossible this happiness could last; and the day came when, in the midst of that peaceful edifice of religion which had hospitably sheltered me at my birth, and under whose roof my earlier years had passed away, I heard the tempest of doubt which on every side beat its walls, and made it tremble even to its foundations. My curiosity could not escape from the powerful objections spread like dust in the atmosphere I breathed, by the genius of two centuries of scepticism. Notwithstanding the alarm they caused me, and perhaps because of that alarm, these objections made a strong impression on my mind.

"In vain my childhood and its poetical impressions, my youth and its religious souvenirs, the majesty, the antiquity, the authority of that creed which I had been taught; in vain all my memory, all my imagination, all my soul were excited, and in revolt against this invasion of an incredulity which wounded them profoundly,—my heart could not defend my reason.

"The authority of Christianity once questioned by my mind, I felt all of my convictions tremble to their foundations; to consolidate them anew, I was forced to examine the worth of this authority, and with whatever partiality I entered upon this examination, I left it sceptical. Such was the declivity upon which mind had slid, and by degrees it went further and further from the Faith. But this melancholy revolution did not take place in the full sight of my conscience, too many scruples, too many lively and holy affections rendered it too redoubtable, for me to acknowledge to myself the progress it had made. It had been accom-

plished silently by an involuntary operation to which I was no accomplice; and long after I had ceased to be a Christian except in the innocence of my intentions, I should have trembled to suspect, I should have deemed myself calumniated, were I told that I was no longer a Christian. But I was too sincere with myself, and I attached too much importance to religious questions, for this blindness about my own opinions longer to subsist after age had strengthened my mind, and the studious and solitary life of the Normal School, fortified the meditative disposition of my mind.

"I shall never forget the December night when the veil which concealed my incredulity from myself was torn asunder. I still hear my footsteps in that narrow and naked chamber, where, long after bed-time, I was wont to walk; I still see that moon half-concealed by the clouds which fitfully lighted the cold tiles of the floor. The hours of the night passed away, and I did not perceive their flight; I anxiously followed my thoughts, which, from depth to depth, descended to the lowest deep of my conscience, and dissipating one after the other, all the illusions which until then had concealed it from my sight, every minute exhibited its wanderings more visibly to me.

"In vain I clung to these last hopes like a shipwrecked mariner to the last planks of his ship; in vain, terrified by the unknown vacuum in which I was about floating, I sought to row myself with them yet once more towards my childhood, my family, my province, towards all that was dear and sacred to me; the inflexible current of my thoughts was the strongest; parents, family, souvenirs, belief, I was obliged to leave them all; the examination became more obstinate and more severe as it approached its term, and it did not cease until it had attained it. I then knew that there was no longer any thing left standing in my mind.

"This was an awful moment; and when towards the morning, I threw myself exhausted on my bed, it seemed to me I felt my first life, so happy and so active, blasted, and behind me open another life, sombre and barren, where henceforward I should live alone, alone with my fatal thought, and which I was tempted to curse. The days which followed this discovery were the saddest I have ever felt. To narrate by what storms they were agitated would lead me too far. Although my mind did not consider its work altogether without some pride, my soul could not accustom itself to a state so ill adapted to human weakness; it endeavored by violent efforts to regain the

shores it had lost; it found amid the ashes of its past belief, sparks which sometimes seemed as though they would rekindle its faith.*

"But convictions overthrown by reason can be rebuilt only by it; and these glimmerings were soon extinguished. If, when I lost my faith I had also become careless of the questions which it solved for me, without doubt this violent state would not have lasted long; fatigue would have overwhelmed with sleep, and my life, like that of a good many others, would have gone to sleep in scepticism. Fortunately, this did not take place; I had never felt more sensibly the importance of the problems than now, after I had lost their solution. I was incredulous, but I detested incredulity; this decided the direction of my life. Unable to bear uncertainty about the enigma of human destiny, having no longer the light of faith to resolve it, I had no instrument left but the light of reason. I therefore resolved to give all the time which might be required, my whole life if necessary, to the solution of this difficulty; such was the path which led me to philosophy, which seems to me to be nothing but the search after this truth." I need scarcely say that M. Jouffroy soon found "Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings and sped him away, that he saw him no more."

See how busy the *Moniteur* has been translating articles from "*The Putnam's Magazine*." I really thought, when I saw it, day after day, translating articles, that it seriously contemplated republishing the whole number. The article on the Arctic Exploring Expeditions has been translated into all the newspapers on the continent.

How warmly the Academy of Sciences applauded M. Arago, when he resumed his seat of perpetual secretary to that body, and promised them a memoir on the manner of observing the forms of several planets by the birefringent telescope! With what lively interest they have listened to M. de Gasparin's disquisitions on the influence of the solar radiation in exciting the phenomena of vegetation; isn't it the cause of the singular contradictions we see; the olive barren

in Agen, where the temperature does not average above 58°, prolific in Dalmatia, where the average temperature does not exceed 56°; the limit of vineyards, 54° on the banks of the Loire, and 50° on the declivities of the Rhine; harvest abundant in England, with a summer temperature of 63°, while in Sweden the same happy result is secured with 59°; and the results of a new instrument he has invented to ascertain this radiation he promises to communicate shortly;—to M. Gauguain's account of the improvement he has introduced into M. Peckett's improved Volta's electroscope-condenser; retaining the ordinary construction of Volta's original (two gold leaves hung in the interior of a glass recipient to a small metallic mass, which extends to the exterior with a condenser), and adding to it another independent, and larger condenser, which is connected with the battery or machine, and when charged, is used to charge in turn, the small condenser of the electroscope;—the able memoir of M. Joubert de Lamballe on the use of anaesthetic agents, in which he points out the great dangers attending the use of chloroform especially, in consequence of the large mediate communications between the bronchi and the pulmonary organs found in some persons (after death!); that the use of chloroform should be instantly suspended the moment the pulse falls to 55 pulsations per minute; that it should never be used after gunshot wounds which have given the system a violent shock, after great loss of blood, or a chlorotic state carried to a great excess; and that when death has apparently supervened from its use, the patient should be placed horizontally on his back, or obliquely on his side, and receive the shocks of an electrical battery.

Heaven forbid I should weary you with the Turkish question; I allude to it merely to repeat a very witty synopsis of Count Von Nesselrode's circular: "*What does the Czar say?*" asked a stock gambler of one of his confederates, "in his circular to the Porte?" "*Le cordon, s'il vous plait!*"† I heard somebody say, while talking about China, "The Celestials seem to have taken a powerful dose of *Tartar emetic!*"

* We are persuaded this picture of the painful frame of mind scepticism superinduces, has already suggested to our readers' minds, Wordsworth's noble lines:—

"I had rather be,
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or, hear old Triton wind his wretched horn."

† We fear none of our readers will see the point of this joke, but those who have visited Paris, and still remember the accustomed formula with which the porters of houses are requested to *open the door*, and let persons come in.

AVIGNON.

THE July day drew to a close, the fret of travel past,
 The cool and moonlit court-yard of the inn was gained at last,
 Where Oleanders greeted us between their stately ranks,
 As pink and proud as if they grew on native Indian banks;
 Seen from our chamber-window's ledge they looked more strangely fair,
 Like blossomed baskets lightly poised upon the summer air.

When came the sultry morning sun, I did not care to go,
 On dusty roads, but staid to see my Oleanders glow
 Within their shadowy oasis; the pilgrimage was long
 To Petrarch's home, hot alien winds dried up his dewy song;
 Though Laura's cheek with centuries sweet, still blushes at his call,
 Her blush was not so bright as yours, my Oleanders tall.

And fiercer grew the summer day, while, in the court below,
 The white-capped peasant-women trim kept moving to and fro,
 With little laughs, and endless talks, whose murmur rose to me
 Like the spring chats of careless birds from blossomed apple-tree;
 And, hearing it, I blessed the choice that held me there that day,
 With my stately Oleanders keeping all the world at bay.

The masonry of Nismes was lost, but still I could not sigh,
 For Roman work looks sad when we have bidden Rome good-bye;
 Prison and castle of the Pope stood close upon the hill,
 But of castle and of prison my soul had had its fill—
 I knew that blood-stains, old and dark, clung to the inner wall,
 And blessed the lovely living bloom of Oleanders tall.

Thou pleasant, pleasant court-yard, I make to thee a crown
 Of gems, from Murray's casket, then shut the red lid down,
 Contented if I still may keep, beneath a sky of blue,
 The tender treasure of the day when first my spirit knew
 Thy quiet, and thy shadow, and thy bird-like gossip, all
 Inclosed within that sunset wreath of Oleanders tall.

OUR NEW PRESIDENT.

If we had needed any assurance that some such article as that we published last month, entitled "Our New President," was eminently fit and proper for an American journal, like ours, to publish, we should have found it in the tone of criticism which the article has elicited from the few presses in the country, which pretend to be government organs. It is quite time that we begin to look about us, and see whither the Ship of State is drifting, if a newly elected President is held to be so sacred a personage that his public acts cannot be freely discussed by an independent journal, because it is independent. We know President Pierce only as the chief magistrate of the nation, and not as "the head of the democratic party," and we most respectfully assure those friends of ours who have so amiably taken us to task for daring to approach the sacred person of the President, because he happens to have been elected by so-called democratic votes, except on our knees, that we have never given the shadow of a hint, since our prospectus was issued, that we should abstain from handling, in our own manner, any subject of popular interest, through fear of giving offence to any person, party, or sect.

It is our aim, as it was our promise, to amuse and instruct the public; and, in fairness to the public, we cannot afford to be one-sided, or partial, in the treatment of our subjects. It can hardly be necessary for us to disclaim all partisan bias whatever, or to say that in the article in question, there was the slightest degree of party feeling, unless it were in favor of the party in power, either entertained or expressed. Whether the opinions uttered were right or wrong, is not the point we wish to discuss, but simply to beg those journals that have so inconsiderately censured us for daring to touch the subject at all, to consider what the effect must be of hedging in the presidency with a mere party reverence, which none shall be allowed to overstep but professed partisan hacks. Is it from such sources that the cause of the people is likely to be best served, and the truth arrived at? By and by the tables will be turned, and then these now government-organs will regard a candid canvass of a new President's pretensions, by a journal like ours, which has no partisan ties or obligations, a very proper and eminently discreet thing to do.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LITERATURE.

AMERICAN.—*The Astronomical Journal*. On the second day of November, 1849, the first number of the American Astronomical Journal made its appearance, published at Cambridge, Mass. It wore a most forbidding aspect. Consisting of eight small quarto pages, it bore only on the first and last any of the ordinary forms of language. More than six pages were entirely covered with the most absurd looking collocations of figures and letters. Small letters and capitals, Italic and Roman, Greek and English, in parentheses and out of them, adorned in various ways with Arabic numerals, are all strangely mixed and arrayed with dashes and crosses in what might seem inextricable confusion. The Journal has continued, at irregular intervals, to publish similar sheets, until it has poured out upon the world about five hundred pages of apparent unintelligibility.

And of what value is this array of figures, and for whose eyes can it be intended?

To answer the last question first, the journal is purely astronomical, designed for the use of the observatories and astronomers of the whole world, and affording the only convenient mode of communicating observations made in America to the general stock of the world's learning. The subscription list is, of course, too small to pay the expenses of printing, and the balance which amounts to \$600 a volume, is met, partly from private resources of the editor, partly by others who recognize their privilege of being able thus to foster science, and give a solid character to the reputation of our country. We may perhaps add that pecuniary sacrifices are not the only ones which the editor has made in behalf of American astronomy. Feeling the importance of such a journal as a record of our contributions to this science, and as a means of increasing their number and value, he has declined offices and honors in foreign lands, that he might return to his native State, to spend his time, his strength, and his fortune in the cause to which he has devoted himself.

The other question, as to the utility of the Journal, may be answered in the words of the editor; words not designed for the public eye, but addressed to a sympathizing friend, and therefore written more directly from his heart. "I felt that to awaken a true zeal for Astronomy and Mathematics in America,—to inspire our own scientific men with self-reliance,

confidence, and intellectual courage,—to give them a voice and rouse them to emulation, both with one another and with the nations of the old world—to render charlatanism conspicuously manifest, without incurring the many disadvantages attendant upon personal crusades,—in short, to aid in building up American astronomy, and thus indirectly the other departments of science, was a mission lofty enough to satisfy the most aspiring; patriotic enough for the best citizen."

It must not be supposed that the journal is narrowly American in its aim. It receives contributions to its columns from every civilized country on the globe; never asking a line from any pen, however illustrious, nor publishing one which does not contain a positive addition to the domain of human knowledge. It sends its light to every quarter of the globe, Australia, Africa, both on the Nile and at the Cape; Asia, South America, both coasts of North America, and Europe; its circulation in the latter country being greater than in America.

But wherever it goes it sends back honor upon the United States. It is acknowledged to be fully equal to the European Journal, the *Astronomische Nachrichten*. Yet that publication is supported in great part by the Danish government, and its editor receives a munificent salary from the same source. The European governments, indeed, have circulated our American Journal by means of their official couriers, so willing are they to foster this chief of sciences;—while our government have politely declined forwarding it through the despatch bags of the United States Legations, even when addressed to national institutions, and sent as gifts, either of the editor, or of the Smithsonian Institute. It seems to us reasonable that this courtesy should be shown by the United States to the Astronomers of the Continent who are in the pay of their governments, and that they should have every possible facility given them of availing themselves at the earliest moment of the aid of American observers.

By the immediate publication of new discoveries which is done in extra circulars, the Journal stimulates to new observations; and the publication of these observations leads to new analytical research. This has been the constant process by which astronomy has multiplied its triumphs, from the time when Galileo issued his *Nuncius Sidereus*, announcing the discovery of Jupiter's moons, down to the time of the last discovery of a new

asteroid, or an unknown comet. But never have those triumphs multiplied more rapidly than during the last few years. The measurement of the distance of the fixed stars; the discovery of the new planet Neptune; of twenty additional planets between Mars and Jupiter; of the fluidity of Saturn's ring; these and many other less brilliant achievements have been crowded into the last fifteen years. Nor has our country taken a small share in the labor; received a small share of the honor. The taunt that our learning is superficial is no longer heard. We have men able to do any work that human thought can do;—and we have private citizens willing to do for our astronomers, what kings and emperors have done for those of the world. The telescope at Cambridge, Mass., is fully equal to any in the world. Its power may be in some measure judged of, from the fact that it could discern the lines on this printed page at a distance of three miles, and read across the North River. The telescope at Cincinnati, and at Washington are also first class instruments.

The Journal not only stimulates to new observation and research, but it calls new men into the field. More than one instance has already occurred in which the modesty of good mathematicians had kept them in the secrecy of idle retirement, wholly unconscious of their ability to serve Science, until the open columns of this paper tempted them to write, and brought them into usefulness and incipient fame.

If these were the only advantages of the publication of the *Astronomical Journal*, it would be one of our most useful and important periodicals, and we would earnestly hope that the editor might not be forced to relinquish the work for which he has made such large sacrifices.

But we believe that in proportion as one science is advanced, all others receive a healthy impulse. The connection between Astronomy and the Mathematics is particularly close; the former is dependent on the latter for its theories, the latter upon the former for its stimulus and reward. The one lies at the foundation of all physical sciences, the other is the noblest of the superstructures.

And the chief worth of these sciences is in the power and elevation which they give to the student's mind, the reverence and awe, the faith and hope with which they inspire him. These diviner sentiments of our nature are fed by all intellectual culture, except in rare and unhealthy cases. And what intellectual culture may compare with that given by astronomy? Where is the logic that can

compare with that of mathematics? On all other subjects each single argument may be reduced by terseness of language to a single paragraph. But in mathematics a single argument may fill a volume. Yet each letter in a mathematical formula has had condensed into it the meaning of a whole phrase; and a single line contains more than can be expressed in a page of ordinary language. With all this wonderful condensation of meaning and of argument, the sentences of mathematical writers are sometimes necessarily of great length. In the first number of the *Astronomical Journal* we find, for instance, a single sentence occupying nearly two pages quarto, without any pause in it longer than a comma, and containing in it only one single verb. If we were to attempt to express in ordinary language all that is told in this algebraic sentence, we should fill a volume and then find it wholly unintelligible. Whereas in its present form it is to the eye of the astronomer as grand and comprehensive as an oration.

Now if language is an instrument of thought, and the power of a writer or thinker is in proportion to the perfection of the language with which he is acquainted, what must be the effect of familiarity with such a language as that of the calculus upon the mind of those that use it? We have at least abundant evidence that, in their own peculiar department, it gives them marvellous power and marvellous accuracy. To hear a man assert unconditionally as one of the writers in this *Journal* does assert, that Saturn's rings are fluid; that a body which has been subjected to telescopic observation for two hundred years without a suspicion of its want of solidity is a collection of streams of some liquid,—rivers running in open space,—rivers without a bed, without a source, without an end, chasing into themselves and into each other for ever; to hear a man make such an assertion, we might be excused for hesitating to believe it. But when we remember that mathematical reasoning is of all reasoning least liable to error, and remember that every ship that sails depends upon astronomical calculations for its guidance and is not disappointed; when we reflect that from three observations of a heavenly body its whole orbit may be accurately known; when we behold eclipses taking place in precise accordance with prediction; when we recollect also the splendid triumphs of the calculus in the science of optics, we must yield our prepossessions to his demonstrations, and confess his right to declare that to be fluid, which is, to all appearance, as solid as the earth itself.

It is well that we are thus obliged to acknowledge the weight of scientific authority. It is well that we are reminded that we must yield our assent to truths which we cannot understand; nay, that we must sometimes have a lively faith in them, and put to sea, risking fortune and life upon the word of astronomical predictions.

It is well also to be taught, that there are some things which we do not know. In politics and in business, men freely criticise statesmen and financiers as though they were their equals. There is no easy and sure criterion by which men can distinguish the real statesman. And those natural sciences which are most intimately connected with daily life, labor under a similar disadvantage. But with astronomy and mathematics it is quite a different thing. Their heroes are a well marked, and distinguished few. No one can doubt the magnificence and grandeur of their achievements. We rarely find a moralist or a poet to speak of them with scorn; as in Schiller's verse:

Talk not to me astronomers always of stars and of systems;

Worlds had never been made simply for science to count.

Grand is the starry host doubtless, in space is nothing sublimer,

But, good friends, the sublime is not embodied in space.

The world, however, judges more wisely than Schiller. It finds in the astronomer, not the star-counter of the poet, but a spirit akin to the star-builder. Where is there to be found any thing more sublime than the mastery which the human mind has gained over these countless worlds; which, roaming through unfathomed space, are yet charmed down by the mighty talisman of the telescope; bound by the unyielding chain of the calculus, and forced, Proteus like, to prophesy the future, and yield up the secrets of the past. What is there sublime in the human spirit, if it be not the power to run back before the birth of time, and follow, with demonstration infallible as sight, the course of the Creator's action? What imagination more sublime than that of the Geometer, who frames worlds upon different laws, from those which have been adopted by God, and shows with certainty unerring as experience what would have flowed thence had He adopted them.

The mere knowledge that any human being has such power lifts us up. Men cannot but feel a certain reverence for themselves to know that fellow-men are thus exalted. They are unconsciously raised into a higher sphere. We have heard one of the best historians of our day rank the discovery of Neptune among

the most important events of human history; and he justified his remark, by appealing to this well-known effect of scientific triumphs in elevating the tone of thought even among the lowest classes.

Songs of the modern minnesingers, might very well have been the title of a volume of *German Lyrics*, translated by Rev. C. T. Brooks, of Newport, R. I., published by Ticknor, Reed and Fields, Boston. Mr. Brooks is well known as one of the most accomplished German scholars, and admirable translators, in the country: and has already presented the public with a volume of translations from Theodore Körner, and other German poets, published in Ripley's *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature*; and his graceful and sparkling touch is often recognized in the columns of the *Literary World*. So singularly happy is he in translation, that we gladly hail his present book, which forms one of the successful Boston series, as a contribution of permanent value to our literary stores; and we sincerely hope the muse he serves so well, may some day inspire him to collect into a volume of English translation, the exquisite songs and ballads of Henry Heine, which would surely command attention and favor. This has been already done for Uhland, one of the most famous and characteristic of the modern German bards, by Alexander Weill (we believe that is the name): the entire contents of Uhland's last complete volume are rendered poem by poem into English.

In notes necessarily so brief as these, we can do little more than inform the reader of such a publication, and assure him of its admirable quality. We notice among the translations, Müller's version of the well known old monkish legend, of which Longfellow has given his version in the "Golden Legend" as the story of the Monk Felix. It is one of the most striking of the romantic religious traditions. A glance at the *German Lyrics* will give the reader a very fair idea of the variety, the grace, and the quaintness of this department of German literature. The fun is rather too cumbrous and local, for our quick Saxon apprehension. A German comical journal, as German students will remember, does not seem very funny to an habitual and appreciative reader of *Punch*. A small joke goes a great way in Germany; perhaps the Germans like to burrow into it, and turn it over and over, at leisure. But one number of *Charivari* or *Punch*, has more essential fun in it than a volume of *The Fliegende Blätter*. If our commendation of the present work comes a little late, it is none the less sincere—and

we shall look with hope and interest for further contributions of the same kind from Mr. Brooks.

—It is a proper compliment that Mr. GEORGE S. HILLARD has paid the public, in his *Six Months in Italy*, that he has so carefully elaborated every part of his book. He does not give us his hasty impressions of travel, hastily written, but the results of close and attentive observation, matured by study, and presented in the most painstaking way. Absorbed in the pursuit of a most laborious vocation, he might have found an excuse for a little carelessness and inelegance in the customary plea of a want of time to hasten and perfect his style; but he has availed himself of no such privilege, and gives us his work with the evidences of preparation on every page. An instructive and agreeable work it is, almost minute enough in its descriptions to answer for a guide-book, yet abounding in just and sensible remarks, well-informed criticisms, and varied learning.

Mr. Hillard entered Italy by way of Trieste, passing over the Adriatic to Venice, whence he went through Verona, Parma, and Bologna, to Florence. From Florence he went to Rome, thence to Naples, and from Naples back to Leghorn and Pisa, and so on to Genoa. In all these places he remained sufficiently long to impress their peculiar scenery upon his mind, to examine their treasures of art, and to derive some knowledge of the ways of the people. He seems to have left no day unemployed. Churches, galleries, museums, and the beautiful objects of nature, were all attractive to him, and he paints them with an appreciative admiration and fidelity. Appended to his records of travel, also, are a series of discriminating remarks on the previous writers on Italy, which many will find as interesting as any part of the book, furnishing, as they do, the judgments of a ripe and highly cultivated scholar on the Italian narratives of Addison, De Stael, Goethe, Chateaubriand, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Forsyth,—on all, in short, who have attained any distinction in that line.

Mr. Hillard writes with grace, elegance, and dignity, and though a little hard and stiff at times, is never awkward or uncouth. His principal defect is a want of raciness, or humor: he is too uniformly sustained; talks too much like a book, and too little like conversation; is didactic rather than amusing, and now and then disguises commonplace in such formal and stately phrases, that one hardly recognizes his old friends. It is impossible to read him continuously, without feeling a certain restraint, as if he were afraid of

offending some ideal standard, by abandoning himself to his sentiments, and a generous enthusiasm. But his merit, on the other hand, is that of a chaste severity, classical precision, and, as far as it goes, a thorough and exact culture. His book will add very greatly to his reputation, and we think, be generally regarded as an ornament to our literature.

—PROFESSOR SILLIMAN'S "*Visit to Europe*" is a work of the same class with Mr. Hillard's; but of an entirely different character. The one is the record of a brilliant episode in the life of a scholar, which has filled his memory, as he says, with images alike beautiful and enduring; while the other is that of a man of science, less eager to seek out the wonders of art, though not insensible to them, but anxious mainly to investigate the great depositories of learning, to examine the physical peculiarities of countries, and to describe his journeyings only in so far as they give interest to his other purposes. The narrative of the venerable and distinguished Professor is clear, unvarnished, and straightforward, not particularly novel or striking in its selection of incidents, yet seldom dull, or merely repetitions of the details of the guide-books. It is obvious that the author saw things for himself, and describes his own views of them, not the stereotyped views of the tourist. But the chief value of his work is in the illustrations which his vast scientific attainments have enabled him to contribute to our knowledge of the geological and other natural phenomena of different countries. We would especially commend, in this respect, the part relating to Naples, and the volcano of Mount Vesuvius, which appear to have been studied with remarkable attention. Indeed, we have scarcely opened any page of the two volumes without deriving from it some instruction or pleasure.

—Mr. GEORGE W. FLAGG'S "*Venice*" is another agreeable addition to our stock of books on the old world. An artist, and of course an enthusiast,—an official person, and consequently admitted to the best sources of knowledge, the author has treated his romantic theme with the admiration of the poet, and yet with the fullness of information and the accuracy of the historian. No subject that we know of is better adapted to call forth all the finest qualities of the writer than the "*City of the Sea*." Her singularly glorious position, her wild and mysterious yet brilliant history, the great names that have illuminated and darkened her annals, the still greater names that have made these annals immortal in dramas and novels,—the picturesque and impressive aspects of all that surrounds and is related to her, combine

in investing Venice with a depth of interest, a pathos, and a glory, that are found in no other city, scarcely excepting Rome, on the globe. We cannot say that Mr. Flagg has proved himself in all respects equal to his theme; but, at the same time, we will confess that his narration of the more recent vicissitudes of the beautiful Naïad of the Adriatic is the most complete, consecutive, and apparently authentic, that we have read. It fills one's soul with burning indignation to learn how much these poor Venetians, inheritors of Titian's fame, have suffered from the brutal despotism of the Austrians! How long, oh Lord, how long! one is tempted to exclaim, shall thy vengeance sleep!

—The "*Life of Isaac T. Hopper*," by that eminent and accomplished woman, MRS. LYDIA MARIA CHILD, is written with an anxious desire to depict the well-known philanthropist as he was. His kindness, gentleness, fearlessness, and other less noble traits, are presented with the utmost fidelity. But we doubt whether many of the details, into which the biographer enters, such as his love for certain mystifications, are entirely judicious. They were unquestionably innocent in themselves, springing from a harmless love of mirth, and yet, we confess that on reading them, we experienced a slight shock of surprise. The humor of them scarcely justified the insincerity, which, though only momentary and apparent, was not in accord with that thorough truthfulness we like to ascribe to such benevolent and conscientious men as Friend Hopper. As a memoir, however, of one who played a conspicuous and useful part, in various important moral reforms, it will be gratefully received by all who take an interest in the same objects.

—The "*Salad for the Solitary*," which is the quaint name of an entertaining collection of literary trifles, in the manner of the elder D'Israeli, appears to have a piquant flavor for the public appetite; for it has immediately passed through four or five editions, and is still selling with some rapidity. The writer has been evidently an industrious reader of books, from which he has picked a vast number of the most curious and agreeable morsels,—something suited, indeed, to almost every palate,—and he has put them together with original remarks of that relish of the true Attic Salt. For an idle summer's day reading, or for a jaunt by steamboat or railroad, the work will prove an unusually pleasant companion. We remark, however, some misquotations here and there, that will doubtless be corrected in future editions.

—The "*Story of Mont Blanc*," by

ALBERT SMITH, is a small, thin volume, but full of merit. It is one of those homely, truthful, knowing sketches, which only a man of genius can write, but the whole world loves to read. One gets so complete an idea from it, of the scenes it portrays, that he is satisfied, should he read nothing on the same subject hereafter.

There is a stratum of excellent good sense, and genial humor running through Mr. Smith's simple narrative, which cannot fail to have a most happy effect upon the minds of youthful readers. Mr. Smith is a thorough Cockney, though not born within hearing of Bow Bells; but he is one of the best of the class, and wins us to his way of thinking by his frank, social, and hearty manner of expressing his opinions. Not the least valuable part of his story of Mont Blanc, is the introduction, giving an account of a youthful pedestrian tour into Italy. The book is republished by Putnam & Co. from the English edition.

—The best type of a thorough German student and bibliographer is Dr. ANTHON, who every year enriches our possessions, by unfolding some new *placer* of learning, in the opulent ancient mines. His last book, "*A Manual of Greek Literature*," like nearly all his previous works, exhausts its topic. It seems to leave nothing to be said by those that may come after, covering the entire ground, and so admirably arranged that its vast resources are made available at a glance. How much are English scholars indebted to the industry and acquirements of this one man,—what heaps of undigested information he has gathered, and put into practicable shape,—what a miracle of diligence he is! It is said that we Americans are superficial in our attainments, but, if Dr. Anthon's books are used as widely as they are purchased, there must be a great many persons somewhere who are crammed with profoundest knowledge. We do not know who they are, but we are sure that such ponderous tomes of the choicest learning are not scattered through the community in vain. The Bentleys, the Porsons, and the Parrs, of old world renown, kept their immense acquisitions pretty much to themselves; but Dr. Anthon acquires only to impart, and, since his books are bought, we take it for granted that they must be read.

—HILDRETH'S "*Theory of Politics*" we announced some time ago: it is now published. It is sensible, instructive, and liberal in its sentiments, but we are not wholly satisfied with its philosophy. It does not seem to us to have gone to the root of the matter. But we confess to

have read it only superficially, and shall take more time before we venture upon a positive opinion.

—Our HAWTHORNE'S genius ennobles and purifies whatever it touches. In his second Wonder Book, or the *Tanglewood Tales*, the hideous myths of the bold classical dictionary, are extricated from the confusion and deformity in which they have been immersed, and presented to us anew in graceful and bewitching shapes. They have been rejuvenated for the juveniles, but with a sweet undercurrent of grace and wisdom, that will lend them a charm even for the ripest intellects. Those old fables, which doubtless had infinite depths of meaning in them to the childhood of our race, are given in new vitality by the wondrous alchemy of the story-teller, as he repeats them to a later childhood. Or, as the author has himself finely said, in his delightful preface, "their objectionable characteristics seem to be a parasitical growth, having no essential connection with the original fable. They fall away, and are thought of no more, the instant the narrator puts his imagination in sympathy with the innocent little circle, whose wide-open eyes are fixed so eagerly upon him. Thus the stories (not by any strained effort, but in harmony with their inherent germ) transform themselves, and reassume the shapes which they might be supposed to possess in the pure childhood of the world."

Bacon, in his "Wisdom of the Ancients," has elicited, with his usual profundity, the deeper scientific truths that he supposed to lie at the bottom of the obsolete mythologies; but it was reserved for Hawthorne to clothe them with a touching moral significance and grace. May the leisure of his official position put it in his power to recast for us the stories of the whole of those perished religions! that is, if it afford him time also to continue his own original stories.

—There is a vigorous sincerity and earnestness, a keen insight into character, an artistic management of the story, and deep passions, in the novels of TALVI, well known as the wife of a distinguished professor in this city—which are admirably sustained in her latest work, "*The Exiles*." It is a sweetly sad narrative of the fortunes, in the new world, of a young German patriot and his betrothed, wrought out with a touching pathos and truthfulness. The characters are finely painted, the narration animated, and the occasional remarks full of thought and wisdom. The authoress has taken the pains in her preface, to disclaim any intention of giving a picture of America or American ex-

istence, observing that the personages she introduces, though national, are not exclusive types of our society, and that her scenes are not descriptions of any that she has actually experienced. She adds a hope, that no one-sided national pride, no limited popular vanity, will prevent the reader from recognizing in them, "the heart which beats for the free native land of the dearest which it possesses on earth, and the home of its voluntary adoption." Perhaps the sensitiveness which we often exhibit towards the criticism of foreigners, renders such a disclaimer necessary; but we can hardly suppose that any thoughtful American will find in the observations of the accomplished writer, a single ground of complaint. We do not always concur in the representations she has given, but they are generally so just, and always animated by so noble a spirit, that we are bound to welcome them as the monitions of an anxious friend.

—We hail the republication of "*Lorenzo Benoni*," the autobiography of an Italian, which has created no little sensation in England. It is a portrait of Italy, and Italian life, by a distinguished exile, written with remarkable grace, and purity of style, and filled with passages of absorbing interest. The author, according to the *Quarterly Review* for July, is GIOVANNI RUFFINI, a native of Genoa, who effected his escape from his native country after the attempt at revolution in 1833. His book is, in substance, an authentic account of real persons and incidents, though the writer has chosen to adopt fictitious and fantastic designations for himself and his associates. Since 1833, Ruffini has resided chiefly (if not wholly) in England and France, where his qualities, we understand, have secured him respect and regard. In 1848, he was selected by Charles Albert to fill the responsible situation of ambassador to Paris, in which city he had long been domesticated as a refugee. He ere long, however, relinquished that office, and again withdrew into private life. He appears to have employed the time of his exile to such advantage as to have acquired a most uncommon mastery over the English language. Indeed, we know of few native writers, who write English with so much quiet force and beauty. But the matter is as fascinating as the style is admirable. The characters have the definiteness of sculpture almost, while the events are as varied and extraordinary as those of a highly-wrought romance; yet, the principal value of the book lies in the gentle but impressive exposition it furnishes of the despotism exercised in Italy over the human mind. There is a truth

and a reality in its pictures, which leave us no doubt that they are transcripts out of an actual experience. As it is generally admitted that the "Fantasio" of the story is Mazzini, we extract the sketch of that great man as he appeared in his youth.

"Fantasio was my elder by one year. He had a finely-shaped head, the forehead spacious and prominent, and eyes black as jet, at times darting lightning. His complexion was a pale olive, and his features, remarkably striking altogether, were set, so to speak, in a profusion of flowing black hair, which he wore rather long. The expression of his countenance, grave and almost severe, was softened by a smile of great sweetness, mingled with a certain shrewdness, betraying a rich comic vein. He spoke well and fluently, and, when he warmed upon a subject, there was a fascinating power in his eyes, his gestures, his voice, his whole bearing, that was quite irresistible. His life was one of retirement and study, the amusements common with young men of his age had no attractions for him. His library, his cigar, his coffee; some occasional walks, rarely in the daytime, and always in solitary places, more frequently in the evening and by moonlight—such were his only pleasures. His morals were irreproachable, his conversation was always chaste. If any of the young companions he gathered round him occasionally indulged in some wanton jest, or expression of double meaning, Fantasio—God bless him!—would put an immediate stop to it by some one word, which never failed of its effect. Such was the influence that the purity of his life, and his incontestable superiority gave to him.

"Fantasio was well versed in history, and in the literature, not only of his own, but of foreign countries. Shakspeare, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, were as familiar to him as Dante and Alfieri. Spare and thin in body, he had an indefatigably active mind; he wrote much and well in both prose and verse, and there was hardly a subject he had not attempted—historical essays, literary criticisms, tragedies, &c., &c. A passionate lover of liberty under every shape, there breathed in his fiery soul an indomitable spirit of revolt against tyranny and oppression of every sort. Kind, feeling, generous, never did he refuse advice or service; and his library, amply furnished, as well as his well-filled purse, were always at the command of his friends. Perhaps he was rather fond of displaying the brilliancy of his dialectic powers at the expense of good sense, by maintaining occasionally strange paradoxes. Perhaps there was a slight touch of affectation in his invariably black dress; and his horror of apparent shirt-collars was certainly somewhat exaggerated; but, take him all in all, he was a noble lad.

"To him I owe having really read and en-

joyed Dante. Many a time, before having made acquaintance with Fantasio, I had taken up the "*Divina Comedia*" with the firm determination of going through the whole of it; but soon recoiling from its difficulties, I had given up the task, and contented myself with reading those portions of the great poem which are most famous, and the beauties of which are most popular; in a word, I had only sought amusement in Dante. Fantasio taught me to look there for instruction and the ennobling of my faculties. I drank deeply at this source of profound thought and generous emotion, and from that time the name of Italy, which recurs so often in the book, became sacred to me, and made my very heart beat. We read together the most obscure passages. Fantasio's commentaries were rather brilliant than deep, but I was of an age when brilliancy is irresistibly seductive, and makes up for every thing else."

ENGLISH.—Two literary announcements are made in England, which will stir the blood of all readers. The first is of the third volume of the "*History of England*," by *Thomas Babington Macaulay*, in connection with whom a curious story is told by a correspondent of one of the city papers, to the effect that his friends never expected the distinguished author to finish it, owing to his addiction to the use of opium. It is, unquestionably, a tale *not* founded on fact, for though Mr. Macaulay has been in ill-health for some time, the cause of his illness has been his excessive devotion to his literary pursuits, and not his indulgence in a debasing appetite. The second announcement, to which we refer, is a new novel by *Thackeray*, to be called "*The Newcomes, Memoirs of a most respectable family. Edited by Arthur Pendennis, Esq.*" Well, if Pendennis has a hand in it, we know pretty well what the book will be; we know what pretentious old noodles, what faded old beaux, what simpering misses, and what fast young men, will figure on the scene. We shall be let, too, into the secret ways and means of the respectable heads of the house, see how they manage to give dinners, keep secrets, marry off their daughters, and get their sons into the guards, or the church; we shall have another edition, probably, of *Amelia*, and *Blanche*, and *Tufo*, and *Finucane*, and *Bungay*,—and yet, though we know all about it beforehand, when it comes, it will be as fresh, as true, as original, and as delightful, as though we made Mr. Arthur Pendennis's acquaintance for the first time. His works are like good sound old wine, though we have tasted it a thousand times, the actual smack upon the lips is always a new and luscious sensation.

—"Autobiographic Sketches," is the name given to the two first volumes of a new English series of the writings of *De Quincey*. They are among the most charming pieces of his composition; every page abounds in characteristic specimens of his mastery of thought, sentiment, and language; but the chapter entitled "My Brother," has always seemed to us one of the most profound, and touching narrations to be found any where in literature. It is curious that the works of this author, now admitted to be the foremost living writer of English, should not have been collected till this late day, in his native land. A beautiful American edition of them has been for some time in almost every library, but in England they have been suffered to sleep in the pages of the periodicals to which they were originally contributed. Mr. Fields, his American editor, receives, as he deserves, a grateful acknowledgment from his illustrious friend.

FRENCH.—The French academy, at its session of August 17, gave the Gobert prize for the best work in French history, published during the year, to AUGUSTINE THIERRY and HENRY MARTIN; the Monthyon prize was allotted to M. GUIZOT, son of the ex-minister, and CHARLES BENOIT, for their joint work called *Studies on Menander*; the two prizes of 2,500 francs each for the most useful books of the year, were given to A. GARNIER, for his *Treatise on the Faculties of the Soul*, and H. BEAUDRILLARD for his work entitled *Bodin and his Times*. A medal of 2,000 francs was also given to H. SAJOU, for his *History of French Literature in Foreign Countries*; another of the same value to M. GERUZEY for his *History of French Literature in the Middle Ages and in Modern Times*; and another to M. BECHA, for his *Pauperism in France and the Means of Removing it*. A medal of 1,500 francs was also bestowed on M. LAPRADE, for his *Evangelical Poems*, and another on Madame GARAUD for her story called *Little Jane, or Duty*. These prizes were announced by M. Vignet in a long and elegant oration.

—M. VICTOR COUSIN has published a new work under an old title. It is called *Du Vrai, du Beau et du Bien* (of the True, the Beautiful, and the Good), and is a complete statement of his philosophical system, written with the lucid and classic charm of style in which few, even of his countrymen, approach him. This book, must, by no means, be taken for a mere mass of abstract metaphysics; on the contrary, it is varied and enlivened by criticism on literature and art of the most

attractive character, and, whether the reader accept, or reject M. Cousin's spiritualist philosophy, he will read him always with pleasure and often with instruction. We prefer the present volume to most of his earlier expositions.

—Madame GEORGE SAND continues to write novels with no less opulence of genius, though in a somewhat more chastened style than marked her earlier productions. We have read her last one, *La Filleule* (The God-daughter), whose publication in the feuilleton of the *Siècle*, newspaper, was lately concluded. Like many of her books the beginning of this story is a miracle of art, tender, delicate, fresh as nature herself, and finished with a lovely perfection of beauty; but the latter portion is far inferior. It is as if the inspiration of the author were exhausted in the first half of the tale, leaving the second to be made of coarser material, and merely as a job of work. The hero is a young student who goes from Paris to spend a vacation in the country. Here he falls in with a suffering Gypsy woman, whom he protects and relieves, and who dies leaving an infant daughter. He adopts the child, and determines to bring her up from his very slender income; but a wealthy lady in the neighborhood learning the circumstances, makes his acquaintance and obtains his consent to take the baby to her own house, and there provide for her education. This lady, though some ten years his senior, is a widow and endowed with all the goodness and beauty proper to a heroine. The young man of course falls in love with her and she with him, and after a variety of difficulties and probationary trials, suggested mainly by the prudence of the lady's mother, who does not like a match between persons so unequal in years, they are finally married privately. This concludes the first part of the book, which is quite admirable. The second part abounds in mysteries and improbabilities, much of the melodramatic order. The god-daughter has now reached the age of womanhood, a wayward, wilful, witty little brunette, with enough of the piquant beauty of the gypsy to render her remarkable. She knows nothing of the private marriage subsisting between her guardian and her adoptive mother, the former having been absent for three or four years on a scientific mission intrusted to him by the government. Accordingly she falls in love with him, no very unnatural thing for a romantic girl of seventeen, whose benefactor and idol is a handsome and distinguished man of thirty-five; on his return he discovers this passion, and in order to arrest it reveals to her the secret of his marriage. Then the harmony

between her and her adoptive mother is broken up, though the latter cannot understand why. Presently we are introduced to a Spanish duke, who turns out to be the father of our young gypsy, and who takes her to his house, though without acknowledging her to be his daughter. Then we have the jealous and revengeful wife of the duke, and another gypsy, a fantastic young man, appears as a great violin player. This is followed by all sorts of complicated transformations, elopements, midnight interviews, fainting fits, pistols, swords, convents, pursuits, recoveries, and other theatrical phantasmagoria; though at the end we have the heroine restored to the home of her adoptive father and mother, whose marriage has in the mean time been acknowledged, and who take care of her and her gypsy lover, till at last they are married, and, finally, make their debut in life with brilliant success as musical artists at Vienna, whereat the novel comes to a close.

Those of our readers, who are at all familiar with the writings of this author, will see from our succinct analysis of the God-daughter, that it is a genuine product of her gifted but erratic muse. With an inferior creative power, it must have lacked many of the beauties in which it now abounds; with more watchful taste, and a severer artistic sentiment, it would have been free from much that is offensive and fantastic. It seems astonishing that one who is so much an artist as George Sand, should at times be led into such absurdities; but, after all deductions, we pronounce her the first of French novelists since Balzac died, and Victor Hugo devoted himself to politics.

—A new translation of the *Don Quixote* of AVELLANEDA has appeared at Paris, from the pen of M. de Lavigne. This book, which is scarcely known to American readers, is the continuation of the first part of the immortal romance of Cervantes, and was first brought out nine years after that part had appeared, at the conclusion of which the author had said that he would leave to others the task of recounting the subsequent adventures of his hero. This was undertaken by Avellaneda, but the moment his continuation appeared, Cervantes, then an old man, living in obscurity and neglect, furious at the presumption of its author, himself commenced and published a continuation of his own, in which he pours upon Avellaneda a flood of bitterest satire. After this the book of the latter disappeared from public knowledge, and has been read only by curious students, and literary historians. Le Sage praised and translated it, but his

version in its turn became forgotten. It is now revived in France, in an elegant translation, with learned notes and commentaries, and perhaps it may now succeed in obtaining a permanent place in literature.

—A pleasing volume of travels is Dr. WEDDELL's *Voyage dans le Nord de la Bolivie, et dans les parties voisines de Peru*, published at Paris. The author has visited South America two or three times, and has been concerned in an attempt to open some gold mines in the province of Tipuani, and, in that capacity, he has enjoyed special opportunities to become acquainted with the people as well as the country he explored. His book, which is illustrated with engravings, is instructive as well as amusing.

—An endless interest attaches to the private history of the court of Louis XIV., and of aristocratic society in France before the revolution, not only because it is so strange and opposite to all that belongs to our own day and country, not only because it is so full of romantic adventures and stately crimes, but because the catastrophe of the revolution grew out of it, and we watch the earlier acts of the drama with something of the palpitation and terrified curiosity with which we are wont to regard its conclusion. *The Memoirs of the Baronne d'Oberkirch* are a new contribution to this private history. This lady was born in Würtemberg, and came to France in 1782 with Paul, then grand duke, but afterward emperor of Russia, and his duchess, the mother of Alexander and Nicholas, his successors. During this visit, she kept a journal at the request of the grand duchess, which forms a part of the *Memoirs* now published, and which she afterward continued, during subsequent visits made to the court of Versailles, where she formed numerous friendships. Thus we have, in her pages, the impressions made upon a cultivated German lady by that splendid and intoxicated aristocracy on the verge of its final dissolution—a dissolution she anticipated. With this she gives a thousand personal anecdotes, and traits of character and manners, which have escaped the notice of graver and more elaborate chroniclers. The book has remained unpublished, hitherto, from scruples on the part of her descendants, but, fifty years having elapsed since her death, it is now given to the world.

—The Chinese Insurrection, which, in England and America, has produced nothing beyond articles in the journals and reviews, has the honor of a book at Paris, whose authors, Messrs. CALLERY and IVAN, have the advantage of possessing a full

collection of the documents issued by both parties of the Chinese, since the commencement of the war, in addition to the rich store of information, with regard to it, furnished by the French Catholic missionaries in China. In the interest universally excited by this great national convulsion, whose consequences are likely to be a complete transformation of China, whichever side gains the victory, this *Insurrection en Chine* is a timely and useful publication.

—An important and voluminous work has appeared at Paris, entitled *Histoire des Luites et Rivalités politiques entre les Puissances Maritimes et la France pendant la dernière moitié du XVIII^e Siècle*. (History of the Struggles and political Rivalries between the Maritime Powers and France during the latter half of the XVIIIth Century.) Its author, Baron GROVESTINS, has had access to the archives of the house of Orange, and to those of the Netherlands, and has derived from them a mass of novel information with regard to the war of Holland against Louis XIV., the negotiations preceding the peace of Ryswick, and the intrigues about the partition of the Spanish monarchy. A large part of the seven volumes comprising the work is occupied by documents of high interest, hitherto unpublished, and the history itself is written with solid, sober, and impartial talent.

—French criticism on Shakspeare does not in general enjoy a very exalted reputation, and M. PAROND'S *Etudes sur Shakspeare* will hardly add any thing to the previous renown of his nation in that line. This writer, having previously adapted King John and the Merry Wives of Windsor for the French stage, offered them in vain to the Theatre Français and the Odeon, and now offers them to the public with a spicy essay to prove how much the directors of these theatres were in the wrong when they failed to appreciate his genius. We fear the appeal will only result in a confirmation of the original judgment. M. PAROND had better travesty some other author than Shakspeare.

GERMAN.—Professor TELLKAMPF, who formerly resided in this city, but is now established at Breslau, has published a pamphlet on political economy, of a practical, rather than theoretical character, and relating mainly to certain local German questions which have no particular interest in this country.

—A defence of the Jesuits (*Die Gesellschaft Jesu*), by F. J. BUSS, is a singular mixture of fanaticism, mental weakness, and sophistry. It contains a long assault on the protestant reformers, and

the early schismatic sects, which abounds in sweeping assertions, without any attempt to sustain them by evidence; in giving the rules and principles of Jesuitism, the author carefully avoids an exact translation from the original; and, in proving that the order has never been guilty of the offences charged on it, he contents himself with saying that its rules are unfavorable and opposed to such acts, and, therefore, they could never have occurred! The book is no credit to the Catholic literature of Germany.

—A valuable book of reference to theologians and students of church history, is the volume lately issued by Prof. RICHTER, of Leipsic, and Dr. SCHULTE, of Westphalia, containing the canons and decrees of the council of Trent, and the various explanatory decrees and resolutions put forth by the church in exposition of the same,—all in the original Latin. The reputation of the editors is a guaranty for the correctness of the text, and for the presence in the volume of every document necessary to a complete understanding of the subject.

—A reply to Montalembert's recent book on *Catholic Interests*, has appeared at Vienna from the pen of E. E. ECKERT, who, from Catholic grounds, contends for absolute, unlimited monarchy, as not only the sole form of government that is consistent with the dogmas of Catholicism, but as the best for the public welfare. It seems a curious book, for the ultraism of its doctrines, but is written with great logical power, and ardent zeal for the church. It is entitled *Die Politik der Kirche* (The Politics of the Church).

—A model book is the *Messkatalog* (Fair Catalogue) of Leipsic, and bibliographs of every country will find it worthy of careful examination. It gives a most complete view of the literary productions of Germany, during the year, with succinct notices of the contents of each work, of the former editions it has passed through, and, in short, all the information which purchasers or publishers could desire. Here are complete lists of books, periodicals, maps, and engravings, and of publishers, authors, contributors, editors, artists, and engravers, arranged in the most distinct and useful manner. We have never seen a catalogue which seemed to us so perfect in every respect.

—A great deal of curious learning is embodied in HEFNER'S *Trachten der Christlichen Mittelalters* (Costumes of the Christian Middle Age), of which the third part has recently been issued. It may be procured either with plain or colored plates. Another more comprehen-

sive work of a similar character is the *History of Costume* by HERMANN WEISS. It treats not only of the costumes, but of the domestic architecture and implements of the principal nations of the eastern hemisphere. The first part has appeared at Berlin, and gives promise of great excellence.

—COLLIER'S famous emendations of Shakspeare are violently assailed by NICHOLAS DELIUS, a learned and merciless critic, in an essay he has just issued. He admits only eighteen of the emendations, in addition to the large number which had previously been adopted by most commentators, and rejects the remainder as worse than nonsense.

—BENSEN, the author of an excellent history of *The Proletaries*, has just published another book on a kindred subject, which he calls *The Hospital in the Middle Ages*. Its purpose is to show what was done in that period to alleviate the sufferings of the laboring classes, by means of benevolent institutions; it is a thoroughly trustworthy and very instructive work.

—It is not often that the writings of great men are revived long after their death for the purpose of some local or temporary controversy, yet such a fate has just befallen the essays of MIRABEAU, the French revolutionist, on *Moses Mendelssohn*, and *The Political Emancipation of the Jews*, which have just appeared at Leipsic, apropos to the question of the civil equality of that race, which is now a subject of attention in some parts of Germany.

—The first part of a Sanscrit-German Dictionary has appeared at St. Petersburg, where it is published by the Imperial Academy. Its authors are OTTO BÖHTLINGK and RUDOLPH ROTH, and it is commended by the critics of Germany as superior to any former work of the kind.

—An addition to the history of Spanish literature has been made by Dr. WOLF of Vienna, in a little book on the *Cancioneros*, and *Spanish Lyrics at the Court of Charles V.* It is based on a newly discovered collection of old songs.

—Among the crowd of books called forth by the current excitement about Turkey, a serial publication appearing at Leipsic under the title of *Constantinople, the Bosphorus, and the Dardanelles*, is worthy of notice, not only for the simple and lucid manner in which it narrates the recent history of Turkey, but also for the neat and faithful engravings by which it is illustrated.

—The student of modern history will find a valuable book of reference in Baum-

gartner's work, *Die Schweiz in ihren Kämpfen und Umgestaltungen von 1830, bis 1850* (Switzerland in her Struggles and Transformations from 1830 to 1850). The subject is one of the most important in the whole range of recent European affairs, and is discussed by the author with intelligence and all possible impartiality.

—To physicians, and those who wish to laugh at them, we commend a little work published at Halle, with the title of *Luftblasen* (Bubbles), commenced last year, and of which a new series has just appeared. The name of the author is not known, but his satire is poignant and his wit irresistible. He treats in the present publication of electric chains for rheumatism, the Water Cure, prophetic intimations, the diagnosis of charlatanism, and kindred topics. He is conservative, but the old schools do not altogether escape in his amusing castigations.

—German philosophy of the Old School has given a sign of life. Professor MICHELET, of Berlin, has published a book called *Epiphany, or the Eternal Personality of the Spirit*. Michelet is a Hegelian of the earlier and more moderate sort, but, unfortunately not a great genius. He here discusses the future of humanity, and the immortality of the soul; and if any body else proposes to write on those subjects, they may go ahead, without much fear that all truth is exhausted by the discoveries of the present work.

FINE ARTS.

THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM of Dr. Abbott, to which we called attention some months since, has been made the subject of consideration by several influential gentlemen, as the nucleus of a State or national Institution, on the general foundation of the Foreign academies. A proposition so admirable has been met with the best kind of response, and the names of the leading persons interested, are sufficient guaranty of the success of the movement. It is certainly quite time that a city justly claiming to be the metropolis of America, should make good its claim, in every manner, and none is more worthy the enterprise of its citizens, and none could more decisively prove the true metropolitan spirit than the foundation of an Institution in which the latest "heirs of Time" could study the life, arts, and manners of the oldest races. It is proposed to unite with the unique and invaluable Egyptian collection of Dr. Abbott, the Indian Gallery of Catlin. It needs, certainly, only that the proposition be fairly placed before the public, to be heartily adopted.